

CROSS  
WINDS OF  
EMPIRE







# Cross Winds of Empire

By Woodbern E. Remington

CROSS WINDS OF EMPIRE

WORLD STATES OF THE MACHINE AGE





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# Cross Winds of Empire

WOODBERN E. REMINGTON

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T O P E G G Y A N D B A B S

The opinions expressed herein are those  
of the writer and are in no sense to be  
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W. E. R.

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1938  
Around the China Sea



## Chapter One

### I

**T**HIS PORT of Zamboanga is a collection of sheet iron and adobe warehouses marked with Chinese signs along a coconut-lined beach. The freighters tie up at a pier crowded with hemp and copra. Along the sea wall lie the floating homes of the Samal Moros. They are curiously carved in Arabian designs and have great bamboo outriggers. Zamboanga is a Moro name. It means the place of mooring poles: the poles which are driven into the soft mud along shore and to which these restless homes are tied. The Moros, with their betel-stained mouths, have the oldest claim to this port. But the Filipino, the Chinese, the Hindu, and the Japanese are also here.

It lies in the southern Philippines at the tip of this great, partially explored island of Mindanao, down Borneo way; and it boasts a plaza, two banks, a desiccated coconut factory, and a club. It is there that the score of white males of the community gather—along toward sundown—to sit about a great, round table, with whisky and water and a view of the freighters at anchor and the household functioning of Moro families in their nipa-roofed, outrigger homes. That domestic economy is of the simplest and leaves nothing to the imagination.

Across the Sulu Sea with its coconut-ringed islands and its coral reefs there hangs an intangible something, a presence

which is felt aboard the inter-island steamship even before the pier of Zamboanga is sighted. There is a feeling of entering an alien sea, a sea which has shared in the making of a dark and bloody history. These southern islands are Mohammedan and this sea is the Moro sea. The shadow of Islam lengthens across these waters, and the faces which look up below the sail of a prau, heeled over to the wind, are no longer those which are seen at Iloilo or Cebu. At the rail of the deck the traveler looks down into this narrow craft; one bamboo outrigger buried in the steamer's wash; the great rectangular sail, banded at the top with black, threshing on its ropes. Those men down there wear a ragged cloth bound, turbanlike, about their heads, and in their over-red mouths the teeth are black and filed. They are Moros.

Zamboanga is also a post of the American army. It lies seven hundred miles south of the nearest garrison at Manila and is built around a great, stone fortress heaped up three centuries ago by the Spaniards—the Royal Fortress of Our Lady of Pilar of Zaragoza. Its garrison consists of twelve officers, including a quartermaster and a surgeon and two companies of native troops with detachments. Part of these troops are Moros, who wear a strange headdress and whose side arm is a bolo bayonet. Although they are Mohammedan, their observance of the Fast of the Ramadan is not scrupulous. However there are no pigs in the vicinity of the Moro kitchen. Their rice boiler smokes outside and their plates are heaped with fish. The fish head is particularly desired. They are good troops and the emotional instability of the Moro is not too often in evidence.

Ships dock at this port of Zamboanga with Oriental regularity: Filipino ships flying the colors of the new Commonwealth; ships crowded with ebullient and excited humanity. There are laborers in coolie hats, going out to the newly opened homestead lands down Davao way; commercial travelers for tobacco and soap and cotton piece goods; and bare-

foot, inter-island travelers making important journeys to Manila and to distant barrios on lonely lagoons. In all of this trade and industry the Chinese and the Japanese have a large share.

Trucks roar up to the docks with copra and hemp and rubber; and the clatter of winches and cables, the yelling of stevedores—half naked, with flour sacks over their heads and sweaty shoulders—the cries of diving girls and the vendors of parrots and grass mats, indicate, at the least, life; strident, odorous and tropical, but life in the raw from which a new Commonwealth might conceivably be shaped.

Where trucks go down to the waiting ships, there are old arched doorways on narrow streets and beyond them, quiet courtyards with yellowed, adobe walls and the flame of blossoms across shuttered windows. On the pueblo square stands the church and along the waterfront sprawls the market. Here, in the early morning, come the women; first to the church, to drape a mantle over their hair and kneel at mass or to light a candle, then to the market for a melon or a crab or a handful of bananas.

Always, at the market, there is a riot of sound and color; and Moro women, in jacket and trousers, jostle Filipino girls in cool white with slippers feet. Here everything edible may be bought, the purchase price a few centavos. These heaped-up fruits and vegetables at the booths have been brought in while the roads were still a darkened blur; carried in baskets at the end of sagging yokes by jog-trotting men in shirt and loin cloth, as the Chinese carry their loads and as they, centuries ago, taught these islanders to carry them.

Later, shutters will be taken down from stores along streets where traffic is now commencing—from the doors of Boon Lat and Wong Fu and of Japanese and Hindu bazaars and of Chinese silversmiths and of larger stores where ships' supplies are sold.

In the noonday heat, these streets will again be empty, ex-

cept for a carabao cart creaking slowly across the square and down a narrow road between yellow, sun-baked walls and darkened windows shuttered against the heat. No air stirs the coconut fronds. Perspiration stands on the faces of men lounging in doorways and of the convicts who file past in their prison denim and humbly doff their flat straw hats in that servility which Spain taught the lowly people of her provinces.

On the plaza, a Malay in the khaki uniform of a policeman, with sun helmet and gloved hands, directs a scarcely existent traffic with Napoleonic gestures. Among his meal sacks and grocery shelves, a Chinese fingers the beads of his abacus, as his ancestors have done for a few thousand years; and with a stubby brush, paints the entries of his day's transactions in his account book.

A Spanish priest, in the black robes of a Jesuit, passes on sandaled feet. From the adobe church, which his ancestors built, comes the incense of the Mass. Catholic Filipino girls, all with black hair, many with that light skin which marks a dash of Spanish blood, tap the pavement with high heeled slippers. They are neat and trim, these girls; pretty when young; with gracefully rounded figures. They favor neat, white dresses and silk stockings, a ribbon in their hair. When older, they take on weight and slump past on Japanese sandals.

Moro girls there are, too, with their trousers and tight, black bodices which suggest rounded breasts; and faces which have a Madonnalike softness despite their brown skin and the red, betel stain of their lips. The Moro male is there, also, with his tight trousers and open jacket baring a brown chest; with his round, bullet head and blackened teeth and cruelly lined face and his aloof, eaglelike pride. Along the streets, lie the mingled odors of copra and of sun-dried fish.

So the traffic of the day wears on; quickening in the shade of late afternoon, when the bazaars are crowded and the tap of slippered heels and the shuffle of sandals blends with the

traffic blare and the hum of a dozen dialects in a rising crescendo of sound. It reaches its peak as the coconut fronds stand black against the flaming west; and lights begin to glow from windows and from the masts of ships riding at anchor off shore.

Then, through the warm darkness, comes the strumming of a guitar and soft fragments of a song of Old Spain; and men's voices are raised in the cantinas and a slit-skirted Chinese girl glides quickly through a half-opened door, which closes quietly behind her. In a café, near the square, mestizo boys, with sleek black hair, and powdered, red-lipped girls dance the tango and drink in noisy groups. There is laughter from darkened doorways and the rattle of calesa wheels on gravel, the blare of sound from a cinema; and off shore, a Moro conch shell calling for a wind.

## 2

Cloud shapes across the Sulu Sea! At dawn, they flame red above the nipa roofs of the barrio along the lagoon. In the brief sunset, they outline the striped sails of Moro vintas and roll, in masses of saffron and jade and crimson, into the north-west where China lies. At times, they seem to an overworked imagination to take on the semblance of a gigantic face—a yellow, scowling face under a coolie hat; a face that is, perhaps, a composite of the hundreds of sullen faces along the Chinese wharf at Jolo.

This sinister, yellow cloud face, leering out of the Orient is a phantom of the sunset and the deep, tropical night. It is the specter of an aroused Asia, the Asia of the Great Khans and Moghuls, stirring again after centuries and stretching out mighty tentacles to reclaim its own.

"Asia for the Asiatics" is no longer the mere mouthing of bandit generals or self-seeking politicians but the subterranean rumbling of human masses; from the deserts of Mongolia

down across a continent to India and eastward to these islands of the South Seas and beyond. The Chinese who surreptitiously spits on a white woman on the streets of Shanghai is giving vent in his own way to this laboring instinct for race and kind. "Asia for the Japanese" is a variation of the basic slogan, which steadily gains in volume and intensity. More and more, the original phrase seems about to be absorbed in today's meaning.

This conception, with all that it necessarily implies of wars and devastation and human misery, carries somewhat less conviction when looked at with the cynical practicality of the working day. Fifes shrill at sunrise—Oriental fifes like nothing ever heard. The reveille gun—here at Zamboanga no less than at Manila and Shanghai, and at British army posts from Singapore across the breadth of India—recalls the routine of a long established order and the vast inertia of the status quo.

The rattle of rifles, as the Moro troops fall in for the morning drill, has a satisfying sound. Pans clatter in the company kitchen. Smoke rises from the rice boiler. Carabao carts creak on the barrio road under the coconut trees. Life is sane and normal.

The Japanese freighter, crawling in from Borneo, is indicative of nothing but sound trade and the stabilizing force of bills of lading and exchange. It recalls the boasted power of the pound and yen and dollar, the lira and all the rest, to control the trade routes of the world and the destinies of mankind. There is nothing in life at this quiet, sun-baked port with its varied odors of copra and dried fish—nor at probably a hundred similar ports, scattered along the trade routes of the South Seas—to suggest anything more unusual than a drop in the price of hemp or a relaxing of the processing tax on coconut oil.

The Zamboanga branch of the Chartered Bank is as soundly conservative and British as the parent bank in London. At the club, the old-timers, over their whisky-sodas, will tell you

much of trade in out of the way places of the earth; of gold mining camps "up on the roof," where the clouds hang on the flanks of the mountains; of "actions," in the old days, at Jolo and elsewhere, when Moro cottas on the volcanic peaks were stormed by American infantry; but they tell nothing of an Orient awakened and leering.

Yet this sensing of an impending disaster to the white man's work in Asia persists throughout the day and on into another sunset with its massing cloud shapes. In part, it is explained by the news of the day—in China and elsewhere—coming in briefly by army radio and amplified by the week-old newspapers received by packet boat from Manila.

Undoubtedly, however, in the final analysis it all carries back to that sultry August day in 1914 when I stood on the bluffs above the Ottawa River in the shadow of the Canadian Parliament buildings and tried to comprehend that new order of things which the German guns in Flanders were ushering in. Throughout the years of the war and the fevered reconstruction period, the conviction deepened that we were living through only the first stages of a world-wide upheaval, from which are emerging vast octopuslike organisms of Super-States. This conviction has not lessened but has steadily intensified through those drab years of economic stagnation and disruption of industry which preceded the world-wide chaos of today.

The insular phase which concerns Luzon and the Visayas and the Sulu Archipelago and, more specifically, this port, with its turbaned Moros and slippered Chinese, is only one of a vast number, although the islands are vitally involved. The thing itself is broader and vaster than any sectional concern. It carries across the continents with their multitudinous issues and across the seas where the freighters are weaving the fabric of commerce.

But it is the insular phase with which we are concerned—the destiny of these islands—and with it the destiny of Malaysia as

a whole. Here is the white man's stake in Asia. Here also are some seventy million Malays who might, one day, not unreasonably look for the establishment—under Anglo-American and Dutch supervision—of such a Malay State of their own as the Arabs are shaping for themselves in the Near East. The Philippines by geography and the fact of approaching independence are an exposed portion of this Malay world.

This port of Zamboanga and this army post under the blackened walls of the Spanish fort at times are remote from the outside world, so out of touch with events that it is difficult to keep a true perspective. The rains come and the world is shut out in a driving torrent, which dashes in spray against the shell-paned shutters and bends the coconut trees before its fury. The days are long and unchanging. A new face at the club is something to be hoped for rather than expected and the weekly packet boat from Manila is an event to be marked off on the calendar.

We know that tremendous forces are unleashed about the earth, that the destiny of peoples and empires is in the balance. Here, except for the leering cloud faces conjured up at sunset, those events are unreal and far away. The freighters continue to ride at anchor in the strait and at low tide humble folk—Malay gypsies of the sea—gripe in the seaweed for spawning life wherewith to fill their bellies. Trade goes on; the endless quest for food goes on.

We know that today, in Japan, the great newspapers *Asahi* and *Nichi Nichi* carry their printed victories of Japanese troops along the river valleys of China, that the millions of Japan are tightening their belts for an indefinite continuation of their effort. They know very little of its causes—those Japanese millions. They believe it to be a struggle to save Asia from Communism and to secure the co-operation of the thick-headed Chinese. Whatever their beliefs, the war goes on.

Food in Japan is growing scarce; clothing is growing scarce. Sugar and salt and tobacco are luxuries. The peasants

are in debt to their landlords. They eke out an existence in the rice fields. They live on rice and scraps of fish with gulps of weakened tea, but the printed sheets of *Asahi* and *Nichi Nichi* compensate for much. Their sons are in China or Manchuria—the sons of peasants thrusting their bayonets into the bowels of Chinese peasants whose parents are nearer to starvation than they. The landlords are taking their tiny patches of rice land. They are serfs bound to the soil but the interminable incident in China goes on—and will go on. It is the war to establish a new order in Asia. Whatever the peasant millions believe, it is a war for Japanese hegemony of the yellow race. In due time it will reach southward to these Philippines and on to Malaya and the Netherlands Indies.

It all seems so far away, but we know that the scowling face conjured up by those cloud masses across the Sulu Sea is real. It is not the figment of an overworked imagination.

We know that tonight in Tokyo the radios are blaring out their news of successful butcherings and of looted and blackened cities. We know that in thousands of Japanese villages, after their work in the fields, the people are sitting down for their evening stint at squat machines which turn out machine-gun parts—simple, sturdy machines which even untrained peasants—girls and old men—can operate. We know that in hotel lobbies and geisha houses and restaurants those with money are spending feverishly, in the blare of the radios, because the yen is dropping and no one knows what it will buy tomorrow. We know that in Yangtzeppo and Hongkew, which are riverside districts north of Japanese-occupied Shanghai, rows of brightly lighted textile mills are in full roar and that Chinese coolies on a starvation wage are turning out those textiles which bolster the trade of Japan in the markets of the world—trade which is essential so that the war may go on. We know all this but it is far away and the rain shuts out the horizon.

We know that in some Chinese provinces cannibalism is

rampant and that human flesh is sold openly in the markets. Newspapers are published in caves, and blackened cities are scavenged by wolfish dogs—but the war goes on. In the French colony of Indo-China the Tonkinese and Annamites are restless and stirring. They look to Japan to loosen the grasp of the white man on the Orient, to destroy the vestiges of his prestige which has survived the indignities of Tientsin and to establish an Asia for the colored races. Japanese influence is widespread in Indo-China where France has worked feverishly at the establishment of naval bases.

We know that Malaya and the Netherlands Indies, which furnish the rubber and tin and oil for American industries, are guarded only by the British base at Singapore and by an insignificant Dutch naval force at Batavia and Soerabaya. We know that when that independence for the Philippines, which we have decreed, goes into effect our fleet will withdraw with finality from the China Sea. We know all this, but there the matter rests.

## 3

For America is leaving the Orient. So much is definite—unless the swing of American policy is completely reversed. For more than a century and a half, the spell of the Far East has lain across the American mind, drawing traders and pioneer capitalists from Atlantic coastwise towns toward the Pacific and the routes of Oriental trade. It was the old Chinese trade which, at the close of the Revolutionary War, drew venturers to the far Pacific coast—then a Spanish-Mexican outpost of lonely missions and pueblos and haciendas. Except for this trade and the need of the west coast as a base from which to conduct it, California would probably now be Mexican, with British or Russian colonies northward. America has been built by the pioneer and the expansionist. We are now taking the back track toward isolation and self-sufficiency.

The post of that pioneer fur trader, John Jacob Astor, was

the first Anglo-Saxon base on the Pacific Coast, established "for conducting a trade across the continent—and from thence to Canton in China"; and California was first made known to Yankee merchants of the Atlantic coast by tales brought back by those voyagers to Chinese ports. Long before '49 the Spanish port of San Francisco and its deep, sheltered bay was coveted by American capitalists as a door to the Orient and the trade, not only of China but of Hawaii, the Philippines, and the islands of the South Seas.

Early expansionists, in and out of Congress—among them Webster and Seward—urged the acquisition of California and Oregon and Alaska because they bordered on that vast new sea, the Pacific, with the Orient beyond the horizon and with the lure and mystery of crowded Chinese wharves and tropical islands rich in spices and pearls and nebulous cloud shapes of unforeseen events to come in a strange new hemisphere. All this was in the West Coast air and the tides which beat on Pacific shores. And traders came and old-time sailing ships dropped anchor there with Kanaka crews and holds filled with the bales of Oriental trade.

In those early days, the Philippines and the old Spanish walled city of Manila were not highly prized, in themselves, by American merchants. Manila was a port of call in the China trade, but the resources of these islands were little known. It was not until a war with Spain left this outpost of an Old World colonial empire in American hands that its potentialities slowly came to be understood.

Eloquence stirred in Congress. The Pacific was to become an American ocean. The trade of the Orient was to be ours. America, in possessing the Philippines, would possess the Pacific; and in possessing the Pacific, would possess the world.

Today, the spell of the Orient is broken, and the dream of commercial empire is shattered. America has counted the cost of the Oriental venture. The China trade, which more than a century ago, drew Astor to the Pacific has been found to

yield returns which are not commensurate with the risks involved. America has come of age and adventure no longer beckons. That page in her ledger is being closed—a page whose first entries were made far back in the days of the clipper ships.

In the Philippines, the withdrawal is to be even more definite and final. The motives which actuated the American people in possessing themselves of the islands, forty years ago, were many and varied. Serious-minded descendants of New England Puritans found a solemn duty in bringing the white man's civilization to "lesser breeds without the law." Capitalists held to the theory that trade follows the flag; and statesmen, with imperialistic visions, talked of manifest destiny and the white man's burden.

All of these motives existed, but actually there was no alternative. We took the islands because we had to. Three centuries earlier, the Spaniards had destroyed the old native tribal government on which primitive life in the islands was based. Tribal names remained; but except among the head-hunting mountain people, and the Mohammedan Moros of the southern islands, tribal organization had vanished.

The Spanish government, which had replaced the rule of *datto* and headman, lay broken under American guns. Throughout the islands, there was no law and no order. Aguinaldo and his ragged guerrillas could fight devotedly with bolos and Krags and savage, jungle tactics, but neither he nor his generals could establish a stable government nor weld these people into a nation.

If we had not taken over the islands at that time, they would have been seized by a European or Asiatic power with imperialistic ideas. America had no alternative.

And now that we are letting go of the Philippines, it is also from a variety of motives. The majority of the American people know or care little about the islands, and general apathy has been intensified by the numbing repercussions of

a great war and a profound economic depression. Public opinion—in so far as such opinion exists—is easily swayed by those compact groups which have definite and personal interests at stake. The voices which have been heard in Congress have been the voices of those groups.

American beet sugar interests wanted a tariff on Philippine sugar, which could not be laid as long as the islands were American soil. Farm interests wanted a tariff on coconut oil, while organized American labor wanted a ban on the immigration of cheap Filipino labor. Along with the lobbying of these groups went the activities of those idealists who believed in independence for the brown man on ethical grounds and because of democratic and anti-imperialistic traditions.

Whatever the motives, the American Congress has decreed independence for the islands and the Commonwealth of the Philippines has been established. In American policy, it is the great renunciation. Few turning points in United States history have been weighted with greater significance.

The question whether these people are ready for independence has not been unduly stressed. Commissions of distinguished Americans have declared that they are not. But that was a few years back and much water has since flowed under the bridge.

While it is difficult at this distance to gauge American opinion, yet, from available newspaper comment, it would appear to be as follows. The security of the British and Dutch colonial empires is not our concern. A Filipino army is being conscripted and trained, which, its sponsors have maintained, will—at the end of the transition period—be adequate to preserve the independence of the islands. If it should, however, be inadequate, then the islands will probably be absorbed by Japan.

This—in the opinion of numerous American editors—might not be entirely a calamity. The Japanese and the Filipinos are racial cousins. The Japanese are a proud, self-sacrificing and

aggressive people with an ancient culture, distinctive art and agricultural methods which are unsurpassed. Possession of the Philippines, they assert, would furnish an outlet for Japan's surplus population, relieving the pressure on our own immigration barriers and possibly averting a war. The main thing is to keep the Japanese out of California. As for the Philippines, absorption by an Asiatic Power might prove culturally and economically beneficial.

While the foregoing opinions are not, by any means, held by all sections of the American people, yet they have wide newspaper circulation. The plain truth is that Americans want to be rid of the competition of Philippine products in their own markets; to be rid of the menace of cheap Filipino labor; and to be freed from the worry and risks of colonial responsibilities.

So the Filipino is being groomed for independence, and the day is drawing near when the flag will be lowered for the last time in these islands and the gray squadrons will take their final clearance from these waters. Those Western contacts, which have been continuous for four centuries, will be definitely broken, and the Philippines, both in trade and in cultural influences, will revert with finality to that Orient of which they are a part.

Whether democracy among these Malay people will survive that impact and what the troubled years will do with their political and commercial independence is a matter of conjecture only. It is not pleasant to think of failure—to believe that the only fragment of the Malay peoples which has traveled the long road to near democracy and to the control of its own destiny may perhaps pay for its failure, in the near future, by a ruthless foreign subjugation.

Stating these problems here in writing may, at least, aid in clarifying our own thinking. The writers of books make every effort to get back to original sources, to fundamentals. Well, here are the fundamentals. Those Moros, squatting on

the rotten planking of the old pier, are basic. The answer to many questions lies in the unconsidered working of those Oriental minds. Those Filipino stevedores, sweating in the freighter's hold below the cargo nets, are fundamental. Those sacks of copra on the wharf, those bundles of hemp and rattan, the barrels of oil and bales of rubber are, in themselves, basic—the material for many columns of statistics. The answer to all the problems of these islands lies here before us. The facts are here. How to analyze, to evaluate them?

We are possibly too accustomed to dealing in statistics, to assuming that a given number of people will act, under similar circumstances, in a similar manner. We speak of the Filipinos as Catholics. So they are—or a part of them. But are they Catholic in the sense that an Italian or a Spaniard or an American is Catholic? Or is their Catholicism a veneer laid over a profound stratum of paganism? And what of the million or so Mohammedans and pagan tribesmen?

We speak of so many voters in the islands, people in possession of the ballot with which they can maintain their democratic institutions. But is this islander the type of voter understood back home or is he an uneducated Malayan peon, who votes by herd instinct or as directed by the cacique and the politico? Statistics as to sugar and copra and ballots break down when confronted with the reality. Through them stalks the figure of the Malay; the Malay with his own racial and cultural inheritance, with a bolo at his hip and a fighting cock in the crook of his arm. He upsets all rules of thumb, all statistics.

It is the fourth day of July. At this port of Zamboanga, the coconut fronds hang as motionless and the low swells surge along the sea wall as monotonously as on other days. But at the club, there is a wholly unusual activity. Independence Day here at the edge of Asia, down near the Equator, assumes

a significance it has largely lost back home. To the white man in the tropics, it is a day on which he reasserts his membership in the white man's civilization. Possibly in large part subconsciously, he is maintaining his identity and bolstering his individuality against the insidious daily weathering of native contacts.

This feeling is reflected in the activities at the club. Normally, it is not until along toward sundown that it comes to life; but today, in mid-morning, there is the sound of many voices and the clink of glasses. Custom for once is set aside and the ladies may enter these male precincts. Even the Britishers and other Europeans enter into the spirit of the occasion although in a more subdued strain and with possible mental reservations. But they also are white men and beyond the doors of the club lies Asia. As the clock's hands draw toward twelve, they share in the unvoiced tension.

The first gun at Fort Pilar jars the air. Its smoke drifts slowly below the acacia trees and out beyond the sea wall. Then another and another. At measured intervals the gun speaks. Smoke obscures the outrigger homes of the Samals and drifts on toward the pier where the freighters lie idle. In its murk out beyond the sea wall, the Moros set up a shrill clamor and the gun speaks again and again, voicing once more the birth of a nation. As the last reverberations die away on the noonday air, glasses are raised. These white men, at a trade port on the Sulu Sea, look toward each other, and there is much in their eyes that cannot be read. They are thinking of a day when that gun and all it connotes will be silent. But their words are commonplace enough—"That's that."

Garrison duty at this port has its drawbacks. Life seems to close in on itself here, under the coconut trees along the coast. The Sulu Sea is a side thrust of the China Sea. We are at the

western tip of the great island of Mindanao in the southern Philippines, seven hundred miles from the nearest army post at Manila and a day's steaming from Sandakan in British North Borneo. To the west, across the China Sea, sprawls Indo-China.

These are the tropics—the tropics of copra and hemp and sugar—and this is a tropical port; a port where a white man can still “go native” if he has the urge. The oiler on shore leave in his greasy dungarees can find his way to a darkened shack among the banana trees where brown-skinned girls, for a consideration in pesos, will help him to realize his tropical longings. Square-face gin will help.

There are the usual stories to be heard of planters who were once white men before they took the Filipino girl too seriously and married her. They travel to town but seldom, and when they come they come alone. A barefoot slattern and a mestizo brood await their return down a mosquito-infested coast. They are said not to be happy, and all the stories about them are probably true.

These are the tropics, but somehow the tropical lure has gone stale. Perhaps it is because events are crowding too hard out there beyond the horizon. The newspapers have too much to say of bombers across China and of famine and disease spreading through terror-haunted cities. A strange wind is blowing southward along this China Sea. It is the breath of a new order in Asia and it makes for restlessness and for a desire to break through the routine of our ordered life.

Infrequently, when this urge to travel becomes insistent, steam is gotten up in the harbor boat which is a post appendage and the quartermaster rounds up his native crew. A few days' leave from the post is a welcome change, and this island of Mindanao is still not altogether known.

A course is set for Cotobato. The Moro name is “stone fort” and it lies some hundreds of miles to the east down the coconut-lined coast—a coast which produces the copra of

commerce. The town itself is a collection of sheet-iron bodegas and nipa huts on the edge of a swamp some miles inland up the Rio Grande. To enter the river across the sand bars it is necessary to wait for high tide. Along the river's banks, the great muddy trees lift their oyster-encrusted trunks against a background of sickly jungle. In the thatch and tin-roofed town are Chinese and Filipinos and unprepossessing Moros from the back country.

At night, around a smoky lantern, we trade Philippine pesos for old Spanish pieces of eight with a mixed gang of laborers aboard an upriver scow, tied at the rotting wharf. At dawn, they are on their way up the Rio Grande, that crocodile and snake-infested stream which winds its way through hundreds of miles of swamp and jungle into the fever-ridden interior.

From Cotobato, we go on to Lake Lanao; traveling by a highway newly cut through jungles where monkeys scold from the trees and along which renegade Moros at times lie in wait with bolos for the construction gang paymaster. But the Moros we meet in their huts along the road are hospitable and well disposed and the villages about the lake, which fills the crater of an old volcano—villages with their brass works, their fisheries, their weaving and their markets—are the living center of Moroland here on this island of Mindanao.

Back at Zamboanga, the horizon again closes in. The Sulu Sea breaks on the beach. In its gustier hours, it drenches the veranda of our bungalow on the sea wall with flying spray. The days are hot and very long. They accumulate slowly into weeks and with great finality into months. The desire to push back that crowding horizon again becomes insistent; the wish to evaluate somehow that intangible sense of profound change which lies across these islands.

I have decided to become my own news reporter; to report the death of a civilization and the birth of a new—the passing of Malaysia as we have known it in our time; the advent of a new Malaysia and specifically of a new Philippines wearing

the label "Made in Japan." I shall probably deal much with inconsequential things, with rice bowls more often than empire. For I cannot free myself of the thought that the people of these islands—these Filipinos, these Moros and Chinese—are not exclusively pawns in the game of empire but men and women of flesh and warm blood, with needs and desires and emotions very like our own. Power politics and the blasting of war, the passing of the old and the coming of a new order to East Asia will do more than effect the transfer of their sovereignty or draw new frontiers across a map. These pages will have something to say about how the lives of these people shall be regulated, and about the language they shall speak, the religion in which they shall believe and about the gaining of food to put into Filipino and Moro and Chinese bellies.

Also, I am afraid that these pages will be overly crowded with the Moro—unless he can be put in his proper place, which is that of a black-toothed ruffian of ill-repute. For I have come to like and to respect him wholesomely.

His turbaned head; his scowling face; his gaping gash of a mouth with the betel-red lips and lime-blackened teeth; the aloofness and sleeping cruelty of his fanatical Moslem-bred inner self—these form that composite figure which is the Moro. Although numerically and economically, as compared with the Filipino, he ranks a poor second, yet in my experience he comes first: at Zamboanga and Lanao and Jolo and Siasi, but largely at Zamboanga, under the blackened walls of the fortress of Our Lady of Pilar. Tonight the flare of Moro fishing torches is reddening the walls and casting monstrous shadows about the room. Guttural voices merge with the suck of the tide along the sea wall.

It is true that my acquaintance with the Moro has been singularly fortunate. Others have known him when that acquaintance was much less desirable. Those American regulars, who followed the Spaniard in the Sulu garrisons—at Zamboanga and Jolo and Bongao—knew him largely in the char-

acter of a Moslem fanatic, black-hearted and gong-maddened.

But a quarter of a century of peace, as enforced by Pershing and others, has made it possible for their successors to form a different concept. He may be met now as a planter and herder on his Sulu islands; as a fisherman and deep-sea diver; as a shrewd merchant and crafty trader; and as a devout Mohammedan, who sacrifices much to make—once in his lifetime—the costly and dangerous journey to Mecca.

That he is still, oftentimes, a smuggler of Chinese and opium and other contraband; that he still—not infrequently—runs amok in the marketplace with a temporary madness approaching insanity, and with a naked kris; that, at times, he flies the red flag of revolt above a mountain cotta—these are factors even now to be reckoned with.

But the Moro holds only the far southern group of these seven thousand islands which make up the Philippines. The problem is that of the islands as a whole—of thirteen million people—predominantly Malays urging toward that independence which will probably be so very short-lived. And in approaching this Philippine question it inevitably expands into that vastly larger and more complex issue—that of Malaysia itself. For the Philippines cannot be disassociated from the remainder of Malaysia. So much is increasingly certain. By race, by culture, by the imponderable ties of history and geography, they form an inseparable part of that vast Malayan world which includes Borneo and Java, Sumatra and the Malay States of the peninsula. Their future will inevitably follow a common course.

Books are few in Mindanao, and those on my shelf make no mention of the fundamental unity of Malaysia. They are substantial volumes and useful, although their covers are being eaten into by that same fungus growth which quickly covers boots and leather in this climate. But they deal with portions of Malaysia as wholly separate areas subject to various sovereignties which distinguish them as British or Dutch or Amer-

ican. The books do not go behind that sovereignty to trace their common history, their community of race and culture and that economic interdependence which should logically make of these several parts one Malaysian whole.

Curiously enough, it was a prospector grown gray in the quest for gold in Mindanao, who brought up this matter. He comes to town only seldom and remains briefly. When in town he is usually found at the club going through old newspaper files with a hungry avidity. He is a self-educated man with a range of thought which is remarkable and at times embarrassing.

I came upon him there one evening, and we sat for some time in silence watching the life of the Samal boat village below us and the livid coloring of sundown. There are many boats, lying together in what appears a bewildering tangle of ropes and outriggers, all working with the slow lift of the tide, all populous. Each of those boats is home to a Moro family. Charcoal fires splash their red color across furled sails and high Malayan cheekbones. Rice boils and gossip begins.

A brawny male threads his way from boat to boat with the fish head for his supper. Barefootedness is an asset among those crazy planks. He steps across a bamboo spar and turns to spit red betel juice from blackened teeth, then squats beside his own hearth fire. A woman carries a water tube of bamboo. Her sarong is tucked high about her hips as she wades through the filthy shallows to her home; and to complete the canvas, a girl leaves the squatting groups about a kettle and saunters forward to the bow. She is perhaps ten years old. Wholly unabashed, she slips her sarong and goes about her evening toilet.

The gold hunter stirs in his chair. "They have been living this way for a few thousand years and are not likely to change. They are Malays, and the Malay is the same wherever you find him—here or in Borneo or Sumatra or the Federated States."

Unlike most white men in the tropics, he has no whisky and water at his elbow. But there is an unnatural brightness in his eyes, and he unobtrusively slips his hand across his mouth. Whatever the stimulant, it loosens the tongue as readily as whisky.

And it is all worth the hearing. There is mention of mountain trails across those areas of Mindanao which are blank on any map, of samples of ore and of the medicines to be taken in one's kit. "Walk lightly in the early morning and carry a stick. That is when the snakes sun themselves in the trail. And look up before you lean against a tree. One of those branches may be alive."

Then, finally, came the point toward which all this had been leading. With that unnatural glitter in his eyes, he tells of the finding, in a mountain stream far back from the coast, of gold pieces bearing the markings of Madjapahit—Madjapahit, that Javanese empire which is said to have flourished across Malaysia eight hundred years ago. Here, while Europe huddled in medieval squalor, the Javanese mined their temple gold along the rivers of these islands.

And before Madjapahit came Shri-Visaya and before that what empires! Another civilization is now indicated.

And bearing upon this same matter, there is to be considered the wedding—a wedding which few non-believers are privileged to witness; a wedding which carries a far suggestion of empires more venerable by weary centuries than that of the Rising Sun.

It was a hot and steaming afternoon when a sergeant of the rifle company, a stanch Mohammedan, took to himself his latest and youngest wife in the Moro village up the coast from Zamboanga. The bride was not visible during the brief ceremony in the upper room of a nipa house—a ceremony

of old men sitting cross-legged on their rugs; of ashes touched to foreheads; of crossed hands and the invocations of Islam. And when she was brought from an inner room to sit on cushions beside her lord, her girlish face was impassive and her sensuous red mouth drooped a little, as if from weariness.

Then, under a canvas stretched between the coconut trees, began the marriage feast and the dancing which was to go on and on to exhaustion. For this bride was of high lineage and her purchase price had been heavy—three carabaos, many pesos, and numerous sacks of rice. Also the bridegroom, who had grown sons by other wives, was himself a *datto* and a personage among his people.

In the middle of the floor a space was cleared, and, packed around it, stood or squatted these descendants of the old-time pirates of the Sulu Sea. Tao-suugs were there and a few Yakans, but mainly Samals, who are now fisher-folk for the most part—in the ragged sarongs and jackets of the brilliant colors so dear to the Moro heart. There were brawny, turbaned males; madonna-faced young girls, their lips carmine with betel nut; babies, nursing at unabashed breasts, and old women, squatting and twisting their top-knots.

In the cleared space, in the center of this sweating crowd, four girls—in a headdress and costume that might have been Javanese—stamped and postured with flexed arms and waving fans. The supple knees, the downcast eyes, the sinuous arms—all these had come down from a racial past lived somewhere among the now jungle-grown cities and temples of Malaysia.

There was no music but the rhythmic cadence of their song and the beat of their slippers feet.

*“In katolak pa Bongao,  
Minsan layag matonao,  
Hi rayang nag tatandao.”*

“I went alone sailing toward that lonely island of Bongao.”  
Others of the songs had more of an Oriental turn and de-

scribed, in anatomical detail, the charms of a young bride, to the uproarious delight of the audience. The madonna-faced girls smiled softly with downcast eyes, but the bride remained impassive.

Hour after hour, the dance went on. The first group of girls, dripping with the heat, gave way to others; and the rhythmic swaying and posturing, the waving of fans, and the stamp of slippered heels went incessantly on.

*“Katalak pa Sandakan,  
Mag lawag kapanyapan.”*

“I shall leave for Sandakan to search for fortune.”

It all harked back to the youth of the race; to the ancient empire of the Shri-Visayas of Madjapahit and Malacca, with their Indo-Chinese, Hindu, and Arabian civilizations. Buddhist influences were there and a far memory of incense and temple gongs and the sculptured bulk of the elephant. Perhaps subconsciously, the Moro is aware of his past.

7

But of greater import than the books or than the talk about the round table at the club is the matter of a leave of absence. I am going to see Malaysia—that is, such parts of that vast area about the China Sea as can be visited in three months' time. I am going to travel on those solid Dutch freighters which, beside their cargo picked up at obscure ports, offer accommodations to a limited number of passengers. Java is on the list and Bali, then Singapore and the Federated States, and if time permits, Thailand and Indo-China. It will be a lazy junket, with the food for which those Dutch ships are famous, a canvas chair on a quiet deck and visits to the kampongs and bazaars of many ports.

This might be a wholly pleasurable period except for that shadow which lengthens from the north across this sea. I have

a feeling that the Malaysia which lies ahead will soon be shaken by one of those profound convulsions which have figured, not infrequently, in its history. There was the overwhelming of the primitive Malayan life by an eastward surge of Hinduism and Buddhism. There was the coming of Islam, which left the temples of Shiva and Buddha abandoned to the creeping growth of the jungle. There was the advent of the white man which superimposed a layer of Western civilization on the Oriental masses of this island world. Now a Nipponese overlordship, a civilization combining the Oriental with Occidental, appears about to replace that established by the Hollander and the Anglo-Saxon.

How the Malay will react to this new culture, how profoundly it will affect the lives of the submerged masses—the tao and his kind—the future years will show. But as the coastline of Mindanao drops eastward into the noonday haze and we meet the deep roll of the China Sea, it is with the feeling that, should I return at some later time to Malaysia, it will not be that Malaysia which now lies ahead. I am a spectator at the coming of a new order for greater East Asia.

## Chapter Two

### I

**T**HIS SOUTH CHINA SEA will, in the near future, become the political and economic storm center of the Far East. For centuries, it has been the home of junks and piracy, of opium smuggling and of a commerce in tea and copra, in coffee and spices and hemp. Today, incalculable forces, involving more than the colonial destinies of five major powers, are beating across its thousands of coconut-ringed islands and its South Asiatic coasts.

Surrounding the China Sea are the possessions of Great Britain, the Netherlands, Japan, France, and the United States. On the north, lies Formosa, a Japanese outpost, looking southward on the steamship lanes and the routes of commerce converging at Hong Kong. Formerly a port which handled the sea-borne trade of South China, Hong Kong now appears destined to be slowly throttled by the Japanese occupation of Canton and the railroads to the interior.

To the southwest, lies an island which was largely unknown until the alleged threat of its fortification by Japan projected it into world news. This island of Hainan not only dominates Tonkin Gulf and the Annam coast but lies athwart the trade route from the Indies to Hong Kong. The threat brought immediate reaction as France pushed her plans for the fortification of Camranh Bay in Annam, French Indo-China, and seized the Paracel group of islands and reefs southeast of

Hainan, reportedly for the establishment of an air base.

Below Camranh Bay lies Saigon, the chief port of French Indo-China; and to the south, below the Gulf of Siam, the British Malayan states, with Singapore—now probably the largest naval base in the world—controlling the ocean routes to India and the Near East.

At the U-shaped base of the China Sea are the Netherlands' stakes in Asia: the Sumatra group, Java and the lesser Sunda groups; and above them, flanking the China Sea on the east, Celebes and the vast island mass of Borneo. Completing the eastern border of this sea, the Philippines—still an American possession—reach from British North Borneo toward Japanese Formosa. On a clear day, the southernmost island in the Japanese chain can be seen from the Babuyan islands of the Philippines north of Luzon.

The total value of these colonies about the China Sea is beyond calculation. More millions are now being spent on fortifications. In addition to her already vast outlay at Singapore, Great Britain has been spending large sums to improve the defenses of Hong Kong. A considerable proportion of the wealth of the empire is bound up in the commerce which flows along these trade routes.

France has not only her investments in Indo-China but is also vitally concerned in the maintenance of these routes of trade. It is from the Netherlands' Indies that France obtains the oil, the rubber, and the spices upon which she is so dependent. To protect her colonies on the China Sea, she has not only fortified Camranh Bay, but has expended large sums on coast defenses and landing fields in North Indo-China.

For the Netherlands, the East Indies have been an inexhaustible source of revenue, and the anxiety of the Netherlands' government is indicated by its feverish efforts to supplement its inadequate East Indian naval forces. Although the chief reliance is still the British fleet, Dutch naval and military planes have been shipped to the islands in large num-

bers; and work on additional naval units pushed with all haste.

American investments in the Philippines are also heavy and the Philippine trade not negligible. Further governmental expenditures, however, are now mainly held in abeyance, due to the still unsettled problem of Philippine independence. Although, under an existing Act of Congress, the new Commonwealth is scheduled to become wholly independent in 1946, recent Far Eastern events, as well as certain unfavorable reaction in the islands themselves, may possibly now be operating toward a reconsideration of that action. The entire Far Eastern policy of the United States is in a state of flux. It is one of the decisive hours in American history. On the final determination of this policy will largely rest the future orientation of the United States in world affairs.

Japan's aspirations in the China Sea, while always apparent, have heretofore been clouded by the verbiage of diplomatic protestations. But the recent announcement from Tokyo of a new order—political, economic and cultural—for East Asia has cleared the air. There can be no doubt that this policy, which specifically denounces the establishment of Western colonies in Asia, is intended to include eventually, not China and Manchukuo alone, but the entire South Asiatic area. Behind the fortifications race along the China Sea, there now looms something more tangible than shadows.

Here, about the China Sea, are produced, in inexhaustible quantities, the oil, the rubber, the tin, which are essential raw materials in the building of today's power-age empires—political or commercial. The factories of the United States are as vitally concerned in the continued output of these materials and the maintenance of these trade routes as are those of England or Japan. That is something that Americans may well think about as the great drama here in the Orient unfolds.

In view of the reaction of racial traits and the continuing influence of age-old civilizations on today's events, despite the tempo of electricity and steel—those faces crowding the wharves of Soerabaya become significant. Here at this East Javanese Port, among the dock hands and the vendors of everything Oriental, is found the product of that racial and cultural melting pot which has produced the Malay. Here, on these wharves, may be seen the Negrito, the Indonesian, the Papuan, and the Mongol. They are all here, all strongly evidenced by facial characteristics and bodily proportions.

The Negrito—the dwarf black man of Malaysia—interests me strangely; he is so incalculably ancient. He belongs, perhaps, to the oldest living race; a race which has survived for half a million years. In fact, all human life may well have had its origin here in these hot volcanic lands. We recall the Trinil man—the upright standing ape-man of Java. He may have been an ancestor of the Negrito. I should like to go up the Solo River to Trinil. It would be in the nature of a pilgrimage.

When the Negrito first peopled these islands the lava still poured from broken craters. At night the sky was lighted by that red glare. The earth's crust had not outgrown its spasmodic settling and earthquakes shook the land. Combined with the Negrito are Australoid and Ainu types. They are all enormously primitive. Some of them still live in the jungles about Malaysia—in Sumatra and Borneo and Malaya and the Philippines. Some of them have been assimilated by other racial stocks and have transmitted their blood plasm to modern populations.

A Negrito is squatting by that stanchion. He wears the sarong of the Malay and he is probably a good Mohammedan. But if there is anything in facial proportions, he is a Negrito. That girl, balancing a rice tray on her head, is Negrito; her

face is purely Negroid and her skin is not the brown of the Malay; it is black.

There are other racial features in those faces. Their history also would be absorbing if it were not so very vague. For, later than the Negrito—by how many thousands of years we do not know—came the Indonesian. The name itself is a label which may mean anything. It serves as well as another to conceal our real ignorance of these people. But they appear to have comprised two basic stocks: one with square face, wide nose, and thick lips, the other with the long face and boldly chiseled features of the Caucasian—a primitive, brown prototype of the European. They came probably from the Asiatic mainland, pushed eastward by the crowding of other tribes.

Whatever their origins, these Indonesians must have been remarkable navigators. They crossed the treacherous China Sea in outrigger war canoes. With compasses of gourds and sticks, they left one island home to find another across the rim of the sea, carrying with them their tribal gods, their livestock, and the seeds and slips of that plant life which furnished them their subsistence: the taro and camote, the rice and maize, the banana, the bread fruit and coconut.

So these Indonesian people moved eastward through the centuries; always with the pressure of a Mongoloid horde behind to urge them on. And as they moved, they disputed for their new-found island homes with black tribesmen coming from the south, with Papuans—woolly-headed blacks, whose early, although possibly secondary, center of dispersion was New Guinea.

The Papuan was then—and still frequently is—in his own haunts a cannibal. He has a sooty brown or black skin; his hair is a frizzled mop which is his pride; and he is larger and better developed than the other primitive races of the islands. His face is long, his nose broad, his lips thick and protuberant. He is impetuous, excitable, noisy and laughter-loving.

Here, in these warm seas, the paths of these primitive

peoples crossed. In that early crossing and mingling, was determined the populations of islands far out across the Pacific. The Papuan survives today in his native homeland of New Guinea, in Fiji and in scattered islands of Melanesia. The Indonesian pushed on to Samoa and Tahiti and the far island group of Hawaii. And in that distant island of Samoa, today, there persists the memory of a great land called Java, far to the west, which had once been a homeland of the Indonesian race.

Behind the Indonesian, came those Mongoloid people whom we know as proto-Malays. They were short and small of bone; they had round skulls, slanting eyes, and yellowish skin. They pressed out across Sumatra and Java and the Moluccas and into Borneo carrying with them their primitive Chinese civilization. From that great land mass of Borneo they penetrated the Philippines along that island chain which is known today as Sulu.

Everywhere, along the coasts and along the river valleys leading back into the interior they found Papuan villages and settlements of the Indonesians. Also there were scattered Negrito fragments and perhaps remnants of other primitive peoples of whom nothing is known. The Mongol needed these coastal lands and fertile river valleys and he took them.

These Mongoloid people have been spoken of as proto-Malays. Their blending with the Papuan and Negrito and Indonesian, through the women of those stocks, was to produce the Malay. His skin was to remain yellow or become a sooty brown according to the degree in which absorption of these earlier blood strains had taken place. With his enormous capacity for assimilation the Mongoloid bred these earlier blood strains into his own. He transmitted their physical and mental characteristics but in the process remained essentially Mongoloid although he became a Malay. The Malay of today is a blend; but he is a blend which is now very far on the way to stability.

Malay tradition points to that area of central Sumatra occupied by the Menangkabaus as an early homeland; and here, today among their houses with carved and painted wooden fronts and great horned ridge poles is found the highest form of Malayan civilization. Here, despite the penetration of Mohammedanism, that primitive Malayan social organization of the matriarchate still prevails.

Later, by several centuries, there was to come from Johore a heavy migration of the Orang-Laut: "men of the sea," those sea gypsies, who still occupy the same low social position which they held when the Portuguese first arrived in Malaysia.

They are all here—all these racial stocks—blended in those swarthy faces which peer up at us along the docks of Soerabaya. Strictly speaking, there is of course no Malayan race. The Malay of today is a blend of many stocks. But as a blend, well on its way to homogeneity and stabilization, it is perhaps as well entitled as another to the designation of race if the term is given the loose application of popular usage. These are the people Japan will add to her new East Asian empire. They may in time learn the language of Nippon and their mosques and churches again become Buddhist temples or Shinto shrines. The new Malaysia will be a reversion to the very old.

## 3

For into this Malay world, many centuries back, came Hindu traders in search of spice. They brought with them the faith of Brahma and Shiva and later of Buddha; and Indian communities grew up in Sumatra and Java. And it was on the island of Sumatra that there was established, in the seventh century, that powerful Hindu kingdom which gradually was extended to include Ceylon and a part of the mainland of India, the Malay Peninsula, Java, Borneo, the Moluccas, and the Philippines.

But in those early records there is little of the Malay man himself. They make much mention of rajahs and kings, but the earliest annals contain no mention of that lowly individual who lived presumably to support his ruler. Malayan history is the record of countless petty kingdoms which were gathered into empires, decayed, and were replaced by others of the same unchanging pattern. There is much of Oriental magnificence but it is a magnificence imported from India or from China, sustained by the labor of brutalized native masses. It is on this note as though with the beating of agongs that the record opens.

The king of Kedah rode abroad on an elephant, seated under a white howdah and escorted by soldiers, drummers and followers carrying fans and banners. Kedah was a tiny kingdom on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. Far back, in the dim records of Buddhist annalists, it boasted walled towns and produced aloewood and camphor oil. This petty kingdom "tameless in terrible battles," survived for perhaps a thousand years. Its kings intermarried with Indian royalty and sent envoys to China extolling Buddhism. But the only mention of the Malay man is of the fact that the people went bare to the waist but wore a cotton skirt; this in contrast to the kings and nobles who wore flowered shawls, gold girdles, and earrings.

Kedah, with other kingdoms of its sort, came under the overlordship of that Hinduized Sumatran kingdom known as Kandali, which in Sanskrit means "banana." This loose agglomeration of petty states, known to the Chinese as Che-li-Fo-che, was the ancient empire of Shri-Visaya. The customs of its capital at Palembang in Sumatra were those of Cambodia and Siam. It supported more than a thousand monks; and Chinese scholars, en route to India, lingered there to study. A branch of its royal family with Indo-Chinese connections—the builders of Borobudur—established itself in central Java.

Arab chronicles compared the Maharajah, in wealth and power, with the kings of the Indies.

Shri-Visaya survived its allotted centuries and passed; but in all its long record there is no mention of the Malay man—the man with the bolo and the fish spear. The tale is of maharajahs, of trade and of wealth and power. Its cities had started as ports of call for junks and ships from China and India. They drew not only traders and scholars but the human wreckage which crowds all ports. Then came dynastic ambitions and wars of trade and religion. Finally the once great ports became little more than the dens of pirates and the ancient empire sank into oblivion.

In central Java lie the great stone ruins of this civilization. Not far from Djocjakarta the tremendous pile of the Borobudur still stands, worn by heat and the tropical rains but only slightly shaken by the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions of eleven centuries. Somewhere in this massive shrine, far below the great inverted bowl which its terraces support, lies a relic of the lord Buddha—a tooth or a paring of fingernail. Its hundreds of statues and miles of bas-reliefs are a sculptured record of the incarnations of the Gotama—the highest example of Buddhist art.

Behind the Borobudur rise the mountains, and below it rice fields lie green where anciently there was a lake. Javanese girls offer batik for sale in the shade of buttress-rooted trees and crows gossip harshly in their tops. Even today and to these Moslem natives, the Borobudur is an awesome place of holiness and devotion. Eleven centuries ago, in the days of its greatness, it must have been indeed a sacred place. Then there was the burning of incense and the recitation of innumerable prayers by the yellow-robed priests of Buddha and temple bells sounded across the lake where now the young rice glistens in the sun.

A puff of wind brings the pungent odor of burning leaves and there is the feel of rain in the air. Borobudur is a place

of the dead and of forgotten years. But across the rice paddies, bending to plant the tender shoots, there is life—Malay girls and Malay men, vivid in splashes of color. In the shadow of Borobudur their nipa huts lie among the banana trees. Perhaps their ancestors, eleven centuries ago, toiled at its building, drawing the great stone blocks on squat-wheeled carts from the quarries in the mountains behind. So stone is hauled today along these roads by men who hunch their shoulders at the pole and push like human cattle while the sweat lies like oil across their naked shoulders and streaks their faces below the sodden turbans.

The young rice bends before the wind which will bring the rain. On a dyke along the sawahs stands a man. He wears a breech cloth and turban. His skin is a walnut brown across the shoulder muscles. Beside him stands a woman, her young comeliness not yet marred by the unending work of the fields. She nurses a baby at an unshamed breast and leans a little toward her man. They are watching the geese as they waddle through the rice. But beyond the geese and the sawahs, green with new life, towers the dead mass of Borobudur. Then the rain drives in between and leaves only the dykes and the geese and the bending green.

But Borobudur is not the only relic of this civilization of the past. To the east of Djocjakarta along the Prambanan plain lie the temple ruins of Hindu cities. Earthquakes have tumbled the great stone blocks into masses of rubble, and the tropical vegetation has grown up and through the forgotten mass. Villagers have used these heaps of masonry as quarries to wall their fields, and the sculptured face of Shiva looks out through the litter of stable dung.

But here and there among the ruins a group of temples still stands, and coolies, under the direction of Dutch architects, sweat with block and tackle on bamboo scaffolding to return the fallen blocks to their old-time place. A market lies close by, and the villagers come in groups of three or four to sit

quietly in the shade of these giants' walls and to talk in their soft Javanese while the heat of the sun is great. They have legends of the neighborhood—these Javanese folk—of a Rajah whose *kraton* of Rato Boko, now a heap of rubble, lay close by; and of his daughter, the Lady Loro Djonggrang. Her statue stands in one of the greatest of the temples and to it the people come to smear it over with unguent and to make offerings of flowers. Young girls in want of a husband and barren women in want of a child, credit it with marvelous powers.

While these temples were dedicated to the Holy Trinity of the Hindus and were built under the direction of skilled workmen from India yet they have been modified by this island environment. For although the carvings on the inner sides of the walls are scenes from the Ramayana, these scenes have taken on local color. The orangutan is there and parrots and snakes and innumerable monkeys. And unmistakable—among the groups of bearded men and dancing girls—are the flat noses and kinky heads of full-breasted Negroid girls, while the male aborigine of the jungles of Java lurks among the sculptured trees. Solitary in their stone chambers sit Shiva and Brahma and the Sun and the Moon Goddesses. But the life sculptured in the reliefs is that of Java of a thousand years ago.

Seven centuries ago these Hindu temples and the stone cities of these plains were suddenly and unaccountably abandoned. History here is largely conjecture, but that the movement was sudden is evidenced by the unfinished state of some of the sculptures of the temple walls. The Central Javans appear to have migrated in masses to the East, and gradually more and more is heard of the rise there of a new kingdom, Madjapahit. The temples with their monstrous statues of the Hindu gods and their pits with the ashes of sacrificial bones and fire-blackened coins and jewels were left to the increeping jungle, to the sun and to the tropical rains.

The electric flashes of today's power politics illuminate with a terrible intensity these long-obscured years of a Malaya-sia that was. In that light, they stand in their onetime splendor against the smoky vastness of a coming new order.

## 4

It was late in the thirteenth century that the Javanese king, Raden Widjaya, established his power in the city of Madjapahit. Gradually the old Shri-Visayan empire centering in Sumatra was broken up and the greater part came under the sway of Java. The administration of outlying islands was carried on through colonial governors—sea lords—who had wide executive and judicial powers. The Philippines were not overlooked. There the principal areas to come under Javanese control were the Sulu group, together with Mindanao and the Manila Bay region of Luzon, which were administered through a governor seated in Borneo.

In its days of greatness, the capital city of Madjapahit was large and prosperous, with magnificent public buildings of stone, plazas, temples, and Buddhist monasteries, ornamented with paintings, statuary, and beautifully colored tiles. In the Philippines, the lasting influence of Java is found in its metal working, its weaving and other handicrafts, and in its art and literature. During this period, many Javanese established themselves as colonists along the banks of the Rio Grande River in the island of Mindanao, drawn by the lure of the placer gold mines of that area. The gold prospector back there at Zamboanga had not been mistaken.

For centuries, this empire centering in Java, with its Buddhist and Hindu culture, wove the pattern of life for the Malay people of the East Indies; but in time it yielded to a new force coming out of the West. Among the wild, desert-riding Bedouins of Arabia, a man had emerged who spoke as the Prophet of God. In the name of Allah, the Compassionate,

the Merciful, he taught a strange new creed compounded of a flaming insight into the mysteries of life and death and a savage anger directed at the non-believer. Among the black tents of the Bedouins, the words of the Prophet drove like a desert wind. The rugged honesty of purpose, the force and the terrible energy of Mohammed stirred the Arab tribes to a fanaticism which carried their sayyids—their teachers—eastward across Asia.

Arab traders of the Coromandel and Malabar coasts in search of the spices of Malaysia began to arrive in these islands and with them they brought this new faith of Islam. Perhaps, more than anything else, it was the promise of sensuous delights in another life which made of the Hindu Malay a Mohammedan. Perhaps it was the encouragement to turn his kris on non-believers which the new faith gave him, for the Malay is also a fighting man. The old religions of India faded into oblivion and a rising Mohammedan power centering in Malacca destroyed the temples of Shiva and Buddha. The empire of Madjapahit crumbled into ruin.

Only in Bali did the old faiths hold their ground. They survive there today. Temples lie across the island in bewildering profusion, temples patterned after Hindu originals long since returned to the clay from which their sun-dried bricks were made. But the old beliefs survive in a paganized and animistic form. The shell remains, but the substance has gone.

Near a Balinese village well up in the foothills, there is a valley through which runs a stream which is clear before it is muddied lower down in the rice fields. Here are bathing pools surrounded by low brick walls, and here in late afternoon the women come to bathe and to fill their water jars. Near by is a temple where lies a great stone deeply carved with inscriptions of a thousand years ago. And once each year this

stone is carried in solemn procession to the bathing pool and there washed, after which it is returned to its temple. Why this is done the villagers do not know; neither can they read the ancient writing. Tradition prescribes the washing and it is done.

And not far distant, another stream brawls among the boulders through a valley whose walls are sheer and high. On either side of the valley, carved from the solid rock of the hillside, are the tombs of the kings. Across the valley they face each other in a timeless majesty and beyond are the stone cells of the priests who served them. But the face of the tombs is scarred and mutilated by a thousand years of jungle growth. Only recently they have been uncovered and the jungle cleared away, but the inscriptions are no longer legible and water seeps through their rock crevices. And, as one climbs the stone steps cut into the hillside to the valley's rim and looks down into the place of the kings, something intangible and nameless seems to lie among the darkening tombs. Up here the late sunlight still holds and Balinese women linger at their planting in the rice fields—rice fields terraced from the hillside at the rim of a silent and changeless valley.

## 6

The Malay cannot build a locomotive or a truck or a field piece. Under competent supervision, he can repair them and use them, but he lacks not only the equipment but the understanding to construct them. He cannot build a steel bridge or a tunnel or a highway, but he makes a good straw boss and a first-rate laborer. In short, in all branches of engineering, he must continue to furnish the brawn. The directing brain—at least for the present—the Malay is unable to supply.

He is a good agriculturalist, an untaught navigator, and a shrewd trader. He is adapted to a social stage which is far removed from the primitive, but which stops short of the

complexity of a twentieth-century, machine-powered civilization.

As an artist, he deserves credit for superb craftsmanship, but he is a copyist only. His metallurgy, his filigree work, his weaving, and his wood carving he inherited from an older civilization. They came to him from India and from Arabia. None of it is of Malayan origin. Of all this Bali is evidence.

It is some few years since Bali was first brought to the notice of Europe and America as a tropical island where native life could be seen against a background of coconut trees and the lazy Indian Ocean. Here were ancient Hindu temples, with grotesquely ugly carvings; thatched huts among the banana trees; and brown-skinned girls who left their firm young breasts uncovered. Steamship companies whetted this interest. Here the Malay was to be seen in his raw colors and at his best.

So Buleleng became a port of call for Western shipping and impatient travelers are put ashore in launches and sampans. For the most part, these travelers confine their temple going and their search for native life to the main highways. They buy endless carvings in wood and ivory and bone, and batik cloth and ancient krises; and at night they foregather at the steamship company's hotel, where they drink whisky sodas and compare notes with their own kind. They are seeing the life of the South Seas and they are quite content.

They do not leave the highways to walk through the crowded bazaars. Here native life is clamorous and dirty; here native dishes, with questionable odors, are offered for sale, which are in no way appealing to Western stomachs. And here unpleasant skin diseases make a close contact with brown bodies less alluring than had been thought. They seldom enter the gates of clay-walled villages, to sit under the bamboo roofs and to talk with these Malay folk beside their smoky hearths, amid the homely litter of their household gear.

And none was found at a little hill station where no Dutch "Sir" greeted the chance arrivals, but only two Balinese house-boys who spoke no English but were smilingly attentive and efficient. At night they came to sit cross-legged on the broad veranda and to watch *bulan*, the moon, come up above the coconuts, while from villages back in the darkness there came the talking of intermittent drums. And in the morning, there were village men with blackened teeth and a tangle of coarse hair to crowd and gape. Much of the island is as yet unvisited by the white man, and the western portion is a tiger-infested jungle where only an occasional Dutch official makes his way.

So the native life goes on but little touched by this Western influx. To the vast brown mass, it is scarcely an incident. The Balinese stare curiously at the visitors from over the sea; at the white men in their cork helmets and the white women who find it necessary to cover their breasts. But there is the ever present question of food to be gotten and little time for idle watching. The competition for rice, the pressure of the population is very heavy. They do not understand the white man and they are not overly interested. Their own bodily needs are too urgent.

That there is rare beauty in Bali is very true, but the Malay did not create it. He is a singularly practical person. He made the rice fields, cutting the terraces on the hillsides and heaping up the dykes. But he made them for the purpose of growing rice for hungry stomachs. He did not foresee how green these flooded fields would lie in the sunlight, or how pleasant would be the sound of running water along the sluice ways. He planted the coconut trees, but it was to grow the great round nuts whose milk he could drink and whose meat and husks and fiber he could use in countless different ways. He did not foresee how their trunks would bend above the beaches of his warm sea or how dark their fronds would stand at sunset against a crimson sky.

He walled his villages with sun-baked clay, topping the

walls with rice straw to shed the rains. He had a practical purpose in building these walls. They were to prevent the stealthy entrance of men who carried kries, which make such gaping wounds. There was constant interkingdom warfare in Bali before the Dutch arrived. And so the Malay made his walls and behind them he built his houses of clay and bamboo and stout piles, thatching them with nipa and rice straw and erecting in their midst his homely village shrines.

He did not foresee how time and the weathering of sun and rain would merge the yellow of his walls and the gray of his thatch with the red of his temple gates, or blend them all, along old lanes, with the green of moss and of tropical foliage in an indescribable coloring. To the Malay, they were of stark, intense utility. Time has mellowed them and the law of the white man has compelled the Malay to live without bloodshed in his villages.

There is artistry of a sort in the carvings of his temples, with their great gates and their terraces and shrines; and there is artistry amounting to genius in the ugliness of those figures which he places in such profusion at the gates and steps to scare the demons from the hidden places of his Gods: grotesque figures which are like nothing so much as a nightmare carved in stone.

But this artistry did not come from the mind of the Malay. It is Hindu and the Malay inherited it, together with the lavishness of costume and the ceremonial poses of his dancing girls. He has learned it through the centuries and made it his own; but it all dates back to an older and more complex civilization from beyond the seas. His is the craftsmanship only; the creative genius is not there.

Such law and order, such sanitation, and such commerce as exist are those of the white man. Off the highways, behind his village walls, his social stage is where it was a thousand years back. He has changed only in his contacts.

And so the Malay of Bali works in his rice fields. He wears a breech cloth and coolie hat and his body is smeared with the yellow muck. He holds a plow behind his carabao and herds his flock of ducks along the dykeways. He trots along the roads with enormous loads suspended from a yoke; and he gathers in the market place to squat and bargain and spit the juice of the betel nut.

His hair is matted and filled with vermin; his eyes hold an innate, sleeping cruelty; and his most treasured pastime is the cockfight. His women balance on their heads loads which a white man would hesitate to shoulder. They squat in unlovely poses; they are shrill-voiced among themselves and primitive in their habits. His home contains a bed of planks; a clay hearth with the utensils necessary to the preparation of his meals; and a hide-covered jar of wild honey, hung below the eaves.

## 7

Malacca became the living center from which the faith of Islam was propagated throughout the Malay world. Among the lesser kingdoms included in the decaying empire of Madjapahit had been ancient Singapore—the sea in front; at the back, the Hill Tabu, now Fort Canning; on the west, the Singapore River; on the east an earthen wall along the Bras Brasah River. Here, at the root of a great tree on the Hill Tabu, have been found gold bracelets of Madjapahit.

And it was a Rajah of Singapore who, for obscure reasons, abandoned that port to establish a city at Malacca on the western coast. Older villages of primitive Malays on its five islands are only vaguely mentioned in Chinese annals. But it was to China that the Rajah of Malacca turned when the Siamese threatened his rule and from the Chinese Emperor he obtained a commission, a seal and a yellow umbrella. The Rajah lived in a house built of Chinese tiles; and on a bridge, crossing the river, was a row of godowns to which came traders from the

ports of China and the Indian coasts, from Java and Sumatra. Malacca was to succeed Madjapahit.

And, finally, it is in Malacca and from the pen of loquacious Chinese annalists that the Malay man emerges vaguely from his ancient obscurity, interrupting briefly the chronicle of maharajahs and kings. "Among the people, the men have a kerchief about their heads, the women do their hair in a knot behind. Their bodies are rather dark; they wear a short skirt and wrap around the loins a piece of stuff. The cottages are like those of Siam; the people live all huddled together. They make a living by fishing. The boats in which they go to sea and fish are dug out of logs of wood. In their marriages and funerals they do as in Java." And another annalist notes that the skin of the people was like black lacquer. They lived in houses built on piles and were so poor and so primitive that they killed fish with wooden spears. They worked the tin mines of Klang and Sungai Ujong, bringing large wealth to the nobles and traders of the port.

This description might very well be that of those Moros who live today in their pile-built villages down the coast from the port of Zamboanga, rather than of the Malay folk of Malacca, observed five centuries ago by a Chinese interpreter from the junk deck of Admiral Cheng-Ho. The Malay has not changed, either in his mode of life or his political instincts.

And so these people, who were already becoming Moslems, lived out their unrecorded lives. Ships from Arabia and India crowded the piers of Malacca. Moors thronged the narrow streets and those godowns on the bridge. Islam was expanding eastward. The ruler of Malacca, himself, married to a Moslem wife, accepted the new faith and is described as wearing a white turban, a fine green-flowered robe and leather shoes and riding in a sedan chair, while his people revered the doctrines of the Moslem, observing its fasts and penances. And from Malacca came that wave of Moslem learning, of fanaticism

and tradition which rolled out across the China Sea until it finally broke on the distant coasts of the Philippines.

The Portuguese were soon to arrive in the Malay seas and erect their great fortress, the "A Famosa," on the site of the Moorish stronghold at Malacca—a fort probably very like the Zamboanga fortress of Our Lady of Pilar. The Dutch were to arrive in Java and the Spaniards in the Philippines. And the fall of Malacca was to scatter its royal family widely across Malaysia, where its offshoots founded those petty kingdoms which survive today. They all trace back to Malacca. Every kingdom, every sultanate, as that of Sulu, south of Zamboanga, is an afterglow of that barbaric light which beat upon the Sultan at Malacca.

Throughout the long record there is no evidence that the Malay has ever failed to acquiesce in the divine right of rajahs and sultans to rule. These petty despots of other blood and lineage than his own were to him that which their coronation address flaunted: the "fortunate great king, smiter of rivals, valorous, whose crown jewels ravish the three worlds, whose touch dispels suffering, protector, supreme lord of the kingdom."

One such "protector" having acquired from an English trader a brace of pistols, tried them on his subjects in the street to see how far into the flesh the ball would carry. This same "supreme king" called on his guard to break the arms of a bride, presented by his mother, presumably for venturing to touch his royal person.

But throughout the history of these kingdoms and sultanates, little is still recorded of that lowly man—the Malay. Hindus and Buddhists, Chinese and Arabs—they came to trade, to propagate religions, to establish dynasties, to write learnedly, and finally to depart, leaving through the centuries vestiges of old cultures and the wreckage of ancient greatness. The Malay remained. He has not changed. He is still the man with the bolo and the wooden fishing spear. Perhaps

after all, he will survive unchanged through the coming empire.

Into these islands of the Far East—this Malay land—came the white man. It was spice which brought him as it had brought the Hindu and the Arab, and he came by way of India.

In the year 1510, the fleet of Alfonso de Albuquerque, consisting of 20 sail of the line and 1,200 fighting men, hove in sight of the harbor of Goa, which became, from that day to this, Portuguese territory in India. It was this Goa which was to become the fabulous treasure city of the East. “Whoever has seen Goa need not see Lisbon” said a proverb of the day. From Goa, later, were to come those squat Brahmin lions which flank the nail-studded doors of the Augustinian cathedral in our walled city of Manila—gifts from Goa, the splendid, at the climax of its pomp and power.

Today, the river washes the remnants of a once great city where the silt has covered the quays. A great silence and desolation lies about the site of the Inquisition, the bishop’s prison, the arsenal, and the crumbling masonry which once marked the lines of streets and the palaces of merchant princes of Goa.

From India, the Portuguese pushed eastward. Diogo Lopes de Sequieira occupied Malacca on the Malay Peninsula and other factories were established in Ceylon and at Canton. From these stations—from Goa and Malacca and Canton, the search for spice was carried to these East Indies. Trading posts were established in Celebes and the Moluccas and the galleons touched at many points throughout these Malay lands.

But the Portuguese could not retain a monopoly of this island trade. In 1520, Magellan—a Portuguese sailor in the service of Spain—had passed through the straits which bear his name and dropped his anchor in the harbor of Cebu. The Spaniard had arrived; although it was long years before he

was to make good his foothold and establish himself securely in the islands.

But the Portuguese had other and more formidable rivals than the Spaniard. By the closing years of the sixteenth century, the Dutch had established a factory at Banten in Java and were contending for the trade of the Moluccas and Sumatra. Batavia, in Java, was occupied as a rival commercial capital, in the Orient, to the powerful City of Goa. The dream of Portuguese empire was fading.

Behind the Dutch came the British; using their Indian stations as a base; occupying Malacca and founding the modern city of Singapore on an island at the tip of the Malay Peninsula. They reached to Borneo, where an Englishman established that almost unbelievable dynasty of the white Rajahs of Sarawak. But those centuries of conflict, those colonial struggles and tribal wars do not concern us here. Spaniard, Hollander, and Englishman contested with each other and with the Malay for the occupation of his lands and for the control of his trade. Japan now takes over the task.

Malacca today lies brooding in the sun—a place of memories and of the past, a place of pilgrimage for those Malayan Moslems whose thoughts turn to the departed greatness of one-time Sultans. Their tombs are there in the sunshine flecked by shadows of great trees and in the silence. Also there are the ruins of old walls built by Portuguese and Dutch hands and evidences of the early establishment of the British power which has spread throughout this Malay Peninsula.

In Banten on the northwest coast of Java lie the ruins of the first Dutch trading post along the Java Sea. Like Malacca, this is a place of memories and the silence of ancient greatness. Here lie the ruins of the once powerful Fort Speelwijk with rusting cannon below the broken walls. Under its ramparts are the graves of those Hollanders who, in their lifetime, served the company of the East Indies in this lonely station on the Java Sea.

But there was life and lusting and fighting and praying in Banten long before the Dutch arrived to mount their squat cannon on the walls of Speelwijk. Across the river and within easy musket shot of the ramparts, this life continues today. For here is a Chinese temple which was old when Speelwijk was built and under whose dragon-ridged roof, the incense still rises to ancient Chinese gods. Two centuries and a half ago, the Hollanders, listening at night from the walls to the beat of Chinese gongs across the muddy river, must have thought the temple a place of devil worship and sorcery.

But it was far from that. It was—and is today—a place where one can worship freely all the gods. There is no narrowness about this worship. It is as broad as the earth and the sky and the sea. The largest of the seated gods, from the posture and the presence of the lotus, is undoubtedly the lord Buddha; but the genial attendant was not at all certain as to this. "All the gods are here," he said. And in truth, there were many—ancient carved figures of wood and bronze and porcelain. There was the god of the earth; of the old Chinese homeland; the god of war and of the sea and the fishes. Even a black-faced god of servants is there for the faithful servant must not be forgotten. Some very ancient, bewhiskered figures even the attendant could not identify; but they were undoubtedly gods.

There is a largeness of conception here in this blackened temple, a tolerance and liberality as refreshing as the fundamental things of life—of food and drink and sleep. Here are all the gods. Worship whom you will; the others will not be angry. They will all be pleased by the pungent burning of joss sticks; by the red light through pot-bellied lanterns swaying from blackened rafters and by the bronze booming of great gongs. A humble Malay woman, in sarong and jacket, lights two joss sticks before a smiling god and kneels briefly. Why does she do that if she is Mohammedan? This is a very old temple. Perhaps it was here before the faith of Islam came

to Banten. Perhaps—like most Malays—under the thin layer of Mohammedanism, she is at heart an animist and a believer in many gods.

But despite the primitive animism of the race, the faith of Islam is strong in Banten—as it was in the days of the Sultans. Close by the Chinese temple is a very ancient mosque, with mumbling beggars at the gate and the slippers of the worshipers on the steps. In a small room, side by side in their tombs behind whitewashed Arabic inscriptions, lie the Sultans of Banten, and before the door the faithful kneel on their prayer rugs. A young man wearing the turban of a Hadji leads the drone of the Koran. He is a lineal descendant of the last Sultan and the titular head of the faith in Banten. Throughout the mosque the voices of the beggars seeking alms mingle with those of the worshipers at the tombs of the long dead Sultans of their race. Near by are the crumbling walls of the palace which the last of these Sultans built for his favorite wife—a ruin now tenanted only by the wild pigeons and shaded by great trees and rustling clumps of tall bamboo.

Malacca saw the origin of British power, Banten, of Dutch, in the Indies. And Cebu, in the Philippines, saw the arrival of the first galleons of Spain in the archipelago. There a great wooden cross set up by the Spaniards still stands, and the oldest street in the Philippines—a covered street of square hewn timbers—leads down to an old-time fort at the water's edge. From these crude beginnings came the British and Dutch and Spanish titles in Malaysia—and later the American title—when the flag of Castille came down at Fort Santiago. The seats of government, of power and wealth and trade, are now Singapore and Batavia and Manila. But Malacca and Banten and Cebu saw the origin of that power. From such crude beginnings was empire shaped.

Except in the Philippines—and even here, among the Moros, the Sultan retains some vestiges of power—the Malays are ruled, in name, by their countless rajahs and sultans. But their authority, today, is but the shadow of their onetime power, for behind sultan or rajah sits the Resident—the representative of the might of Britain or of Holland. The Rajah speaks but the Resident has chosen for him his words.

A century or so ago, these were real sultans, not the puppetlike figures which they are today. They lived in an Oriental splendor which the white man can scarcely understand, and their frown was not lightly to be faced. But the kris and the antiquated muskets of their followers could not compete with the weapons and the discipline of troops trained on European battlefields and one by one they yielded to the inevitable. For security and the backing of a great empire they relinquished their old-time sovereignty, retaining the pomp and ceremony but parting with the substance.

The story of these Sultans varies in detail and in time but the ending, in each case, was the same—the establishment of an authority with which the Malay must be content. In Malaya it was the Sultan of Perak who first yielded to British pressure. The bloody clash of two powerful sects of Chinese miners within his State was disturbing British trade. There followed the usual British expeditionary force, the Chinese stockades were destroyed, and the State of Perak came under British protection.

The Sultan of Selangor was unable to suppress the piracy which harried his coast. Malaccan trading ships were captured and their crews and passengers were murdered. A British “Enquiry” followed, and the result was the acceptance by the Sultan of British protection.

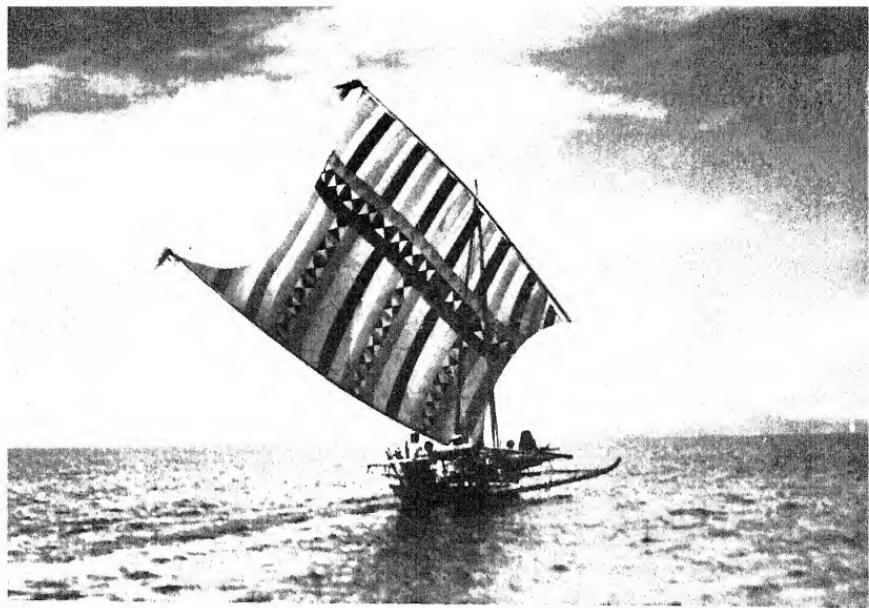
Refugees from Selangor crossed the border into the territory of the Dato Klana. Being warned by the British, he



Native boats and Chinese bodegas at the Zamboanga waterfront.

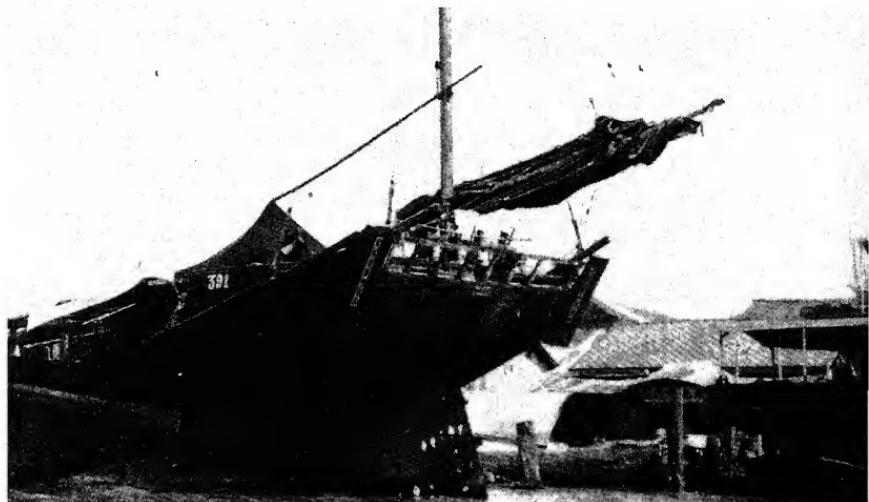
A Moro market in central Mindanao.





The Moro vinta, known as *sakkayan*, with its large bamboo outriggers and its brightly colored sail slung on a bamboo mast, is a familiar sight throughout the Sulu Sea.

Chinese junks are seen along the western coast of the China Sea as far south as Singapore.



expelled them, but this so stirred the wrath of his Moslem subjects and neighbors that he was compelled to ask for the help of British troops. This was forthcoming, and the State of Sungei Ujong received a British Resident.

So it went across the Peninsula. Pahang accepted a Resident in 1888. Six years later, rebellious *dattos* organized an uprising and made an attack operating from Kelanton and Trengganu. But the tribesmen were unable to stand against an expeditionary force equipped with modern arms. The Moslem power was broken, and Pahang has since remained quietly under British rule.

These comprise the states now known as the Federated Malay States, united by a Treaty of Federation made in 1895. Legislation is enacted by a Federal Council, of which the British High Commissioner to Malaya is president and in which the sultans of these four states no longer have a seat. They are granted the courtesy of being present at the deliberations of the Council should they so desire.

Of the Malay States which remained outside the Federation, Kelanton, Trengganu, Kedah, and Perlis were nominally under the overlordship of Siam. This was relinquished to Britain by treaty and their Sultans have accepted British advisers. In Johore, the Maharaja has been recognized as Sultan under British protection and with a British Adviser.

The islands of Singapore and Penang, and the peninsula provinces of Wellesley and Malacca constitute the colony known inclusively as the Straits Settlements. Together with the British possessions in Borneo: Brunei, Labuan, Sarawak, and the country governed by the British North Borneo Company—and together with the Cocos and Christmas islands—they make up British Malaya, the British state in Malaysia.

The story of the *dattos* and sultans in the Dutch East Indies—in Sumatra and Java and Borneo and the Celebes—all follow much the same pattern. One by one they yielded up their sovereignty to become the puppet rulers of those native states

which survive today only as a matter of Dutch Colonial policy. Vast wealth there undoubtedly is, and their *kratons*, with innumerable courts with their harems and their baths and household guards, are as elaborate as in those years when their power was tangible and real.

It was the first Sultan of Jogja who—somewhere about 1750—built for his protection and the pleasure of his favorite wife an old style “Water Castle” calling in the services of a Portuguese architect. Today, the Water Castle is a shapeless ruin; its underground tunnels are black and forbidding; and the banquet hall and the marriage chamber are roofless and filled with a rubble of masonry.

But, walking aimlessly among the broken walls of innumerable courtyards, one may perhaps come unexpectedly upon a pool—a pool paved with red flagstones and surrounded by a massive wall. Here the beauties of the harem refreshed themselves during the long afternoons of those forgotten years. And here—for a consideration—a turbaned brigand will turn a great key in a studded door opening into a chamber. The room is windowless and dark, but the light is sufficient for its purpose. Side by side lie two great flagstone beds; undoubtedly in those days heaped with cushions and protected by mosquito netting, for the rusted bars are still in place. There slept the Sultan and his favorite. From beneath the stones comes the sound of running water. The skill of the Portuguese architect had served to cool the ruler’s bed. Beyond, the silent courtyards are a tangle of vines and brilliant flowers; and Javanese women sit all day at their batik-making in the shade of old gates and of great trees which have grown up and through the crumbling walls.

The Sultan now occupies a newer *kraton*—a city within itself—with its innumerable courts; with its countless stalls where guards and servants gossip and sleep, their rice and tea beside their mats and a kris behind them on the wall. But there is too much gilt in the great reception rooms, too much

red plush and ornateness. Even the guard who sits cross-legged before a door, holding upright a great naked kris, somehow fails to carry conviction. He is the symbol of a power that was. It was different a century ago—before Sir Stamford Raffles with a force of British and Sepoys stormed this very *kraton* during the brief British interregnum in the islands. Then a young subaltern, leaving his command to search out the harem, returned very bloody and dying of a kris wound in the back.

But even today the favor of these native rulers is not entirely ignored. Some few days since, the Governor General of Australia arrived in this old mid-Java city—ostensibly traveling for pleasure, as perhaps he was. But it was an occasion for much ceremony, and the natives lined the streets by thousands to see him ride from Government House to the *kraton*, seated beside the Sultan in a great gilded coach which was given to the Sultan by the Netherlands' Queen. Even the few white residents of Jogja and their wives, standing on the veranda of the European club, tensed somewhat as the coach with its cavalry escort passed at a smart trot through the brown mass, with outriders at drawn saber and with other coaches carrying lesser dignitaries following close behind.

In the little group at the club stood a Dutch newspaper man. He appeared very thoughtful. As the cavalcade passed along its lane through the brown masses he said quietly, as if to himself, "Fifteen thousands of us—thirty millions of them."

Singapore is the world's most powerful naval base. It may, in the not distant future, prove to be the key to all Pacific Ocean power politics—an oriental Gibraltar whose possession by Great Britain is the outstanding obstacle in the path of Japanese expansion southward. The Strait of Johore cuts across the tip of the Malay Peninsula to make of Singapore an

island. Across this Strait, heavy tropical jungles and swamps provide a formidable barrier and the island itself is surrounded by submerged reefs. Powerful shore batteries and antiaircraft guns ring this fortress and furnish a maximum of protection for the Royal Air Force base, the numerous garrisons, the underground oil stores, the radio station and water reservoirs and for the great naval base on the Strait, the world's second largest dry dock with its floating dock which can handle ships up to 50,000 tons.

Without Singapore, Japan cannot venture too boldly into the South Seas. It lies athwart the trade routes from Japan to India, to Africa and Europe. A British fleet operating from this base could cut the Japanese life line of oil and iron or again could block the trade routes to North and South America. If Japan is to carry through her plans for a greater East Asia, she must eventually have Singapore. How long the British will hold it may possibly depend in part upon whether those nebulous plans for a joint Anglo-American use of its naval base shall materialize in time to become effective. Singapore—the world's mightiest fortress—can secure control of the Pacific and of the Orient to the United States as well as Great Britain or can give that control to Nippon.

As for the city itself, it is more Chinese than Malayan. The Malay man is not much in evidence here. Along the waterfront, bearded Sikhs guard the entrance to solid British banks and commercial houses, with the officers of the P. and O. Steamship Company to remind us that this is, indeed, a bit of the British Empire. But the river, which flows through the heart of the city, is wholly Chinese, so packed with sampans and junks that the muddy water itself is scarcely visible.

Behind the waterfront, the city is a swarming Chinatown, with the family laundry fluttering from upper windows, and with dragon-ridged temples and ricksha pullers beyond counting. In a café, Chinese taxi-dancers, their black hair in-

definably fragrant, combine the slit-skirted Shanghai gown with high-heeled European slippers.

But go into a Chinese restaurant and note that your table-ware is sterilized in a copper boiler above a charcoal fire, not haphazardly but in a workmanlike manner and before your eyes. Apparently there is a law—and the law is that of the Englishman. Singapore is still British.

## II

From Singapore, it is not too far to Bangkok, that Siamese city with its thousand filthy canals, its sacred white elephants, and its porcelain temples. But Siam is no part of Malaysia, and our stay there is brief. Except for strongly pro-Japanese leanings, Siam does not figure prominently in Far Eastern power politics.

Saigon, in Indo-China, holds a larger interest. Here bearded French colonials sip their wine at sidewalk cafés, and the colonial troops of France drill in the steaming heat and loiter at their barracks. Here may be felt some far repercussions of the Japanese thrust into China and the breath of a cross wind, blowing—lightly as yet—toward these rich states which Japan would very much like to possess.

But the time is growing short. My leave is nearly up and Manila lies eight hundred miles across the China Sea. From Manila it is seven hundred miles to Zamboanga and the Fortress of Our Lady of Pilar below the coconut trees. Malaysia lies behind, but the Philippines are ahead—and in the larger sense, the Philippines are a part of Malaysia. In this caldron of the China Sea, there is working a yeasty brew. Very shortly the tale may be of power politics, of the massing of populations, of Oriental hordes as in those former days of the Khans. Individuals—the Negrito at the dock of Soerabaya, the Malayan family in the rice fields below the darkening mass of Borobudur—these and the millions like them may shortly assume

something of the importance of barnyard chaff. We shall probably henceforth have to do with empire more largely than with rice bowls. Malaysia will recede into its timeless past under the impact of a dynamic Power Age. Back at Zamboanga I shall continue to be a spectator at the coming of a new order to East Asia.

1939

Brown Man, Yellow Man, White Man



## Chapter Three

I

JAPAN HAS seized Hainan. The news of this seizure reverberates along the China Sea like the first peal of thunder from clouds which have long been massing along the horizon. Japan is moving south.

Hainan is that large island of more than thirteen thousand square miles which lies southwest of Hong Kong in the Tonkin Gulf and is separated from the Chinese mainland at Lin Chau only by the narrow Hainan Strait. It lies squarely across the sea lane between Singapore and Hong Kong and is almost directly west across the China Sea from Manila. In Japanese hands, it will become a potential military and naval base of the first magnitude.

The occupation of Hainan was effected by marines landed from units of the Japanese fleet after a preliminary shelling. It was carried out despite a Franco-Japanese treaty of twenty-two years' standing and with bland disregard of a joint warning issued by both France and Great Britain. But treaties no longer carry much significance, and Great Britain and France are too deeply involved in Europe to back up their perfunctionary protest.

The timing of this move has been excellent, and the reason given, the usual one of military necessity—the closing of another port of entry for munitions into China. But note that a naval base on Hainan will reduce by half the distance between

Japan and the oil fields of Borneo. Greater East Asia is beginning to acquire form and substance.

Possibly, behind this Japanese expansion in Asia, there are in movement forces—very ancient forces—which we with our nationalistic and power-age fixations have not taken into account. These forces are no less powerful because they lie submerged in the subconscious mind of the Oriental. There is, for example, “Tien Ming”—“The Mandate of Heaven.”

The Occidental mind, accustomed to a patchwork of intensely nationalistic states, has difficulty in grasping the concept behind this hoary tradition of the Orient. For Tien Ming, as nearly as we may understand it, implies one vast empire with undisputed sovereignty over all Oriental lands. It is the concept of the natural and Heaven-ordained political cohesion of the yellow and brown peoples of the Far East—the “black-haired people.”

This concept has a bland simplicity which implies an extreme antiquity. To the Oriental it is a part of the theory of the universe and as little questioned as any of the fundamental facts of life. The temporary lapsing of this sovereignty means little to the Oriental, accustomed as he is to think in terms of centuries.

As a matter of fact the Mandate of Heaven has been held by Chinese emperors far back in time through the Han and Tang periods and through the dynasties of Sung and Ming. The Mongols carried on the concept under their khans. The Manchu dynasty retained the Mandate to comparatively recent years.

Practical application of this doctrine of Tien Ming has, at times, fallen short of its universal meaning. Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies, and the Philippines have not always been included in that Oriental empire. But they have been included with sufficient frequency and for sufficient periods of time as to give to their possible future incorporation something of the aspect of natural destiny. We recall the empire

of Shri-Visaya and the Buddhist builders of Borobudur. There was that Rajah of Malacca who obtained from the Emperor of China a commission, a seal and a yellow umbrella. We recall that those empires extended through the Indies to the Philippines and that their pomp and power existed by suffrane of the Chinese holders of the Mandate of Heaven.

Today large areas are lost to that ancient empire. Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, and the Philippines lie beyond its borders. Tibet, Burma, and Indo-China have broken away. But the tradition of Tien Ming is still a living thing. It lies in the subconscious mind of all Oriental peoples. Japan may be counting on a very ancient and unifying force in her plans for the re-establishment of a greater East Asia. Japan may be aspiring to the Mandate of Heaven.

## 2

Perhaps, in this matter, we lack the proper perspective. We are too close to our subject. It would be better to stand off a little and to try to see these islands of ours—these Philippines—in their relationship to world events.

In a back room above the sea wall, where the water sucks interminably among the stones when the tide is in, and where, at low tide, the crabs travel their sideward gait, there hangs a map of the continents and seas. It is a somewhat disreputable map, much handled and worn, and its margins carry drawings and descriptions of machinery—a prosaic, machine-age descendant of those maps which the Spaniards brought to this port in the chart room of their galleons three centuries ago. Still it is a map and will serve.

With the map, and with a very casual knowledge of the interlocking events of the last three decades, one stark, savage fact stands out irrefutably. Vast groups of humanity are in process of formation, based on racial origins—groups in which the present-day political nations, with their feudal ante-

cedents, will be gradually absorbed. Historical frontiers are being submerged as enormous masses push out toward new destinies and new types of civilization.

The impulse toward the consolidation of nations into these vast international areas comes from two primary sources. One of these is economic. Naumann, the German socialist thinker and statesman, for whom the economic issue was paramount, labeled these new groupings of humanity "*Weltwirtschaftskörper*"—world group economic bodies—when he outlined his German Mittel-Europa project.

Groups of humanity will, as he said, come into being because such new technical apparatus as steam power and electricity cannot work with state formations that are still under the influence of earlier and now vanished forms of international intercourse. And the purpose behind the formation of such groups will continue to be the removal of restrictions on industry and trade in time of peace and the security of all necessities when war shall again close the channels of foreign trade.

The other impulse, however, is no less powerful. It is racial in origin and extends very far back in time: the gregarious instinct which urges men toward association with others of their race and kind and color.

Undoubtedly it is all the fault of the old caveman who lurks in all of us—our other and more real, although submerged self. He is incredibly old, for he was born when the earth was a steaming jungle, when coal beds and oil deposits were in the making, and when hunger and a gibbering fear were his daily experiences. He carries on his face—if we could but see them—the marks and scars of a million years of brute struggle for survival. He is the sum total of our biological past.

All of us are subject at times to inexplicable emotions: to fears and hates, to strange taboos and unmeasured impulses. They are the atavistic memories of our remote past, those

biological memories which make up our caveman self. At night they make a turmoil of our dreams, and in time of danger or mob excitement they break through the crust of civilization and culture to gibber in panics or to gloat in the savagery of a lynching. Race, with all that it implies of hereditary physical and mental characteristics!

Kind turns to kind: Slav to Slav, Anglo-Saxon to Anglo-Saxon; and the great States tend to draw into their orbits the outlying fragments of their peoples. The vast struggle—perhaps final—of the future will be the giant's struggle of racial masses for survival as such.

In the uncertain light of this new economic age loom up these vast agglomerations. In their present stage, they are not corporate realities. Rather they share the nature of those vague titanic personifications of unreasoning force, the Jötuns of the old Norse. They are as shapeless as the cloud masses of a sultry day, shot through with the red flashes of electrical contacts. Yet, however obscure in outline, they exist. Their several parts are slowly coalescing.

## 3

Jötun!—that old Norse word rings strangely in this far-off port on the Sulu Sea. Perhaps it was suggested by the arrival recently of a Norwegian freighter, her hatches filled with the tea and hemp and coffee of the Java ports and of Indo-China, and the old-country solidity and cleanliness of her gray hull and newly scrubbed decks.

Among the native craft, with their riot of sounds and odors, their plates rusty, their decks crowded with cattle, their galleys malodorous, this old-country ship lay squarely at her pier with the dour practicality of the Northland. Her officers are the yellow-mustached descendants of old Norse seafaring folk. Their speech is homely and they carry themselves, as mariners should, solidly and with conviction.

She was followed into port by a Norwegian ship of another line which had delivered a cargo of scrap iron in Japan and was picking up copra for North European ports. With her captain, we dined aboard on old-country bread, cheese, sardines, and ale—a truly Norwegian repast, suggestive of timbered villages on far northern fjords—while the tropic sun beat down and the rank smells of the pier assailed our nostrils.

The third, a Danish ship not three years old, with mahogany logs from Negros, dropped anchor offshore; and shortly after belched smoke from an after hatch. We lay alongside her, as darkness set in, with an army harbor boat and two lines of fire hose. A hundred or more half-naked, turbaned stevedores shrieked in all the dialects of the port as they passed a line of buckets up the side. At the ladder, the greeting of the first officer, in his labored English was a curt “Glad to see you, we can use that hose”; and in the red glare of the flaming hatch, I noted his face: stolid Scandinavian features, marked with the hard lines of the sea. Throughout the night, while the pumps throbbed and the flames gave way to a smoky vapor, these ship’s officers moved unhurriedly and spoke briefly in their broad, old-country tongue. She still rides at anchor offshore, with a heavy list to port and the paint blistered on her plates. As we left her to her smoking death, I noted on the calendar above a bunk the day: Thursday—Thor’s day.

Thor, the old pagan God of the Northland, with his red beard and crashing hammer, who struck such downright blows against the Jötuns of the frost! It is gone now, that chaos of old Norse beliefs. The word “Jötun” itself survives only to connote something vague, imponderable, and huge: an immeasurable force gathering itself in obscurity to burst out in a red fury of savage hate. These massing, inscrutable World States—these “Economic Areas” of a new Power Age—are also Jötuns.

And so today we find two sets of impulses, powerful and interlocking, urging nations and fragments of peoples to tear down obsolete frontiers and to consolidate into racial groups, which shall share vast areas of the earth's surface in common. The first of these impulses is the direct product of this new economic age, urged by a real and basic necessity.

Frontiers block the rails and steamship routes which are the life blood of modern commerce. They deny industrial areas the ores and raw materials which are their sustenance and place a heavy tax on the food of their workers. They pile up, to rot in warehouses, those surpluses of goods which should move out into markets and trade centers now stagnant. They depress living standards and prohibit that relief from the drudgery of the world's work which the arrival of the machine had seemed to herald.

The machine had its origin in the murk of the British pit heads. The North European peoples, to dig their ores and move their freight, impounded the ferocious energy of their one-time pagan gods—the elemental forces of nature—in the steam engine and the dynamo. They built the machine, and with it and the trade which followed in its wake they founded empires.

But the machine has long since ceased to be a monopoly in their hands and has become the common property of mankind. Steam throbs in cylinders, oil glistens on flying cross-heads, and dynamos flash their red power from the salmon rivers of Alaska to the steppes of Turkestan and the copra ports of the South Seas. Mongolian hands may hold the throttle and gasoline may be hauled in carabao tank carts, as I have seen it hauled in Cebu and Iloilo, but the machine thunders on.

History has well-nigh forgotten its northern origin. It has become proletarian and international. It has transformed quiet

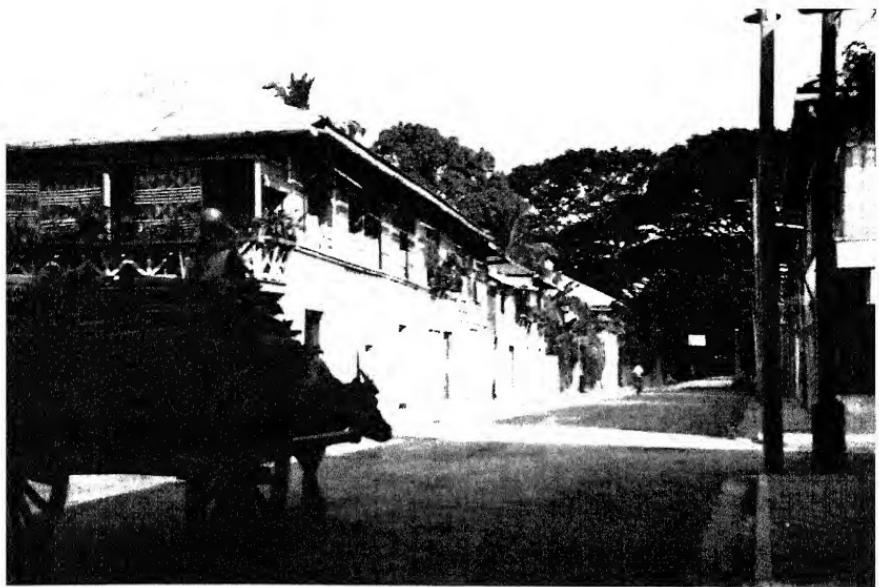
Japanese villages under their pines into roaring industrial centers and has replaced the immemorial hand loom of the Hindu weaver with million-fingered shuttles. Locomotives roll into Chinese terminals, and Diesel engines pound in the tramps of all the seas.

The machine is here, but too much of its energy is wasted. Too often the wealth it produces is turned aside by obsolete frontiers. Too much of the promise which humanity thought to find in it has been nullified by persisting medieval restrictions. The frontiers, which were drawn by the bullock cart and the camel caravan, have no place in this Power Age. And very slowly, very painfully, the consciousness of this fact is permeating the masses of mankind, urging toward the removal of those sentry boxes and toll gates which bar their progress.

But, interlocking with this impulse, is the primal instinct of kind, the racial instinct of self-preservation. Frontiers which bar the ingress of alien hordes must be maintained—at whatever cost in material prosperity. "Keep the Japanese from California" and "a white Australia" are only two of the slogans which breathe an ancient law. Only those barriers can be removed which stand between groups of the same racial stock. Such movements as that toward a "United States of Europe" are necessarily and inevitably abortive, while such movements as those expressed in the terms "Pan-Slavism," "Pan-Latinism," and the rest, persist and steadily gain in momentum. And now we have Japan and a Greater East Asia.

This Asiatic World State, it is true, is but one of many gigantic growths which are projecting themselves against a darkened future, but it is the growth with which we are here concerned. Our own inevitable Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth lags far behind. We wonder, at times, if it will be forged in time to meet this power which is growing in the East. But that is another matter.

This port of Zamboanga was Spanish before it was Amer-



A street in Zamboanga. Old Fort Pilar, now known as Pettit Barracks, is beyond the gateway at the far end.

Native boats and an interisland freighter at Jolo, the center of the Moro Sea.





A wedding feast among the Tao-suug Moros at Jolo.

ican. Before that it was Malayan: "the place of mooring poles"; and before that, no one knows—most probably Papuan or Indonesian. Along the streets, in the late afternoon dusk, the sour smell of copra lies in doorways and courtyards. "Copra"—the trade word of the South Seas! Here it is an inescapable reminder that this is the Orient. Slippered Chinese along the pavement, the soft tread of barefoot Moros, and the drone of sound from the bazaars are a further reminder, if that were needed.

These islands, with their Malays of a far Mongoloid strain, with their uncounted Chinese and their skimming of all the races of the East, are Asiatic not only by reason of geography and race but by reason of a culture dating back through thousands of years. They are a part of the Orient, and the Orient is again stirring to reclaim its own.

At night, with a rising tide, the surf pounds incessantly against the sea wall. The great fruit bats squeak and gibber in the lime trees, and from the vintas of the sea gypsies offshore comes the muffled beat of gongs.

Perhaps all this is only the product of an opiate of storm clouds and slippered feet and the sour smell of copra in adobe courtyards. The reveille gun will jar us back into the solid practicality of the orderly room and the drill field, of swimming in the warm surf and of the round table at the club. Still there remains—Japan.

Japan, which has preceded the bulk of the Asiatic peoples in racial consciousness and which is fully aware of the economic laws of this new Power Age! Japan, which has announced, and which is now in process of enforcing, "a Monroe Doctrine" of Asia for the Asiatic colored peoples! So far as the Malay world is concerned, it is simply a question of whether the Malay people, bit by bit and including the Philippines, shall be drawn into the Japanese orbit or whether they shall retain their individuality and in time perhaps emerge as a political and economic entity.

How long this purpose has underlain Japanese policy is not discernible. It was possibly first formulated in its entirety in that much discussed document known as the Tanaka Memorial. Chinese assert that this is the secret memorial submitted by Baron Tanaka, the then Premier of Japan to the Emperor in 1927. The Japanese brand it as a forgery.

The authenticity of this memorial has never been fully established. But the Chinese believe that it succinctly sets forth the secret plans of the Japanese government concerning Manchuria, Mongolia, and China as well as Soviet Russia and America.

It resulted, they say, from a special conference held in July of 1927, which was attended by all the civil and military officers connected with Manchuria and Mongolia. Here—in brief—are the plans outlined in the memorial. The newspaper reader who recalls, in general, Far Eastern events of the past ten years can form his own conclusions as to its authenticity.

The South Manchuria Railway had been originally organized to exploit this country. It is now to be empowered to undertake diplomatic, police, and ordinary administrative functions; and besides administration of the railroad, to engage in shipping, mining, forestry, steel manufacture, agriculture, and cattle raising. The company is to come completely under the authority of the Japanese government. It will represent the largest single financial investment and the strongest commercial organization of Japan.

This, however, is considered only as a beginning. The plan contemplates complete control of Manchuria and Mongolia; then, by using this region as a base, to penetrate China through commercial exploitation and finally, by whatever means may be necessary, to gain control of all Chinese resources. At length, assured of a plentiful food supply and raw materials, it proposes to proceed with the conquest of

India, the East Indian archipelago and Central Asia. War with America or with Soviet Russia, or both, is envisaged as necessary somewhere along this route.

Such are the plans which are fully and succinctly set forth in this very remarkable document. They are summed up as follows in the words of those elder statesmen who formulated them: "The Yamato race is then embarked on the journey of world conquest! According to the last will of Meiji, our first step was to conquer Formosa and the second step to annex Korea. Having completed both of these, the third step is yet to be taken, and that is the conquest of Manchuria, Mongolia and China. When that is done, the rest of Asia including the South Sea Islands will be at our feet. That these injunctions have not been carried out even now is a crime of your humble servants."

This memorial was published to the world by the Chinese before the Japan invasion of Manchuria and the establishment of Manchukuo as a vassal state. The Japanese assertion that the document is a forgery might be given more credence if events in Manchuria and China, during the past ten years, had not followed in chronological sequence that plan which it so vividly projected against the then obscured future. The Tanaka Memorial stands as the unalterable purpose of Japan. The Philippines are not overlooked.

Today Japan is the center of an area of the earth's surface which provides every necessity for the building of a literally unequaled industrial empire. This empire stands darkly projected against a stormy future. Into the consummation of this project the Japanese people are putting the maximum of human effort.

In Europe and America the machine is powered by coal. Japan has no coal; but she does possess an enormous supply of easily harnessed waterpower. Down the mountain flanks numberless streams plunge swiftly to the sea. The hydro-electric power which they develop has become the cheapest power

in the world. It is making Japan the factory of Asia, and not of Asia alone but of Africa and South America—wherever a low scale of living necessitates buying in the cheapest market.

Stripped to its essentials, the project is based on unlimited hydro-electric power and the discipline and self-sacrificing spirit of the Japanese laboring class. Metals will be supplied by the mines of North China and Manchukuo. Sakhalin and Borneo will furnish oil. To feed an industrial population, there are the fisheries of the Northwest Pacific and the agricultural regions of Manchukuo. For animal products, there is the fur and cattle country of Mongolia. Cotton, copra, and hemp will come from the Philippines and the South Sea Islands, which also furnish sugar and lumber and can be made to produce rubber. For labor to produce these raw materials of empire there is the vast labor market of the Orient with an extremely low living standard. And finally, for the sale of the products of Japanese factories, there are the markets of China—and of India and Africa, of Latin America and the Dutch East Indies—all avid for cheap goods.

In the heart of this empire, reaching from Lake Baikal to Sumatra, lies that area where there can be manufactured everything necessary to the armed forces of the nation. For the fleets of Japan there are plentiful naval bases and coaling stations. Air bases can be established to watch the Siberian marches. Across the Malay Peninsula a projected canal will furnish a short and secure route to India. And finally—on the southern flank—the islands under Japanese mandate stand as outposts toward Australia. In all essentials, the project is complete.

Possession of the Philippines by Japan is absolutely vital to several phases of this project. They will then become a base for the further penetration of the East Indies. And, since it is with the Philippines that we are primarily concerned, we would do well to limit our observations to this phase. To exceed that limitation would—as we have lately learned—require

a knowledge of Malaysia which is not to be acquired except through long years in its service. There are officials in both the British and Dutch colonial administrations who possess that knowledge.

For us, it is enough to form some conception of our own American interests in the Far East as affected by this Japanese program of empire. That program includes the Philippines, which still lie under the flag. That we are concerned with continuing access to the rubber and the tin of Malaya and the Netherlands Indies may also well lie in the background of our national consciousness.

Britain, the Netherlands, and the United States must each, for the time being, continue to weave its portion of that vast pattern which is Malaysia—Malaysia with its ancient splendor and its crowding millions. Japan aspires to carry on that weaving single-handed and to continue the motif begun in the days of Shri-Visaya and Madjapahit.

## 6

Empire building is an ancient art. It has been carried on through the centuries with a craftsmanship varying with the temperament of the builders and the tools and materials at hand. If time permitted, we should like to look back through the old records at the craftsmanship employed in the making of those ancient empires of Shri-Visaya and Madjapahit. But time is lacking. We are engrossed in observing the making of a modern power-age empire. We are living among the people who are to become subjects of that empire.

The process is necessarily slow and involved. It requires, at times, the use of force—the crushing, decisive force of the tank and the bombing plane—force such as established a Japanese-controlled Manchukuo and is being employed today in China. In another area, a shrewd opportunism may make the threat alone sufficient for the purpose at hand. Such a

show of force acquired for Japan the site for a southern naval base on Hainan. And again, a patient waiting may, without the firing of a single broadside, include large areas within the empire, first economically then politically. The Philippines are such an area.

It is highly improbable that Japan has any present plans for acquiring the Philippines by force. Such action would certainly bring prompt reaction by American naval power. It may be that Tokyo envisages a Japanese-American war as inevitable at a future date. But for the present, American scrap iron and aviation gasoline are urgently needed for the prosecution of the undertaking in China.

In any case, it is simply a matter of waiting until the Philippines shall, without the use of force and without embroilment with the United States, come into the Japanese orbit of their own volition. Five years hence, the Philippine commonwealth will attain full independence. The United States will then no longer be under the face-saving necessity of providing either military or economic support and will withdraw with finality from the Orient. Japan has sounded American opinion and finds nothing there to oppose this view. Patience is an Oriental virtue.

Forty-two years ago, when expansionist or imperialistic sentiment led to the acquisition of the Philippines, there was only a very hazy conception in the United States of the Filipino himself. He was probably most commonly conceived of as a ragged individual with a very large straw hat, an obsolete musket, and cartridge belts crossed on his chest, also as wearing a machete or bolo which could be used with equal facility for cutting sugar cane or the throat of a Spanish Guardia. He was a Malay, which said much for his disposition; he lived in a thatched hut, smoked many cigars, was dirty and ignorant and very poor. The betterment of his condition could very easily become the white man's burden; also his port of Manila was very convenient for the China trade.

And now since America has completed her work in the islands and is ready to relinquish the burden of the white man, it must be due to the fact that a new conception of the Filipino has replaced the old. After forty years of American effort he is undoubtedly a solid citizen. The straw hat may remain in the picture since these are the tropics, but the musket and the cartridge belts have been laid aside and the bolo is now only used for cutting cane and splitting coconuts (both products, incidentally, now unwelcome in American markets). He pays taxes and has that indispensable democratic possession, a vote in his own insular affairs. He is still a Malay, but forty years of democratic institutions have softened the erstwhile unpleasantness of the Malay disposition. He is quite competent to maintain his own government and, since he is now adjusted to Western civilization, he will continue in his new career as a stanch proponent of that civilization in an otherwise rankly Asiatic part of the globe.

But if the American voter has a hazy conception of the Filipino and if the ideas of a Filipino policy which he gathers from the Press are compounded of the idealistic and the practical (from the standpoint of the American farmer and of American labor), there are sufficient reasons. The islands are very far away and they are insignificant on the map. Until the question arose of the competition of their sugar and oils with the products of American farms they had never vitally affected the lives of any portion of the American people.

There has been no particular reason why the working man of Buffalo or Chicago or Kansas City should concern himself with this Malay. Even that fortunate individual who has the means for foreign travel and whose itinerary includes Manila can form no extensive acquaintance. At the hotels and clubs of this seaport, during his twenty-four-hour stay, he meets perhaps members of the foreign colony and does some shopping along the Escolta. He does not interest himself in the

stevedore at the pier or in the driver of his taxi. But they are Malays and the citizens of this new Commonwealth.

Despite these obstacles to his better acquaintance, the Filipino remains. He is here and his problems are very real. And while these islands make no great showing on the map, out here they assume considerable proportions. Questions of economics and political temperament raise sinister heads. They may in the event of economic collapse following independence determine such matters as the target for the service rifle which the Filipino conscript is being taught to use. There are those who say that this target may be the politico in the legislature rather than the tao in the cane field. They may be the determinants of a crowd psychology—a very hungry and unlettered crowd.

It is true that Philippine independence was an issue in the presidential campaign of 1900 and that Mr. Bryan stumped the country denouncing the American expansionist. And it is equally true that the impulsive imperialism which had led to possession of the islands soon waned. Even in those early days, eventual independence for the Philippines was visualized, but it was rather as a matter of long-range policy than one of immediate concern. It was generally realized that we had set ourselves to a task and must see it through. No one except the most violent anti-imperialist could believe the Filipino of his day was ready to assume the burdens and dangers of self-government. The enormous problems of the economic development of the islands, of education and sanitation, came to the front, and the independence issue became almost totally obscured.

Throughout the Roosevelt administration and that of Taft, which followed, it was generally assumed that many years of patient effort must elapse before the Filipino could reasonably hope to take control of his insular government. President Taft, who, as the first Civil Governor of the islands, had probably more first-hand knowledge of the Philippines than

anyone in public life, was particularly insistent that independence, as an issue, must be projected well into the future. Eventually, the Filipino people should be allowed to decide whether or not independence would make for their own largest good. There the matter rested.

Here, in the islands, various political groups slowly coalesced to form the Partido Nacionalista, which came out strongly for immediate independence. But the party was dominated by professional politicians of the mestizo class, whose personal motives dictated their fervid oratory. To the great illiterate peasant mass of the islands, independence could mean little more than that freedom from taxation which the politicos so vaguely held out to them. However, the party controlled the new Filipino assembly and began to maintain Resident Commissioners in Washington, who carried out a systematic campaign for independence both in the Press and by personal contacts.

During the Wilson administration, the independence issue for the first time began to make appreciable headway. That great idealist, whose theories too often were not balanced by first-hand knowledge of the peoples whose destinies he helped to shape, did much to realize, in the Philippines, his principle of self-determination. The old-timers here at Zamboanga, now and then, still indulge in ironical comments on that policy and on the near chaos which resulted from its application. Under the succeeding administration, General Wood inherited the thankless job of rebuilding what a few years of Filipino administration had so thoroughly destroyed.

Through successive Republican administrations, the independence movement remained in disfavor, and a Commission to the islands, headed by General Wood, reported that it did not believe the Philippine government to be free from those underlying causes which result in the destruction of government. President Coolidge went so far as to warn the native politicians that continued activity in this direction might

inspire the fear that possibly the governmental concessions already made had been premature.

It was not until the great depression gripped America that hostility on the part of agriculture toward the entry of duty-free Philippine imports stirred a sudden and violent urge toward the granting of independence. Lobbies in Congress became powerful and insistent. Agriculture was clutching at any straw, and the anti-Philippine bloc came to present a formidable array. It included dairy organizations, cotton-seed crushers' associations, general farm organizations, domestic sugar producers, and cordage manufacturers. Working unseen but relentlessly was the powerful Cuban sugar lobby. Under pressure from these groups and the continued lobbying of Filipino politicians, the Tydings-McDuffie Bill was enacted into law. Philippine independence became a fact, not because the islands were ready for self-government, but because American agriculture and Cuban sugar interests—in what was conceived to be their own interests—so dictated.

The bill was vetoed by President Hoover, a veto which was promptly overridden. The Congress was in no mood to temporize. But the veto message, of which the following paragraph is an extract, remains perhaps one of the most significant documents in insular history.

"The United States has a triple responsibility. That is responsibility to the Philippine people, responsibility to the American people and responsibility to the world at large. Our responsibility to the Philippine people is, that in finding a method by which we consummate their aspiration we do not project them into economic and social chaos, with the probability of breakdown in government, with its consequences in degeneration of a rising liberty which has been so carefully nurtured by the United States at the cost of thousands of American lives and hundreds of millions of money. Our responsibility to the American people is that we shall see the fact of Philippine separation accomplished without endangering

ourselves in military action hereafter to maintain internal order or to protect the Philippines from encroachment by others, and above all that this shall be accomplished so as to avoid the very grave dangers of future controversies and seeds of war with other nations. We have a responsibility to the world that, having undertaken to develop and perfect freedom for these people, we shall not by our course project more chaos into a world already sorely beset by instability. The present bill fails to fulfill these responsibilities. It invites all these dangers. It does not fulfill the idealism with which this task in human liberation was undertaken."

## 7

And then there is to be considered the cockpit at Basilan. It bears heavily on these matters. It explains many things which, for us, were previously uncertain and obscured.

It is a holiday and we are at the cockpit. This cockpit happens to be on the island of Basilan. It could as well be at Manila or Cebu or Iloilo or in any one of a thousand barrios scattered across these islands. There would be variation only in details. We happen to be on Basilan.

Basilan is a huge lump of an island across the strait of that name from Zamboanga. It raises skyward jungle-grown masses which are probably the craters of extinct volcanoes. Looking over Basilan way from this port at sunset, a purple haze lies across that island mass. It seems so very quiet and so peaceful. It is, in fact, peaceful enough now, but it was not so a few years back. Then the island was the home of Moro outlaws and, before them, of pirates who were as bold and crafty as any throughout these troubled seas.

The Yakan Moros live there and they are a colorful people. With their long hair and the bright reds and yellows of their jackets and turbans they are readily marked. The Yakan is a Malay, very thoroughly a Malay. There are things which

he will do and—even more emphatically—things which he will not do.

One of the things he will do is to paddle down a narrow, jungle-overgrown stream at night in a banca. Now a banca, which is a hollowed-out log, is the most easily overturned of any contrivance known to man, and this stream—like many on Basilan—has been known to harbor crocodiles. This Yakan had a torch rigged up in his banca, a flaring, sputtering thing which gave only an uncertain light. From time to time he laid aside his paddle to hold it aloft and to cut away the over-hanging vines with his barong. On one of these occasions he saw something besides vines. It was a flattened, scaly head, and behind it were great coils. This Yakan cut the python in two and continued up on the stream. From time to time he held up his sputtering torch. This is one of the things he will do.

But on Basilan there are balete trees. They are monstrous growths and may very well be the haunt of spirits who do not like to be disturbed. I do not know as to the spirits; but I do know very vividly and by direct personal experience as to the wasps. But the Yakan will not approach this tree if he can, by any means, avoid it. Most certainly he will not approach it at night. Here dwell unmentionable *aswangs*, with their familiar—a two-headed dog—and this Moro, who will paddle the jungle stream at night in his banca, will give the balete tree a very wide berth. His barong is of no use against spirits.

But as to the cockfight. It is a fiesta day which means nothing to the Yakan, who is a Mohammedan of sorts, but La Isabela now contains quite a Filipino population. They work in the logging camps and on the rubber plantations. Japanese ships load many logs at La Isabela. The rubber, thus far, has gone to American ports. Rubber and timber are two of the reasons why Japan would like to acquire the Philippines.

Before the advent of American law and order, the Filipino did not come to Basilan. He was not popular with the Moro.

But now he is here in considerable numbers, and to him this is a fiesta day when—in the morning—he goes to Mass and in the afternoon he fights cocks. And, since pesos are in circulation on this day, the Moro also brings his best of the feathered kind and much sport is to be had.

Built on piles out in the bay for greater security, still stands the framework of the old Spanish military hospital; and along the shore lie the ruins of a fort, which marked the establishment of Spanish rule here on this island after nearly three centuries of effort.

Around the fort cluster Chinese tiendas and Filipino nipa huts, and at their edge stands the cockpit: circular in shape, with rows of rough plank seats about the packed earth of the pit. For a few centavos, the bamboo gate will open to admit one to full enjoyment of all that is to follow.

Filipinos, in straw hats and *camisas* of flowered *piña* cloth, mingle with Yakans in their woven turbans and sashes of brilliant reds and yellows. The owners of the birds are preparing the spurs. The spur is actually a knife, perhaps three inches long, with a razor edge and a rapier point, and it is strapped securely in place. Much time and labor is expended in the honing of this knife. It determines battles and wins or loses many pesos for the owner. Perhaps, also, it means something to the bird; since it determines his chances for survival.

The spurs of the two cocks are now adjusted and the birds enter the pit, cupped tenderly in the hands of their owners. One bird is red, the other black. The faces of their owners wear proud grins as they walk about the pit, holding them up for inspection. "Bet on the red," says a logging-camp cook who sits beside us, "the black is not good." So it is done; and our peso goes on the red. We hope that the red will win. We have a peso stake in him. But the black looks very strong and active. Perhaps he will win. Perhaps we should have bet on the black.

The barefoot owners are squatting now, facing each other

in the center of the pit. Their hats are pushed well back and their faces are tense. Still cupped in their hands, the cocks are thrust together rapidly and as quickly withdrawn. There is time only for a villainous jab of the sharp beaks, but they know their adversary now. Again and again they are thrust forward. Each time there is that darting jab, and blood begins to ooze from the head to drip on the owner's cunning hands.

There is no question now, the cocks will fight. Quickly they are thrown toward each other on the hard-packed earth and the owners retire to squat at the ringside. With out-stretched ruffled necks, the birds face each other. Their eyes are unwavering and their bodies are taut. The crowd holds its breath. There are many pesos at stake.

They leap. The black bird is on top. The red does not move. Soon we know why. He has two inches of steel embedded in his body. His owner carries him away with a snort of disgust. Tonight he will simmer in the kettle. Most assuredly we should have bet on the black.

But somehow we do not care for any more betting. Besides it is time to go down to the rotting pier below the Spanish fort where the harbor boat is lying. Across the Strait lies Zamboanga.

The sun is a red globe poised on the horizon. Then it plunges below. With his bare foot, the helmsman gives and takes a spoke. Out beyond the headland, a sapit wallows—sluggish under its load of coconuts. Its turbaned crew pull heavily at the sweeps. Sweat streaks their faces, and as we pass they call a greeting in the Chabacana of the port. Behind us, Basilan gathers itself into a lumpy mass with low-banked clouds along its worn-out craters.

But we give less thought to these things and the purple haze across the Strait than to that cockfight. It expresses so much in the lives of these Filipino people. We wonder what its significance is and what part the forces behind it will play in the social evolution of the Commonwealth. Does it

foretell action and reaction of a sinister sort in the adjustment of these people to their new conditions of independence?

In that cockpit at La Isabela, there was the free play of primitive emotions. What was it which lighted up those inscrutable eyes with sudden fires as the sharp beaks drew first blood? Was it the gambling urge, the thought of pesos to be won on the swift thrust of a spur? Undoubtedly, in part, it was that.

Our thoughts ran back to a Negro cabin in our own deep South; to sweating black faces above a table, spellbound by the turn of a card in the huge hands of the dealer; the clink of silver; the odor of crowding bodies and a smoky lamp. And again, to a moonlit hut on Oahu, where Hawaiian-Japanese plantation hands sat crosslegged in a circle on their mats; the hissing intake of breath and the glitter in slanting eyes as a cup uncovered the dice. They were betting more than they could afford, those men who worked in the cane, betting heavily great silver dollars in a tension which was knife-edged.

In their eyes, as in those of the Negroes at their "skin game," burned the same cupidity which was rampant at the cockpit on Basilan—the lust for gain, the fascination of chance. It is an exceedingly primitive lure.

The Filipino does not often use dice or cards; he bets at the cockpit. It amounts to the same thing. Or does it? In those faces about the pit at La Isabela could be read something deeper than the gambling urge. In the air was the taint of blood. There were lives at stake, the lives of fowls, and blood to drip from battered heads and deep knife wounds. There was more than cupidity in the watching eyes of those Malays. There was cruelty.

The cruelty is there. There is no mistaking it. Somehow that trait in the Malay possesses a significance which cannot be ignored; it presages something for the future. Should a breakdown in his insular government occur, following inde-

pendence, and should social forces be set in motion which go beyond control, what form will that latent cruelty take?

We look back forty years to the days of the insurrection, the handling of captive Spanish priests and gendarmes of the Guardia. There are tales of men staked on ant hills, men whose eyes and throats were filled with wild honey. There are tales of priests yoked like carabao to carts and worked in chain gangs on the roads, of roasting over slow fires and of things too beastly to be retold. It was undoubtedly these things which the Hadji Nuno had in mind when he addressed the Secretary of War at a gathering of Moros at Zamboanga: "How did they [the Filipinos] treat them [the Spaniards]? Think about it. Think twice."

What action a hungry mob may take in those coming days of economic unrest, which now seem certain to arrive, and on whom that action will be taken, may have no relation to happenings forty years back—or again it may. We think of Haiti and of Santo Domingo and we wish we had not gone to that cockfight.

Somehow it has darkened the memory of unfailing courtesy on the part of these Filipino people. We would like to recall those things: the grave kindness of an aged *datto*, the unfailing stanchness of our native troops—to remember these and forget the cockpit.

Yet the verdict of the British and the justification for their annexation of the native kingdoms of Malaya was that they were the most absolute and cynical autocracies which the mind of man could conceive. In the words of Sir Hugh Clifford "no words or sentiments, no matter how generous or beautiful, would avail to stanch the blood which I saw flow or to dry the tears which I saw shed in Pahang when I lived in that native State under its own administration." And in his Report on an expedition into Trengganu and Kelantan, this man who knew the Malay says, "The more one sees of the Unprotected Malay States and the more intimate one's

acquaintance becomes with the Malay Rulers, the more profoundly is one convinced of the utter inability of the Malays to govern one another with anything approaching wisdom, justice or honesty."

Those native kingdoms of which he wrote lie across the China Sea in Malaya. We are concerned with our own Philippines. But there is little reason to suppose that the Malay of our islands is different from the Malay of Pahang or Kelantan; that he can govern more justly or that he can compel from his rulers a more just government. The Filipino is the heir to an ancient record of submission to the rule of Oriental despots. How he will govern is indicated by the words of a Filipino candidate recently defeated for election. In a black rage, he cried out, "When those d---d Americanos are gone my bolo men will know how to bring about my election." Democracy in these islands is a flickering candle in a gusty night.

## 8

These may have been among the things which President Hoover had in mind in his veto of the independence bill. The Japanese is unobtrusive. He is well pleased. If he fails to understand our Occidental statesmanship it does not matter. Or perhaps he does understand. Self-interest, even a short-sighted self-interest, is not foreign to the Orient. He can understand that. He can afford a complacent smile.

For the Japanese knows the Filipino. He knows his incapacity for self-government. He knows what forces will be set in motion by that collapse of economic stability upon which he counts. Japan will then be in the position before the world of a great power forced, for the protection of her own economic commitments, to intervene in the affairs of a turbulent neighbor. Very possibly the more stable element in the Philippines will itself invite such intervention. The plan is formulated.

Opportunism, of course, plays a very large part in foreign policy. There is no doubt of the astuteness of the Japanese in these matters nor of his readiness to profit by an abrupt change in international affairs. The United States may conceivably become so involved in Europe as to leave him a more immediate free hand in the Far East. He benignantly observes the Filipino and his Commonwealth.

Possibly we, as well as the Japanese, might make some attempt to understand this Filipino. As a pawn in the Japanese game of empire he may be worthy of notice even by our self-assured statesmanship. Although we have inked out his page in our ledger, the tides of commerce shift. Statesmanship also ebbs and floods. There have been, of late, some indications of gruffness in Washington at mention of the Far East, some grudging support of the marines at Tientsin and Shanghai in their resistance to an insolent Japanese pressure. We may yet wish to reopen that Philippine account. However improbable, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

And, in that remote event, our acquaintance with the Filipino might perhaps not lack of practical utility. The Filipino is here. He is shuffling along these streets and sweating in the holds of those freighters at the dock.

## 9

In these southern islands, the Filipino is the Moro. It is true that he is only a fraction of those thirteen million Malays and mestizos who are engaged in shaping a Commonwealth. But his influence on the life of these islands will be out of proportion to his numbers.

As our understanding of him grows, that fact becomes one of the few of which there is no uncertainty or doubt. Possibly at some future date we may acquire an acquaintance with those Catholic Filipinos who occupy the Visayas and Luzon

and who form the bulk of the insular population. But this is Mindanao and Sulu; these are the southern islands.

And acquaintance with the Moro may simplify the rest. Should that gruffness in Washington one day deepen to a full-throated growl, we shall not regret that acquaintance. We have fought him in the past and shelled his cottas. On occasion he might stand as stanchly with us.

But this is idle talk. Independence for the Commonwealth has been decreed. That gruffness in Washington was incurred through overwork with the ledgers and invoices. We are selling scrap iron and gasoline to Japan to carry through her China incident. A new order for East Asia is on the way. We are not concerned with the Moro—with this disreputable Mohammedan of the far southern islands of the Philippines.

Yet today the Moro is here; as changeless and timeless as the tides of his spawning seas, where he gathers pearl shell and sea slugs and the sponges of commerce. He lives in his villages built on piles along the shores of coral reefs, at high tide awash to the bamboo floors and, when the tide is out, areek with the foul stench of the crawling mud flats beneath.

No longer a pirate, he is only at times an outlaw when some grievance—real or conjured up in a brain so predisposed by heredity—impels him to build himself a cotta high up on some volcanic slope and to fly above it a red rag which is his defiance to all non-Mohammedan law. And if, at times, he is a smuggler bringing in from Borneo opium and Chinese—well, the Moro must live.

He is here as always, knee-deep among the slimy pools where the tide has left crawling things which he may gather for his empty stomach, while thunder clouds hide the volcanic peaks of Basilan across the Strait, and the morning air has a lazy warmth and the freighters lie sluggishly at anchor.

And it is something of a surprise to realize that after all, this much-feared Moslem is only a hungry individual, one of the masses of these Philippines to whom a few centavos is

wealth, to whom the influx of Japanese cotton prints is a gift from Allah because they are cheap and he is poor. It is sometimes difficult to realize that these Moro people, with all their repulsiveness and strange fascination, with their history colored by the splendor and pageantry of a semi-barbaric East, are—when all is said and done—merely a part of the Filipino people, of those ignorant and impoverished millions on whom strange and unfathomable forces are beginning their action and reaction, on whom the wind of a new order in Asia is blowing.

Possibly a glance backward into the origins of this Moro, into the dark and bloody years of his Moslem sultanates, may—even for us—furnish some clew as to what he will become. We may be able to determine in what direction his influence will be exerted on the Commonwealth in those uncertain days which lie ahead.

The records are here. They are not too difficult to read. From them, the Moro stands out in a barbaric splendor and Oriental savagery unrecognizable as that of the individual we know today.

## Chapter Four

### I

FROM MALACCA, from those mosques and houses of Chinese tile, from that center of Mohammedanism in the Far East, the faith of Islam reached eastward to these islands.

The sayyids were more than religious teachers. They were men of noble rank, descendants of the Prophet; and with them came something of the culture and learning of an older civilization. The first to come is reputed to have been Makdum, an Arabian judge and scholar of Malacca. The Sulus of the smugglers' island of Tapul still claim descent from him; and of the mosque, which he built there, portions of the carved posts of Ipil wood and side pieces of carving are still intact.

The fame of Makdum, however, has been eclipsed by that of another Arabian scholar who came from Sumatra and settled first here at Zamboanga, and later near the present town of Jolo. This was the Rajah Baginda who still today looms up in Moro legends as a gigantic figure out of the past, an almost supernatural Being to whom unearthly powers are attributed. Among the ignorant Samals about the port and the soldiers of the garrison at this post, the memory of Rajah Baginda still holds and his name is mentioned with awe and with something of a dimly comprehended fear. Strange fires, they say, came from him, and he lives on among them as a mystical and terrible force.

In his own day and place, he must have been indeed powerful, for a Rajah of Java sent him gifts of elephants which he kept on the slopes of Bud Tumantangis behind his capital and which multiplied and became wild.

Some say that the Rajah Baginda died and lies buried far to the south on an island near the coast of Borneo. This may be the case, but on the warm slope of Bud Datu on the island of Jolo, in Sulu, I came one day upon an ancient grave. Few people, apparently, came to the spot, for the mound—encircled by snakelike roots of a great tree—was reached only by a narrow trail through rank cogon grass. Atop the mound, under a frayed white canopy, there is a blackened stone bearing an Arabic inscription. Here, according to local Moro legend, lies the dust of one of the founders of their faith and sultanate in Sulu. By all accounts he was one of those few great ones of all time who were destined to shape the course of history and the lives of uncounted millions. The faith which he propagated here lives on with a steadily increasing intensity and will be a vital force in the coming struggle to fix the destiny of these islands. A soft wind rippled the leaves of the ancient tree above the tomb, and, as I left that spot, the notes of the wood pigeon came softly through the mountain quiet.

At about the time when Rajah Baginda arrived in Sulu, another great Arabian—the Sharif Mohammed Kabungsawan—came among the Moro tribesmen of Mindanao, bringing the Mohammedan faith and establishing a Sultanate which only remotely acknowledged the supremacy of that at Jolo.

It was through the coming of these Mohammedan sayyids that much of Arabian blood was added to the Malay strain of these island-dwelling people, so that among the Moros today the hawklike Arabian nose is not uncommon. With them also they brought something of the color and pageantry of the East which survives today in the turban and the sash, in the Arabian hilted kris and the ornaments and rings of gold, in

the many colored rugs, the bowls and dishes of intricate brass and the striped sails of Moro vintas. To the primitive Malayan speech were added Arabian words, and into their wild, lawless lives came something of an older civilization. Still the Mohammedan faith was the faith of warriors and its effect upon these Malayan people was not to soften but rather to increase through religious fanaticism their old-time ferocity. Under Islam they became more cultured in their home life, more terrible in their piracy. It was at this period that these people gradually ceased to call themselves the Buranun and came to be known as Sooloos or Sulus—the name which has since been given to this sea.

From Johore there came another Mohammedan potentate, Abu Bakr, who married Dayang Paransuli, the beautiful daughter of Rajah Baginda, himself becoming Sultan of Sulu and establishing a dynasty which is even now a powerful force in the islands.

And it was during the reign of Sultan Buddiman, fifth in descent from Abu Bakr, that the piratical raids of the Sulus against the Visayas finally brought them into conflict with the growing power of Spain in the north and inaugurated three centuries of conflict.

When de Goiti, flying the colors of Spain, dropped anchor in what is now Manila Bay he found the shores of the Pasig dotted with native villages. Near the site on which Fort Santiago was later to be built was a crude Malay fort with brass cannon of the type called lantakha, served by a renegade Portuguese artillerist. This fort and the native villages, clustered around the bay and through the lush, volcanic region of Laguna de Bay, were under the control of Bornean chiefs. There was the Rajah Soliman and Lakandola, the old Rajah of Tondo; there was Gat Salacab and the others of Laguna—

all Borneans, all Moslems. Their villages were a Mohammedan outpost in this pagan country of Luzon. The bulk of their faith lay far to the south in Mindanao and Sulu.

There were some overtures of friendship between de Goiti and the Rajahs, but they could not last. Whether Moslem or Spaniard began the quarrel is uncertain; at any rate, it was inevitable. It was Toledo blade and arquebus against kris and *kampilan*; powder and steel corselet against Malay brawn and jerkins of carabao horn. There could be only one outcome to such an uneven struggle. The Moslem fort was taken, and the Gats sullenly withdrew southward, to Mindanao and Sulu, leaving the bay region in Spanish hands.

But in attacking these Bornean Moslems the Spaniards had begun a conflict which was to last for three centuries, a conflict which cost countless treasure of life and gold and which had not yet wholly ended when Spanish sovereignty in the islands was finally terminated. To the Spaniards these swarthy Mohammedans were Moors, and Moors they showed themselves in their fighting qualities.

The ferocity and daring with which the Moros retaliated after these attacks is amply evidenced by the old records. They raided the islands under Spanish settlement from Mindanao to Luzon and made the name Moro that terror throughout the provinces which had lasted to this day. They even invaded Manila Bay, came up to the city, carried away captives from its wharves, and appeared one evening at retreat on the Plaza del Palacio before they were detected or repulsed.

There are still to be seen, especially around the coasts of Samar and Leyte and on the small islands in the San Juanico Straits, small forts and lookouts against these Moro pirates. They left such an impression of fear on the people that even the names of places took on that note—as the large town of Tanawan on the coast of Leyte. In Visayan, Tanawan means “a lookout.”

They had a rendezvous on the island of Mindoro and se-

creted their vintas in the bays of that river for months at a time. Even the merchant ships of Holland and England as well as Spain dreaded the Sibutu Passage and passed with caution through the Sulu and China seas.

## 3

Here, in these southern islands and at this port of Zamboanga, the memory of those years of bloodshed, of Spanish garrisons and of Moro piracy still persists. Here was the center of that three-century-long conflict—here and at Basilan and at Jolo, down toward Borneo, one day's sailing from Zamboanga in a Moro prao with a favoring wind.

Jolo, the ancient city of the Sulus! Throughout the long record of their black piracy, their far-flung commerce and Spanish wars, this name continually reappears—the dark center of Mohammedan fanaticism, the Moro stronghold from which their pirate ships, century after century, sailed to plunder and ravage and to which their captives were carried into a pitiless slavery. To the Spaniards at Manila, and later at Zamboanga, after they had built their fort here, the name Jolo stood for all that was sinister and forbidding.

Even today, something of a sense of insecurity is attached to a visit to that port; for the Moro is still feared and now, as then, Jolo is his ancient seat, the burying place of his sultans, the center of dark intrigue and—at times—of sudden and violent death.

Jolo is the ancient “Suug” of the chronicles—the Moro name meaning “a swift current”—and corrupted by the Spaniards first into “Sulu” and later into “Jolo,” when it was applied both to the island and the town. The pearl fisheries of Jolo were well known far back in the years of the Javanese and Sumatran empires and probably many centuries earlier, by the Chinese. Before the discovery of the New World, when the Indian Ocean and the China Sea were the centers

of Europe's overseas trade, Jolo was a not unimportant trading center. Hindu and Arabian traders carried on profitable commerce with the merchants of Suug, and Chinese junks, to the number of four or five thousand annually, arrived at this port from Cambodia.

The Chinese were, in fact, among the first traders to this region, fleets of junks making periodical voyages to Sulu, sailing with the northeast monsoon and returning home with the southwest. When Rome was decaying before the inroads of the barbarians, this Chinese trade at Jolo was being carried on. There is even some evidence, in ancient Malay chronicles, that the early Rajahs of Sulu—back in the years of the Javanese empire—made visits to the Emperor of China and sought to enlist his aid against the growing power of Madjapahit.

But although nothing apparently came of these visits, the Chinese trade remained; and junks continued to arrive in Jolo when the monsoons blew—laden with silks and porcelains in exchange for the pearls and turtle shell and shark fins of the Sulu fisheries. Many Chinese merchants undoubtedly established themselves in Jolo—as they did in Java and Sumatra—and Chinese goods were carried by Moro traders throughout the East Indies including this port of Zamboanga.

Such was Jolo in those years of Moro contact with Spain; barbaric and rich not only through piracy and slavery but through legitimate trade which carried to much of Asia.

It is still today Tiangi-Suug, the market place of the currents, although the ancient Chinese trade has now fallen away. But Jolo still carries on a trade with Sandakan and Singapore; and, as in those earlier years, pearls and pearl shells are the principal articles of export. The return trade from Singapore brings brilliant cloth prints, chinaware, and those silver-tipped hats in which the Moros delight, while Zamboanga and Manila take most of Sulu's fruits and coconuts and hemp.

But in Jolo, today, there are few vestiges of old Spain. The famous walled city holds some crumbling adobe barracks and

a Spanish church, while outside the loopholed walls are Moro markets and streets of Chinese stores. No Spanish is heard, but the silver "pieces of eight," marked with the scratchings of Chinese traders, attest the fact that Spaniards shared in that old-time trade.

Everywhere, however, is the mark of the Orient. The coolie hats; the yoke across the shoulders for carrying loads (loads ranging from sacks of copra to tins of gasoline); the turban and tight cotton sepoy drawers of the Moro male and the flapping trousers of his women; the kris, thrust through a sash; a girl, with soft eyes and gold earrings, riding a saddled cow; the multiple sights and sounds and the squalor of the Chinese pier; the prayers toward Mecca—all these mark Jolo for the Orient.

Along with the name of Jolo in the chronicles of those dark and bloody years stands that of Zamboanga. Here, far back in time before the coming of the Spaniards, were Moro villages. In their expeditions against the Moros, the Spaniards found Manila too distant a base, and early in the seventeenth century a fort was built on this southern peninsula—the Royal Fortress of Our Lady of Pilar of Zaragosa.

Father Vera, engineer in the expeditionary force of Captain Juan de Chaves, laid the foundations and directed the construction of this Spanish stronghold, which ranks with the best of medieval fortifications. Even while its walls were half complete it was subjected to a grim Moro attack—the first of countless similar assaults to come; but the fort was never taken.

From that time on, this fort and this pueblo of Zamboanga became the Spanish base of operations against the Moros here along the Sulu Sea, with its countless islands and treacherous currents and sheltered coves where the slender ships of Moro pirates could gather and lie in wait. Always, in the old chronicles, it is these two names—Jolo and Zamboanga—which are

associated together in the endless wars of those centuries: one the seat of the Moro and the other of the Spanish power.

From the Fuerte del Pilar it was—shortly after its building—that an expedition was sent to succor a hard-pressed garrison which had succeeded in establishing itself in Jolo and which had raided and burned down through the Sulu islands, hanging many hundreds of Moro heads to trees and driving the Sultan with his retainers to distant cottas on Tawi-Tawi.

It was Zamboanga which, when the Dutch wars came on, withstood the cannonading of a Dutch fleet and maintained the flag of Castille in these waters. When the Chinese pirate, Coxinga, threatened Manila, the garrison here was withdrawn to assist in the defense of that port and the Fuerte del Pilar was abandoned. But some few years later, on petition of the Jesuits to the Royal Council of the Indies, the fort was rebuilt on its original foundations and again was garrisoned by Spanish troops. The fort, in turn, served the Jesuits well; for it was to the protection of these walls that they came when the enraged Moros would no longer tolerate the propagation of their faith in Jolo.

The Spaniards attributed the salvation of their lives on this occasion to the intervention of Our Lady of Pilar, and in gratitude and adoration a shrine was erected by these devout Catholics. The shrine “Nuestra Senora del Pilar,” of crude sculpture, still remains, embedded above the walled-up gateway on the northeast side of the fort. Below the shrine is the coat-of-arms of Spain and a plaque frontispiece giving the dates of the rebuilding of the fort. Today—as every day throughout the years—the candles burn, and women of the pueblo of Zamboanga come to kneel before the shrine. And annually, at the great Fiesta of Our Lady of Pilar, the townspeople by thousands, headed by their priests, march in solemn procession to worship there below the walls which withstood the Moro assaults.

The wind is up tonight, with a following sea, which batters at the wall and throws white arms upward toward a buttress of Fort Pilar. For a week, now, it has blown steadily out of the southwest, with occasional driving gusts and rain squalls; lashing the beach with a white fury and driving the Moro to such shelter as he can find. A vinta, driven far out of its course, was picked up by a freighter a hundred miles out at sea, and five half-dead Moros were taken from beneath its battered sail.

Tonight, drift logs—perhaps from Basilan across the Strait—are pounding at the sea wall and the Santa Cruz light shows faint and intermittent. The houseboy is dreaming noisily his Visayan dreams. The Chinese screens quiver as though possessed by all the devils which they portray. The dawn will be a gray riot of sea and scudding clouds; but tonight there is the wind and the lashing rain.

Tonight the old fort draws and holds. Beyond the sally port, in what may have been the barracks of veterans from the garrisons of Mexico, an American Quartermaster stacks his flour and rice and the ordnance officer stores munitions against a different eventuality than any confronting them. In what was perhaps the guard room, lit by flaming tapers, today are ranged the bunks of prisoners from the near-by penal farm. And in the darkness of the great sally port—such are the mutations of time—Moro troops, in their broken English, challenge the passer-by.

Once, the empire of Spain extended across Europe and reached out from Mexico and Peru across the Pacific to these islands which were named for Philip. In former years we have traced something of the route of that empire, a route marked with the blood of the Spanish soldier who died miserably of malaria and the plague no less than from the poisoned arrows of the Isthmian jungle or the kris of Mohammedan pirates.

In old Panama, the gray ruins lie on a silent beach, and trees grow out of and through the ancient walls which saw the mad search of Morgan's freebooters for Spanish gold. In Texas, round about San Antonio, lie the missions of the old-time friars: crumbling bell towers and the wood carving of heavy doors, sagging now in their frames, and old wells in dusty courtyards. In the live-oak trees, blackbirds chatter above roofless corridors where the monks were wont to walk, and a blanketed Mexican kneels reverently as an aged bell sounds through the ruins at sunset.

At Cebu, in these islands, still stands the fort which was a half-century old when John Smith founded his colony at Jamestown. On the bank of the Pasig River at Manila lies old Fort Santiago begun by Chinese laborers in Spanish pay to hold the walled city against Moro raiders and Chinese pirates. Countless other forts and towns lie in varying stages of ruin across the continents—marking the trail of the empire that was Spain.

Today, aside from those aged walls, but little remains of the civilization which followed the imperial colors. Mestizos, perhaps, in large numbers—with a lighter cast of skin and a keener, if more unstable intellect than the dark mass of the aboriginal Malay. A jargon of corrupt Spanish, as the Chabacana spoken at this port. Some traces of old Spain in the architecture of adobe houses; and here and there, a gray monastery, still tenanted by barefoot monks, rising in a timeless grandeur above medieval streets and squalid huddles of nipa shacks. Fragments of old songs, once sung by lonely men in distant garrisons under a moon which carried other memories than fever and the rains and the creeping things of Philippine swamps and jungles.

Today, a ragged Moro, when rice fails for the family kettle, may produce from some hiding place a heavy silver coin, stamped with the arrogant profile of Philip and the coat-of-arms of the empire. To the Moro, this eight-real piece

represents rice and fish for a family crouching at a foodless fire. To others of us, who have eaten and whose horizon is perhaps broader, this piece-of-eight—pockmarked with the imprints of long-dead Chinese traders—has a deeper significance. Imperial Spain has faded for all time into the half-light of history. A new empire is rising in the East.

## 5

Across a narrow strait from this port, which the Moros call Zamboangan, lie two bush-grown islands. They are little more than coral reefs still in process of formation. The smaller reef boasts a lighthouse tended by a lonely-faced man. The other, and larger, is tenanted only by the dead. Both are nothing but strips of chalk-white beach at low tide acrawl with the spawning life of the sea and littered with the bleached tusks of drift logs.

Back beyond the reach of the tides lies a narrow, matted jungle cut midway of the island by a dark lagoon. Even under the blazing white noonday sun, this lagoon is a somber place of brooding stillness and drowned jungle and deep shadows, with humming swarms of mosquitoes and tenanted possibly by more sinister life. A sudden splash in the inky water recalls the crocodile legend—or perhaps it was only a deep-sea fish which had found its way with the tide into that pestilent water.

Just beyond the lagoon, and close to the whitened beach, lie the dead of the Samal Moros. Here, for how many years or centuries no one pretends to know, those Moros who spend their lives in their foul-smelling vintas have come to bury those whose spirits a paganized Allah has claimed for his own—those who will no more ride the outrigger under a wind-filled sail or eat their fish at sundown about the charcoal fire in the vinta bottom. A lonely place of jungle graves, with only the low lapping of an incoming tide to break the brood-

ing stillness—each low, bleached coral mound lying under its wind-frayed nipa roof and its square of flapping cloth. This cloth is the sail which the departed will need in his other life; and lying across the mound is the carved prow of a vinta.

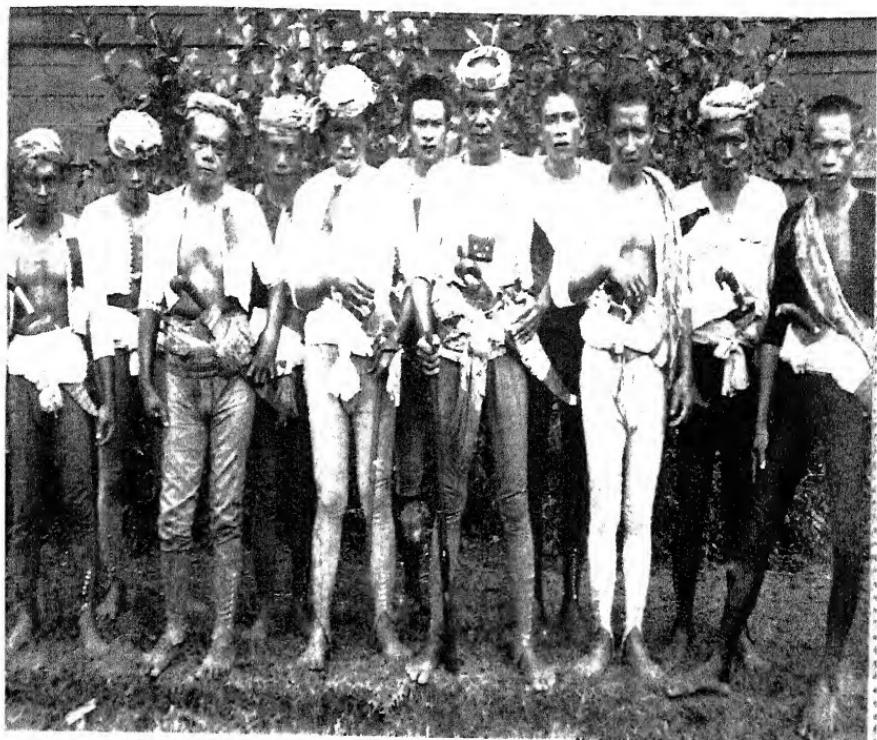
A place of silence and quiet jungle with a sun-whitened beach close by and a slowly rising tide—and across the strait, the distant sails of vintas coming in at evening to the place of mooring poles. Here lie the dead in the gathering dusk; and up the beach a hundred yards, a black lagoon, tenanted by what unknown *aswangs* with their familiar, a two-headed white dog, under the moon—and by the crocodiles. Here the dead—and, there across the strait, sails furled for the night and huddled groups about the rice kettles and the bobbing fires where fish are broiled.

But these dead are not left entirely to their silence and the increeping jungle. On the sand is the imprint of a bare Moro foot and a new square of white cloth has replaced a frayed piece over a narrow mound.

And, swimming down near the sea wall one late afternoon when the sun was a red mass on the horizon over Siam, we noted a Moro woman standing alone, waist deep, on the beach. She uttered low sounds which had no meaning for us and beckoned with outstretched arms toward that strip of bush-grown reef across the strait, where night was closing in on the lagoon and the place of the dead.

Someone said she had lost her mind, as perhaps she had. Certainly her gestures were wild and meaningless, and when she walked away down the sea wall, her gait was purposeless and slack. Perhaps—but this was a rash conjecture—someone lying near the beach across the strait might understand, if the dead have understanding.

Yet these graves, humble as they are, may be destined to play a larger part in the drama of resurgent peoples and empires than those unmarked, unheeded burying places of the soldiery of old Spain.



Tao-suug Moros at Jolo.



Moro girls studying the Koran.

*Ewing Galloway*

For when the colors of Castille ceased to float over the ground in which they lie, the memory of those veterans who had carried them began to fade from the national memory. Those men who had died so many leagues over the seas were as if they had never been. Their hardships, their efforts and suffering—all the tragedy of an imperialism which failed—are recorded only in those heavy volumes and yellowing State papers which a diminishing few find time or the desire to read. Certainly the Spaniard of today gives no thought to the unmarked graves of an old-time soldiery on the edge of island jungles somewhere, far off, near Asia and the Equator.

Perhaps only in the army, where traditions somehow matter, battle streamers of these old campaigns may still be borne with the regimental colors of garrisons in Spanish towns or in sunbaked forts along the Moroccan frontier, and regimental histories may, at times, call the long roll of their dead.

One of the most powerful motives for the second and probably final surge of Japan into Manchuria was the fact that Japanese dead, from an earlier war, lay there. Their graves must become, for all time, Japanese soil, lying under the protecting colors of the empire which they had served, so that shrines to their memory and their ancestors might be placed in quiet groves and so that their heroic spirits might continue with the race.

Here, in the Philippines, together with those forgotten Spanish dead, will lie the soldiery of an American imperialism which has passed. At dusk one afternoon in Jolo, we came upon one such grave. Below it lies an officer of American cavalry cut down by the kris of a Moro amok as he shielded his young daughter. The stone has weathered under the sun and tropical rains. Soon its inscription will be no longer legible. Those of his kind will no longer pause for a glance backward into years that are gone. Eventually the Moro will have use for that stone.

Also, I think that the Moro will always be here and about

this place of the mooring poles and that the tenants of those graves out there in the strait near the lagoon will never lack for such degree of fellowship with the living as a muttered Moslem prayer may bring to them.

## 6

For the Moro is a Mohammedan. That is the one vital, irreducible factor in his existence. It cannot be minimized nor pushed aside. However unorthodox or lax he may be in the observance, though he may be unable to read the Koran and understands vaguely those passages droned in the mosque, he nevertheless holds himself a true follower of the Prophet. Make no mistake on that. His Mohammedanism is the one irrefutable fact concerning the Moro.

One month ago, as I returned from Saigon, candlelight yellowed the house fronts in the walled city of Manila. The shuffle of thousands of feet in slow procession was a wind rustling dead leaves. But there was no wind nor any breath of air in those medieval streets. As we stood on a balcony to watch the procession, the perspiration dripped from our faces and the smoke of innumerable candles was acrid in our nostrils. That candle smoke, pricked through with countless tongues of yellow flame, will always recall to our minds the Fiesta of Our Lady of the Rosary when the Dominicans bore their saints through the walled city.

The Dominicans planned and guided the fiesta but it was the people of Manila who marched in their solemn procession. Between the floats, which bore the images of saints, they moved in ordered masses and every hand held a candle; close hundreds of girls in white, each girl with a black mantle above her hair, on her face the softness of young Malayan womanhood deepened by a spiritual exaltation of crowd mysticism. Men, also, mostly young, but some with the portly figures of substantial merchants and brokers; old women in

the native dress, clutching their candles tightly, their faces tense with excitement. They were all there—all types and sorts and classes of humanity of this old Catholic city.

The floats, bearing the images of saints, with their silks and jewels and softly colored lights were very beautiful even to the stranger and the non-Catholic. As they drifted past with that tide of humanity, they seemed illuminated with a light scarcely earthly. To the Malayan minds of those moving thousands they must have been indeed unearthly, transcending life in the mysticism of their faith. That mysticism shone in their eyes and sounded through their chanted prayers. Church bells rang in the walled city, sounding above this massed humanity and reverberating through narrow streets and squalid courtyards. The Fiesta of Our Lady of the Rosary drew slowly to a close and with its closing came the long-awaited rain.

But the memory of another scene is also strong. It is as vivid as that of innumerable candles and the chant of human masses moving in slow procession. It is the scene of a distant place and of a different faith; but those people also were Malays. To the problem of these conflicting faiths, there is no apparent answer.

We are aboard a ship, a freighter which carries also a scattering of passengers. We are anchored off a low, coconut-ringled island far to the south. Copra is being loaded from lighters moored alongside, and the time hangs heavily.

In the smoking room there is a group about a serious-faced man who talks slowly and earnestly. He is telling of the finding of dinosaur eggs in the Gobi desert. He had been a member of those scientific expeditions which penetrated the desert with truck convoys and camel trains. Under a deck awning, two Indian women are playing chess. Their skins are swarthy; diamonds are set in their noses, and they wear the flowing dress of their homeland. At a desk an American salesman of mining machinery is writing his report. Chinese mess boys

move softly, serving drinks, and ceiling fans stir a hot breeze which brings little relief.

The ship rides solidly at anchor and the winches clatter interminably. Malay deck hands are at the controls and others sweat in the holds where no air comes. The lighters rub along side in the swells. There are many lighters and they are heavy with sacks. We shall be loading, probably, until daybreak—later, if rain should interrupt. Those lighters also are a steaming place of breathless heat and dripping sweat. The stevedores are Malays who wear the fez of the Mohammedan. Aside from this and the inevitable sarong, they wear nothing and their bare feet slip among the sacks.

Then, without warning, the sunset comes—the sudden, flaming sunset of these seas, like no other elsewhere in the world. A purple haze lies across the sea, and in the west the colors pile themselves in burning masses which will quickly fade. The sound of the winches and the hum of cables goes on; but this is the time for prayer.

And one by one the stevedores cease their work to follow the injunction of the Prophet. There are no prayer rugs, but strips of bamboo matting serve as well. While the passengers watch at the rail, these Moslems kneel and touch their foreheads on their mats. Individually, as their work permits, they stand erect with folded arms, facing the west; then kneel in all humility. There is no muezzin to call the hour for prayer but none is needed. There is the sunset.

Through this Moslem faith, a half million Malays of the Philippines link up with sixty million Mohammedans of Malaysia. Across these southern islands broods the faith of Islam—apparently changeless, vital, and eternal.

Tonight, at this pueblo of Zamboanga, the coconut fronds hang black and motionless. Before the shrine, painted on a walled-up gate of Fort Pilar, beneath the coat-of-arms of one-time Imperial Spain, candles gutter in rows and before them are the kneeling figures of those to whom this is a holy place:

Filipino women with mantles drawn over their smoothly combed hair.

But across the canal, choked with lotus pads, near the adobe walls of the powder magazines, comes the chanted cadence of a Moslem song. Some few score Moros are housed there, in an unused building, with their wives and children, their bundles and their prayer rugs: Moros from Cotobato and Lanao, gathered here on this their first stopping place on the long journey to Mecca. The glowing embers of tiny fires, at which they have cooked their evening rice, flare up fitfully with a red light across swarthy cheeks.

Tonight—as for centuries past—two great religions are struggling for mastery in these islands. There is also another, a far more primitive belief which underlies them both: the ancient animism of the Malay. Here on the streets of Zamboanga, one may perhaps tonight encounter some of those pagan people who hold to the old-time faith of their forefathers: unobtrusive, almost timid people, down from their isolated homesteads in the foothills.

Down at the sea wall below Fort Pilar, there is the drowsy suck of water among the stones, and across the sea the trail of light from a single blazing star. In that dim, unearthly light, the darkened earth rolls on its course among the planets. The Catholicism of old Spain, the faith of Islam and—to some few—the stark agnosticism of planet-powdered seas and the infinity of time and space!

Underlying both Catholicism and Mohammedanism is the primitive animism of the race. To the Malay, the ancient spirits of the trees, the jungle and the river still live. Catholicism is a veneer; Mohammedanism is a veneer. Underneath, the Malay is what he always has been—an animist.

The Mohammedan gets his god, his calendar, and his customs from the Imam. His life is permeated by Islam; but in the background lurk the unseen spirits. Some are friendly;

most are evil; all need to be propitiated. Even a hadji dreads to pronounce his own name aloud for fear the devil will find out his whereabouts. A Malay will never use the word "*rimau*" —tiger. That jungle dweller is always referred to as "the old gentleman" or by some other title which he will not recognize as alluding to him.

Similarly the Catholic gets his God, his saints and his customs from the priest. He goes to Mass; he observes the fasts and celebrates the fiesta days. Despite this, for the educated Filipino as for the tao, the spirits still live. In a storm, even women of the upper classes cross themselves and call upon that saint who has the lightning in her keeping. A very intelligent Filipino businessman of Manila devotes all of his spare time and much of his money to the search for buried treasure—treasure which is guarded by spirits and which can only be recovered through magic formulae and incantations.

But despite this survival of primitive animism, the Malay is intensely devoted to forms. It is enough for him that he believes himself a Catholic or a Mohammedan. He is intensely loyal to the forms and usages of the faith of his profession. And the conflict between these faiths has been continuous in these islands for four centuries. It goes very far toward explaining the Moro.

His Moslem faith holds the Moro apart from the Filipino. But the antagonism of these two peoples is deeper-rooted than that. The Moro lives by and for his sultanate; the Filipino has turned to democratic and occidental institutions. The Moro looks back, with an unyielding pride, to those long centuries of aloofness and freedom throughout which he wore no man's yoke, though the Filipino was in peonage to Spain. Why should he, the Moro, now be ruled by a people whom he had for centuries despised? It was not the Filipino nor

even the Spaniard who had finally brought down the flag of his sultans. It had been the American.

The Moro had not yielded gracefully even to American occupation of his islands. He had fought the Spaniard for three centuries and had only yielded finally and with reservations to gunboats and modern armament. And it had not been long after the occupation of the old Spanish forts in the Moro country by American troops before his antagonism to that new order had begun to be felt.

Maharaja Andung had been the first to raise the red flag above a cotta in the vicinity of Bud Konayan on the island of Jolo; and the storming of this natural stronghold marked the first sharp encounter of American regulars with the Moro fighting man. The cottas of Panglima Hassan at Pang-Pang and of Laksamana Usap were taken, shortly after, in severe fighting. The principal cause of Usap's defiance is said to have been the advice of an Arab from Mecca, who sold him charms which he assured would give him immunity from death.

Following Usap's suppression, a group of Moros who resented the Cedula Law together with cattle thieves and outlaws, began the construction of cottas on Bud Daho. This is an ancient volcano rising out of the level plain near Jolo to a height of more than two thousand feet. The deep crater was heavily wooded and had an opening on one side to the plain below, through which the Moros brought their cattle and food. Along the rim of the crater, the cottas were constructed consisting of earth and tree trunks surrounded by deep ditches. These Bud Daho cottas marked a new era in Moro fortifications, having rifle pits, trenches, and bamboo tubes concealed in the walls, through which advancing troops could be fired on.

Some six hundred Moros were found dead in and about the crater, following the final assault; Moro women lying among their men in masses of mutilated flesh. No quarter was asked by these gong-maddened Mohammedans, and fighting ended

only when they could no longer hold a kris or crawl on the ground to strike one more blow for the Prophet.

During the next few years there was no serious unrest, the only disorders being due to the fanaticism of an occasional amok and the depredations of small groups of outlaws. Of these the most feared and the most dangerous was Jikiri, whose following consisted of desperate characters recruited from the criminals of the entire Moro province. They died fighting savagely in a cave on Patian Island off the south coast of Jolo.

But gradually, resentment among the Moros over the disarmament order began again to arouse hostility against the Government. The slaughter of Bud Daho was forgotten. Hundreds of Moros from Lati began to concentrate on Bud Bagsak. The Bagsak cottas and trenches were well planned and showed considerable skill in their construction. On the highest peak stood the cotta of the outlaw Sahipa. Civil law having failed, troops under the command of Brigadier General Pershing began to move against these Moro strongholds. Fighting lasted for five days and the final assault took all of the cottas.

But Bagsak was the last considerable stand of the Moros of Sulu against the government. While a few small cottas, as those in Lati, had yet to be reduced, these were minor actions and their taking was accomplished by the Constabulary. Since then the Moro has realized the futility of pitting himself against troops equipped with artillery and mountain guns.

Except for the murderous attacks of an amok or the scattered depredations of outlaws or cattle thieves, he has apparently resigned himself to a life of fishing and cattle raising, to pearl diving and trading with only the inevitable smuggling to satisfy the old instincts for lawlessness and crime.

There was also, in the early years of occupation, much of bitter fighting with Moros in the Lake Lanao country of this island of Mindanao. Many of the old *dattos* still living in the

villages along this lake, which fills the crater of an ancient volcano, remember this fighting and recall what sort of a man this Pershing was. In their homes may still be found some few of the great two-handed "*kampilans*," the hilts ornamented with tufts of human hair.

And walking, one day, along the shores of this lake, when the Moslem call to prayers was ringing from a wooden mosque, set on piles above the cold lake currents, and among the houses where Moro women with naked breasts looked shyly from windows, I have come upon an ancient house. It sags now upon great posts, which were sawed-off tree trunks. Its roof beams are carved and painted in old Arabian designs. And no one knows how many Moslem wives lie among their weaving and their mats on the filthy floor of this house, which is called the "House of the fighting men."

Gradually the Moro has grown accustomed to American rule. It is too much to say that he is enthusiastic about it; he is too much of an individualist for that, too proud of his past, too devoted to the Prophet. But as between two evils, he infinitely prefers American to Filipino rule. He is faced by an inescapable alternative. Confronted with the imminence of Philippine independence and the consummation of Filipino ascendancy, he turns almost in despair to that flag which at least has guaranteed him a just government and which—projected against a stormy future—seems now almost his own.

Now what does all this presage for the new Commonwealth of the Philippines and how will it affect Japan's program for these islands? The Moro has always bitterly opposed independence, since it would place him under the jurisdiction of that Catholic Filipino to whom he feels vastly superior and from whom he senses that he can look for no fair treatment. This antagonism has been expressed from the earliest period of independence agitation.

When Secretary of War Dickinson visited this port of Zamboanga in 1910, he found ample evidence of the Moro-

Filipino distrust and ill feeling. At a mass meeting, which threatened at times to get out of hand, Moro headmen voiced their vehement desire to remain under the government of the United States.

The first speaker for the Moros was the Datto Mura Mandi, who concluded his talk with a bitter assertion.

"In the Spanish times I was a *datto*. When the Spanish left, this became a republic. Then I saw and found out that things did not go well. When a man had two measures of rice, one was taken away from him; when a man had two head of cattle, one was taken away from him. If the American government does not want the Moro Province any more, they should give it back to us. It is a Moro province. It belongs to us."

Then the gray-haired Datto Sacaluran came forward and spoke briefly.

"I am an old man. I do not want any more trouble. But if it should come to that, that we shall be given over to the Filipinos, I still would fight."

Ulankaya Ujaton followed Datto Sacaluran.

"I am not a civilized man, but I have learned that slavery, killing, and stealing is a bad thing. We do it no more. But if after that it should be that we shall be given over to another race, we had better all be hanged."

Then the Hadji Nuno arose in his place and addressed the silent gathering.

"I want to tell the Secretary of War that I am a Samal. I come from the Samal race. The Samal race—in former days there was not a worse race than the Samal race; and that was in the olden days. Ever since the Spanish times up to now we have learned different."

"The Secretary of War must look the matter in the face. We are a different race; we have a different religion; we are Mohammedans. And if we should be given over to the Filipinos, how much more would they treat us badly, when they treated even the Spanish badly who were their own mothers

and their own fathers in generation? How did they treat them? Think about it! Think twice! We far prefer to be in the hands of the Americans, who are father and mother to us now, than to be turned over to another people."

That mass meeting, held in honor of the distinguished visitor, broke up in a wild demonstration, with the Moros pressing forward to swear before the Secretary of War their unchanging allegiance to the American government. There was small room for doubt of the feelings of the Moros on this occasion.

Ten years later, during the Wood-Forbes investigation in the islands, the same scenes were repeated with even more extreme demonstrations of feeling. At an impressive gathering of Moros at Marahui on the shore of Lake Lanao, pandemonium broke loose. When General Wood called for a show of hands on the question of continued American rule, grave *dattos* danced with uncontrollable joy, and the cheering and stamping of feet brought the meeting to an end in a wild demonstration. Those Maranaw Moros of central Mindanao left no more room for doubt as to their feeling on this matter than had their fellow Moslems at Zamboanga.

In Sulu, General Wood encountered the same tense feeling. One of the most impressive documents of insular history was presented to the mission in those southern islands. This petition was drawn up and signed by fifty-two of the most influential Moros of Sulu including *hadjis*, *dattos*, and *pang-limas*; from Jolo and Lu-uk, from South Ubian and Tandubas, from Lugus, Lati and Tawi-Tawi, from Siasi, Pata and Patian.

It lists the grievances suffered by the Moros of Sulu under Filipino administration, including unjust legislation, interference with their religious customs and marriages, mistreatment by Constabulary patrols, arrest without trial, and discriminating treatment of offenders before the Filipino courts.

"Whether or not independence is granted by Congress of

the United States of America to the northern provinces of the Philippines, it is the desire of the people of Sulu that the Sulu Archipelago be made permanent American territory of the United States."

It is difficult to conceive of a more vigorous and sincere expression of feeling by a racial or religious minority than this of the Moros of Sulu.

That was seventeen years ago. Since that date there have been almost continuous sporadic uprisings and minor revolts at one place or another throughout the Moro province. Many of these undoubtedly have been lacking in political motive. They have been the work of outlaws or cattle thieves or gangs of predatory bandits and escaped murderers. But others do have political significance. They exhibit the sporadic and unorganized revolt of small groups which see the hated Filipino rule becoming steadily more unbearable and threatening all that they have so bitterly fought to hold. These incidents, involving nothing more than an action fought by native troops against a jungle-covered mountain cotta, make no great showing in the press back home. Out here, they bulk somewhat larger.

And among the Moros of these Philippines, as in Java, a sultanate still survives. It is a very old sultanate; it dates back far into the misty past of Sulu. It is threadbare and worn and most of its actual power has faded away. Still it remains a powerful tradition and among the Moros is not devoid of authority today. It lingers on, an anachronism yet a living force.

For long centuries the sultanate at Jolo was an absolute monarchy; governing through panglimas and maharajahs, and maintaining—in a wild, half-barbarous manner—something of the splendor and pomp of an Oriental despotism. The Sultan was not only the spiritual head of the Sulu people as a de-

scendant of the Prophet and as "the shadow of Allah upon earth," but through his royal descent, the civil and military ruler of these islands from Mindanao to Borneo. It was in the exercise of those sovereign powers that the Sultan Alimud Din ceded to Britain a portion of North Borneo; and it is in recognition of his shadowy Borneo claims that England still makes an annual payment to the holder of the title at Jolo.

Sultan after sultan occupied the Sulu throne through the long roll of years and ruled these turbulent people. Most of them were actively hostile to Spain, hating that Catholic power and its Jesuits with a great hatred. Others, perhaps more far-seeing, effected patched-up truces or concluded treaties which restrained piracy to some extent in the interests of legitimate trade. History has recorded the names of these despots of a South Sea Island Empire; but there was none among them who accomplished anything of a permanent or outstanding nature for his people.

When the Spaniard, with his gunboats, finally broke the Sulu power, the sultanate was recognized by treaty. The Sultan at Jolo was to remain the titular head of his people, subject to the sovereignty of the Spanish Crown. And so he remained during the closing years of Spanish administration. When the Spanish flag was lowered and American troops arrived in Sulu, the sultanate remained, but shorn now of some of its powers. By treaty, the Sultan was to continue as the head of the Moslem faith in Sulu, and in his court offenders against the Moro law could be tried. To maintain his rank and that of his panglimas, an annual payment was to be made from the American treasury. His other powers were stripped away.

With the advent of the Commonwealth, the Filipino government carried on, in the matter of this Moro world, where the American had left off; until the recent death of the Sultan brought governmental recognition to an end. No successor

was to be officially recognized by the Filipino government at Manila. In a democracy, the issue was closed.

But to the Moros, their sultanate was still a living thing, the visible head of their faith, the one voice which, to them, spoke with authority. There must be a successor to the vacant throne. Intrigue stirred and the followers of rival claimants threatened darkly of the ancient arbitration of the kris.

And it was to meet and talk with a Sulu princess of the blood, one whom rumor connected most strongly with the intrigues then gathering momentum, that I arrived in Jolo by army plane one morning when the mists still covered Bud Bagsak and the craters where Pershing had broken the Moro power.

She was found at her home—a nipa-thatched house built high above the ground and reached by bamboo steps. A young girl bathed unconcernedly in a pool in the courtyard and another nursed a baby at her immature breasts. Cattle roamed beneath the house and under the wide veranda where we sat, and cattle dung was in and about the ruined walls of a Spanish fort a few paces back under the coconuts and the living tangle of tropical growth.

But there on the wide veranda we smoked and talked to an amazing young woman, whose red lips and blackened teeth indicated the use of the betel nut, but whose excellent English and silk stockings marked her education at an American university. Her forefathers—forty sultanates back—came from Arabia to carry the Moslem faith to these Malays of the Sulu Sea, and today she is in active support of her husband's claim to the rank which the dead hand of the last Sultan has relinquished.

Among those far distant ancestors of this rather remarkable young woman—the Sultana Tarhata Kiram—were probably the princely Arabian scholar Rajah Baginda and his scintillating daughter Paramisuli, and perhaps also that ruler of North Borneo who gave a daughter of his of exquisite beauty

in marriage to the principal Sultan of Sulu—with the pearl trade of Sulu as a consideration—many centuries ago.

Her bullet-headed and scowling retainers lounged against the walls, pausing long enough in their hostile staring to expectorate copiously over the rail. But here, in her bamboo-built home with its patriarchal life, which might, in some respects, have been Hindu, she carried herself with the poise of an old-world nobility, and from her we learned something of the inner causes of the troubles distracting these scattered islands.

The leadership of Sultan Janial Abireen II has held sway in Sulu since his crowning some few months back. It appears, however, that this is being challenged by Sultan Ombra Amilbangsa. Abireen is supported by some of the most influential Mohammedan leaders in the Philippines, among them his brother the Datto Buyungan, husband of Sultana Tarhata Kiram. With them is aligned the Sultana's former husband, Datto Tahlil, an intelligent and strong leader of the Moros. Great Britain, however, has recognized the opposing faction through the payment of the annual subsidy covering the sultanate's hereditary claims in North Borneo.

Some few kilometers distant on an old adobe platform stands the tomb of the late Sultan—the Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Kiram II—"the shadow of Allah upon earth"—whose death precipitated the present feud.

On a carved wooden post, two white cloths indicate the rank of the deceased and an oil lantern burns throughout the night. Close by are the adobe walls of a Moro-built fort and, in the rear of the tomb, the nipa-roofed house of the deceased and sheds where cattle lie and ruminate. Here, at this silent tomb, in the shadow of the old fort, is the heart of Moro land—of these Mohammedan islands which are the Sulu Archipelago. Its religious and cultural bonds are with the sultanates of Malaya and the Indies rather than with that Catholic and already democratic Commonwealth of which it forms a part.

Today the Moro remains in Sulu, the product of all his past. On the island of Jolo and in the Siasi group of the Sulu Archipelago—Pata, Patian, Lugus, and Tapul—live the Tao-Suug people. They are stanch, even fanatical Mohammedans, and every year large numbers of them leave Jolo on that wearisome journey to Mecca from which many do not return. Their bones lie somewhere along the route, most thickly on the desert pathways of Arabia. In the history of religious conflicts it would be difficult to find bolder or more daring defenders of the Mohammedan faith than these people of Suug. The Koran, which they call Quora-an, furnishes the bulk of their literature. They have a higher culture than the other Moro tribes, using the Arabic characters in their writings, and many families maintain genealogical accounts tracing back through the centuries.

On Jolo they live in fairly clean and comfortable houses built of bamboo; their fields—formerly tilled by slaves—are well tended and they cultivate many of the tropical fruits to which the climate and the volcanic soil of this island are so well adapted. Their women are chaste and are guarded with a sullen surveillance from contact with the non-believers, although they do not wear the traditional veil of the Mohammedan East. These Tao-Suugs are the Moro aristocracy. In their veins flows much Arabian blood and the hawklike Arabian nose is not uncommon among them.

The Samals—formerly the most notorious of pirates, but now largely fishermen and smugglers—seldom live far from the coast or cultivate the soil. Their pile-built villages are found along the shores of Tawi-Tawi and of Tapul and Siasi. They are also numerous in the islands of the Samals group and here at Zamboanga; their houses set on stilts crazily above the water and their vintas tied to the platforms—used more as homes than the houses themselves. Today the Samals are much



A Moro sakkayan and its crew in Jolo harbor.



Sea gypsies at Zamboanga.

sought after by the Japanese owners of pearl luggers as divers and from them the proprietors of Chinese tiendas obtain the much prized shark fins for shipment to the markets of the East.

Far below the Samals in the social scale are the Bajaos, the dirty people. The Samals call them Loua-ans, people who have come out of the sea, and the name fitly describes them. They are expert fishermen although they use the most primitive of methods, and the Tao-Suugs carry on a barter with them of cassava roots and rice for their pearl shells, trepang, and shark fins.

The Bajaos seldom live ashore. They are born and live and die in their vintas. Frequently, on going ashore, they are seized with a violent land sickness and return hastily to their boats. In consequence of this manner of living and their almost continuous work at the paddle, their arms and shoulders are over-developed while their legs are short and stunted.

Since the Bajaos live on the sea, they are forced to find shelter from the winds. Thus, during certain seasons of the year when the monsoons blow, large fleets of Bajao vintas may be found here or at Tongkil or Siasi. When the wind changes, they may be found at Jolo or Taluk-Sangay or far south along the coast of Borneo.

What religion they profess, even today, is a matter of conjecture. Since their largest contact is with Mohammedan Samals, they have acquired some rudiments of that faith. In the main, however, they are still pagans. They have no word in their dialect for God, and their only worship appears to be directed toward placating the wrath of an unseen evil power which they know as Djinn. They are the people of the sea—the sea gypsies—and their comings and goings are as mysterious as the tides of the sea.

Across the strait from this port of Zamboanga, on the great island of Basilan, are the Yakan Moros. In the Spanish days they also were cutthroats and pirates, and it was not until

a very late period that the Spaniards were able to circumnavigate their island home. Like the Bajaos they are superficially Mohammedan, but they still maintain many of their primitive, pagan beliefs.

Regardless of sex, the Yakans wear their hair long—a practice not known among other Moros. They love bright colors, usually a combination of black and yellow and brick-red and weave a cloth of striking and unusual patterns. Both men and women are black-toothed and trousered, and their vividly colored turbans and jackets make brilliant splashes of yellow and red in the crowded market place. They are expert horsemen, both men and women riding the fiery tempered little Mongolian horses from which they are seldom separated. If a Yakan wishes to cross the street he will mount his horse rather than walk.

In central Mindanao live the Maguindanao Moros, mainly in the vicinity of Cotabato and along the valley of that sluggish river. It was among these people that the great sayyid, the Sharif Mohammed Kabungsuwan, came long centuries ago, bringing to these wild tribesmen the faith of the Prophet and establishing a sultanate which rivaled in power that established at Jolo.

The history of these people as also that of the Illanos, of the wild upland region of Lake Lanao, to whom they are closely related, is as closely packed with heroic and bloody exploits as that of the more widely known Tao-Suugs of Jolo. They were never fully conquered by the Spaniards but have kept up a continuous guerrilla warfare for freedom which is still in progress today. Even now the red flag of revolt is flying above a Moro cotta in the volcanic uplands of Mindanao.

These Moros of interior Mindanao, of the Cotabato valley and of Lanao, are as stanchly Mohammedan as the Tao-Suugs. Each year when the rice is harvested, some hundreds leave their homes on the pilgrimage to Mecca. At Zamboanga they await, with Oriental patience, the arrival of the ship

which will carry them to Jolo and on to Singapore. For some years back, it has been the custom to house them in vacant buildings on this post, and here they lie on their mats amidst their piled-up bales and bundles, droning long pages from the Koran or shaving their heads against the time of their arrival at the holy place of the Prophet.

In their upland homes they are often prosperous farmers, growing rice and, of late years, coffee; also grazing herds of cattle along the mountain sides. Their wealth is expressed in terms of brasses with which their homes are filled—kettles, trays, and chow pots. The possession of a quantity of these indicates the rank and place of the owner. Like all Moros they love bright colors, and a wedding procession or a betrothal ceremony is a riotous blending of purple and red and orange with an occasional yellow in the bulky turban of a hadji who has made the pilgrimage.

In their markets along the shore of the cold, upland lake, suave and dignified merchants sit cross-legged among bales of silk and rolls of rugs which would do credit to the bazaars of Bagdad. Their mosques are carved and painted with reds and greens and yellows, as are the prows of their vintas. They are expert workers in gold and silver beaten from Spanish coins and their Maranaw dialect is sonorous and stately.

There can scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the proud, often arrogant Tao-Suug, with his finely featured, hawnosed face, his velvet jacket and sepoy trousers, his brilliant sash and his kris, filigreed with gold, and the lowly, abject Bajao with his wild shock of hair, his pockmarked face, his dirty body, and his nondescript rags. Nor can there be a greater contrast than that between the hadji of Lanao, who reads the Koran in its Arabic text, and the ignorant, brutalized Samal, who knows little of his faith beyond an abstinence from pork and for whom the printed page has neither meaning nor continuity. The Moro cannot be classified and labeled. He has the universality of life itself.

But this Moro is usurping too much space in this report on the passing of the old and the coming of a new order to Greater East Asia. With China in flames and with the blasting repercussions of that war reaching out across Malaysia, we are permitting our thoughts to be too much filled by this black-toothed ruffian of ill repute. He is a colorful figure and he dominates the life of these southern islands. It is perhaps enough if we allow him to continue to look over our shoulder while we try to reach a true perspective; as one of his kind did yesterday—studying curiously the unfamiliar script.

From another viewpoint, however, he perhaps bulks no larger than his own stature merits. For despite the ramifications of Power Politics here in the Orient, it is with the Philippines that the government of the United States is primarily concerned. Our tenure of office in these islands, their destiny when we withdraw—it is these aspects of the Pacific problem which most nearly touch us. And with these the Moro is involved.

Should we continue in the islands, he would show himself our stanchest backer. It is upon our departure that his reaction will be swift—and deadly to hopes of Filipino unity. On that point there can be as little doubt as of his fanatical devotion to his sultanate and faith. It has been confirmed too often in these past few months.

Tersely, today's dispatch states that the red flag of Moro rebellion is flying over the cotta of Amai Millon at Bacolod, and soldiers of the new Philippine army are awaiting orders to attack. Amai Millon, it seems, had appeared in the market place at Bacolod a few days previously; had harangued the people for their servility; had prayed to Allah for forgiveness in accordance with the Moslem custom; and had then returned to his cotta and raised the red flag which has now been flying over the Bacolod cotta for five days. The soldiers

have plenty of ammunition, including mortar shells, but bombing planes will not be used unless necessary.

It is not difficult to understand why—to Moro boys—the real heroes are not those of whom the Commonwealth would tell them, but these grim outlaws with prices on their heads; nor why they so often take their places beside their fathers and older brothers inside the cotta walls, with kris or *kampilan* or homemade shotgun. Lanao, like Sulu, has never been, perhaps never will be, wholly pacified.

Some days ago a soldier of this garrison, returning from furlough at his home in the wild uplands of Lanao, produced from his belt a document which he earnestly begged be given consideration since it was written by members of his family. This paper was found to be a petition addressed to an official of the American government with whose name and rank we are not concerned. It was in the Maranaw dialect of the Moros of Lanao, written in a flowing Arabian script on brown wrapping paper. Translated, and omitting the high-sounding phrases and salutations of Moro usage, it read—in part—as follows:

"We, as faithful subjects, do respectfully inform his Excellency and the whole American people that the Mohammedan tribes of the Philippines, especially those of Lanao Province, are on the verge of uprising against the new Commonwealth Government. Generally, the Mohammedans are maltreated and misunderstood; so we are outlining herewith the reasons why we are going against the new era:

"It prohibits polygamy, which is very prevalent in our tribe. It forces our women to dress as Christians. It is trying to molest us in our religious activities by removing Friday as our Sacred Day and transferring it to Sunday. It is taking from us our own weapons—our kries, *kampilans*, daggers, and spears. It forces our men to enlist in the Philippine army regardless of being priest or pandita."

These were among the grievances listed. There were others

also, such as the levying of taxes on cattle and the killing of recalcitrant Moros summarily and without trial. The document was signed by a Sultan (there are many in Lanao), two imams, or panditas, and three *dattos*, whose names—for obvious reasons—do not concern us.

These grievances I had heard before from the lips of an aged *datto* in his house on the shore of Lake Lanao. In that house General Pershing had been a solitary guest of this same *datto* years ago, following his campaigns against those hard-fighting tribesmen. An autographed photograph of the general and a yellowing letter recalling the incidents of his visit to Lanao, alone and as a guest of the Moros whom he had fought, were among the most prized of the *datto's* possessions.

What the Commonwealth will do with the Moro is a question to which the answer yet lies in the womb of time. What Japan will do is far less uncertain. Japan will cultivate the friendship of this fighting man—when the time comes.

## Chapter Five

I

**A**GAIN A LIGHTNING flash illuminates the sultry uncertainty overhanging the China Sea. The gathering forces of empire mass along the horizon. The Spratly Islands are now Japanese. Their possession reduces by more than half the distance between Hainan and Singapore and places a Japanese base in the center of the China Sea.

The motive alleged in the government statement is the need for the protection of the handful of Japanese laborers who are working the guano deposits—a motive which the character of the islands themselves sufficiently refutes. They lie among those numberless and largely uncharted coral reefs which render navigation in this portion of the China Sea extremely hazardous. The largest of the Spratly group is a mere pin point on the charts, three-quarters of a mile long and 600 yards in width, surrounded at a few miles by a submerged reef. It rises only eight feet above the sea and is largely awash during those storms which are so frequent in these waters. During the monsoons, landings can be effected only with the greatest difficulty. A more wretched place to live can scarcely be imagined.

But behind the shelter of the Spratly reef, seaplanes can find an anchorage—planes whose radius of observation would include the Strait of Malacca and the Sibutu passage—an observation which need have no fear of interruption. Japanese

naval power, through the Hainan and Spratly outposts, has been extended to the China Sea.

Our chart is spread out on the table. We try to evaluate it from a Japanese viewpoint. Bulwarking Asia in the Pacific, from Hong Kong to Singapore, lie the great island masses of the Philippines and Borneo. Connecting them is a chain of small islands known as the Sulu Archipelago, which—with mental reservations by the Moro—is included with the Philippines. These islands lie squarely athwart the passage from the Celebes and East Bornean ports into the China Sea. Most of them are sparsely occupied or wholly uninhabited. Scattered along the length of this archipelago are three remote outposts of the Philippine army at Jolo, Siasi, and Bongao. To a Japanese naval strategist, those islands of Sulu might, conceivably, be of interest.

It is true that these islands are included in the Philippines and that title is still vested in the United States; but titles need not necessarily be questioned in the maintenance of an unobtrusive store of Diesel oil—of importance to submarines—in the godown of a Chinese tienda, nor of aviation gasoline, of the required octane count, in the sheds of a Moro panglima. The white man does not visit these islands; there is nothing there which he needs. Their trade is in the hands of Chinese brokers, who buy, through middlemen, the copra and hemp of the Moro. I do not know that any such stocks of Diesel oil or gasoline exist in Sulu. I have no reason for believing that they do. I am only looking at a map and thinking of the Spratly reefs.

As to our own naval knowledge of these waters with respect to anchorage for seaplanes or soundings, which concern submarines, I also have no information. But if the Japanese are not fully informed on these matters it can be no fault of the

pearl divers. For pearl luggers with Japanese crews and divers are numerous throughout these Sulu waters. They lie, at times, in the harbor at Jolo and now and again put into Zamboanga for refitting. One is lying offshore now. I went aboard her this afternoon from a banca and observed with a profound ignorance her cumbrous diving gear and the nautical litter of her decks. Pearl diving is an ancient trade in Sulu. The Japanese now control it.

The study of a chart can be of interest, but in time it acquires monotony. At headquarters it is learned that some weeks of detached service may become available upon request. I think I shall make use of them. I think I shall visit Sulu.

## 3

Ships which travel the ocean routes of the earth are a major item in human life, and sails and cordage hark back to the earliest civilization. But before there were ships there were boats; boats which filled the lives and supplied the wants of primitive men.

However altered to meet local conditions or however enlarged or improved, the basis of all boats—as of ships for that matter—was the same: a hollowed-out log, propelled by paddle or by sail or by both together. In most of the tropical regions of the earth, this log, hollowed out by fire, was given steadiness in the water by bamboo outriggers. In these boats, savage tribes traveled incredible distances, peopling Samoa and these Philippines and countless other volcanic islands and coral reefs throughout these South Seas. And although the Filipino and the Chinese now prefer to travel up and down the waterways from port to port in clumsy and usually extremely dirty, Diesel-driven craft, the Moro still holds to his outrigger boat, which has served his forefathers these thousands of years.

And it was in one of these native craft, which the Spaniards named “vinta” but which to the Moro is “sakkayan,” that we

pushed off in the early morning from the Chinese pier at Jolo with a stalk of bananas for subsistence and a gasoline tin filled with water. My companions were two Moros of the rifle company who had furloughs to visit their homes somewhere among the pile-built villages along these islands. A gaping crowd of betel chewers gathered at the rotting wharf to see us off; and at the paddles were three nearly naked Samals, with not altogether clean rags wound—turbanlike—about their heads.

There was no wind, and the paddles beat with a slow, unchanging rhythm. And, moving slowly along this island coast, fringed with coconut palms, with its jagged volcanic peaks and its black volcanic boulders at the water's edge, I was impressed again with the tremendous distance our civilization has come and with the vast complexity of our needs. A flight of army planes roared overhead and into the darkness of gathering clouds over Jolo. They would be back in Zamboanga by night and in Manila the following day.

For primitive man and for these Moros down here on the Sulu Sea there was no complexity. When a drumming thunder in the forests on the mountain slopes above warned of a sudden, tropical rain, two minutes was sufficient time to stretch a nipa roof beneath which we could lie at ease watching the lash of the rain across the coral-grown shallows and listening to its drumming in the coconut fronds.

And when the question of food arose, there was again no complexity. Not having delayed to fish, it was necessary to purchase; and from a gnarled old Moro in a passing vinta we secured sufficient squid for a meal. The inky fluid was squeezed out, they were washed over the side and boiled in a clay jar above the charcoal fire in a cradlelike stove. It is true that the smoke made the nipa shelter difficult of occupancy, for it still rained; and the finished product of the kettle appeared to have boiled in ink. But it was the strength

of marine life converted into human strength, and the paddles continued to rise and fall in a steady, unhurried rhythm.

But even a Moro can tire, and from time to time the deaf but grinning steersman laid aside his paddle to sound a long and querulous call on his conch shell; a call for the wind to come and fill the sail and relieve him from the labor of the paddle. From other vintas—now fading in the rapid Sulu dusk—came the same call; and the light of their charcoal fires came clearer across the water as darkness deepened and the great stars began to burn.

Late that night, the pronged root, weighted with a stone, which served as an anchor was dropped offshore from a Moro village in a narrow passage between two islands. Lying on the crowded deck with a bedding roll for pillow, we were cheered by the weirdly beautiful singing and the beating of agongs in the blackness along shore. In the drumming ring of that bronze was the voice of the East, of Asia and of these islands which are Asia's thrust down into the warm seas.

One of our crew did not sleep that night. "These Moros," he said, with the simplicity of one Moro speaking of another, "are very great thieves. They will put vines over their heads and swim alongside and reach their arms into the vinta to steal. It is not good to sleep." His statement fell something short of the truth. For this island of Tapul and this village of Banting, off which we were lying, are notorious throughout Sulu as the lurking place of those smugglers who carry on a lucrative business in contraband Chinese and opium and of those thieves whose activities are not far short of the open piracy of the older days.

Tales of the older years haunt back with a baffling insistence. Banting may have played a part in those years. They assume reality as the agongs beat through the darkness. Tonight we do not question the accounts of those old records.

There was the tale of the merchantman, homeward bound through the low swells of the Sibutu passage, her hold well

stocked with casks and bales, the commerce of the Indies down below. A blue haze that precedes the sunset settles over this Sulu Sea. Then, from the lookout, the harsh cry "*Moros, los Moros!*!"—and from a mangrove-hidden lagoon come the low, swift-sailing praos, their huge sails straining on bamboo masts, spray spurting from their oar blades as whips lash the slaves to frenzy.

The praos close in. War gongs are beating a maddening rhythm and above them the cry "Allah, Allah! Kill, kill!" Their fighting decks are crowded with a gong-maddened horde, faces strained with hatred and mouths awry with the bloodlust. The Moro goes to battle in his best, with turban of yellow and green and jacket of turkey-red. His skin-tight sepoy trousers are of velvet or silk, and his damaskeened kris is filigreed with gold.

The praos lie alongside their prey. There is the roar of culverin and the acrid smoke of matchlock. A frenzied horde pours over the bulwarks. The deck is a blur of blood and littered with sprawling forms. War gongs continue their maddening beat and the frenzied "Allah, Allah! Kill, kill!" is the last sound in Spanish ears.

When the sun goes down, a burning derelict throws a pall of smoke across the darkening sea. If there were women aboard,—ladies of Spain—they are on their way now to grace a Moro harem—to provide merriment and ease for gape-mouthed fighting men in pile-built villages along the backwash of the sea. Those males who have not gone down to the sharks will be sold into slavery in Mindanao or Borneo.

Even as late as a half-century ago the sight of a striped sail would not have meant merely the bit of color that it has been today. It would have meant but one thing, "*Moros*," and the Moro was a personage to be feared. Piracy in these seas was suppressed only at a very recent date, and the son of pirates now smuggles Chinese and opium from Borneo.

He brings them, stowed like sacks of copra below the floor

boards of his prao. The prao, with its huge rectangular sail and its bamboo outriggers, is a trim, swift sailing craft. At the sight of smoke on the horizon, it can easily hide behind the mangrove tangle of innumerable lagoons. And the cargo below decks requires little attention. If the coolies, suffocating there, die from the heat and thirst, the Moro has lost nothing. He has the passage money in advance.

Banting may share in this commerce. Sleep comes slowly and with much persuasion. To the harassed customs official at Jolo, this village is a festering plague spot.

Very early in the morning, while the stars still struggled with a grayish light, we moved out by towing along the black bouldered shore; for it was impossible to paddle against the tremendous rush of the tidal currents between these islands. At the Bajao village of Alu-dap-dap, the agongs were beating a welcome to the flaming red of a sunrise—a red which colors the life of this Moro country. Although these are the gypsies of the sea, swarming in their crazy bamboo nests above the water where their women cower at sight of a white man; though they are very poor and very dirty and live on turtle eggs and fish, yet they possess an intangible something which our civilization has lost—or at least mislaid. The occupants of our cliff dwellings of stone and steel do not greet a flaming dawn with the beating of agongs.

And finally—in response to the pleading of the conch shells—the wind came. The great rectangular sail was hoisted on its bamboo masts and brought us easily and in good time through a crimson sea of low swells to the Samal village and its rotting wharf.

A Mongolian face is framed in the stone doorway, a hard face with high cheekbones and deep slanting eyes and a gash of thick-lipped mouth, an impassive furrowed face; but the shoulders of this man are not Mongolian; they are far too

broad—and his height and barrel chest are not Oriental. His army boots are muddy and his khaki shirt is open at the throat. From his hip pocket protrudes the handle of a Colt. His tarnished collar insignia is that of the new Philippine army.

This was my first impression of a man I was to come to know well—an impression of stolidity and strength and cruelty as he stood in the darkening doorway of an old Spanish fort while the red fire of a sun sinking into the Sulu Sea shot through the coconut fronds and along the time-blackened wall.

He had returned from an inspection trip along the water-ways of his island district to find me—an uninvited guest—on the rotting balcony outside the door of his sleeping quarters. But his hospitality was spontaneous and real, and his courtesy placed an intruder entirely at ease. On better acquaintance, first impressions were corrected. What had appeared as a leer on his face had been a trick of the half-light across the scar of an old wound, and the imagined cruelty had been only the sudden surprised narrowing of the eyes of a man trained to meet the unexpected. Things happen swiftly in the southern islands. The face before me lost its tense harshness and softened to a natural quiet ruggedness with a tinge of sadness and perhaps of disillusionment—the face of a soldier and of a probably untaught thinker. The Mongolian cast remained, for he came of a Spanish father and a Moro mother, inheriting from his father, no doubt, the dignity of manner and the administrative ability which he possesses in large measure, and from the Moro mother that understanding of the people he governs which stands him in such good stead.

He will not read this account of himself, for, although his education is more than sufficient, yet books seldom come his way and even the Manila newspapers reach him a week old. If, however, it should be brought to his notice, I am sure he will understand its purpose. For he is very much of a man—in some respects, I think, possibly a great man—yet combining

with elements of real greatness an almost childlike pride in accomplishment and desire for recognition.

This may perhaps be pardoned in one whose life is passed in remote places of the earth and who sees promotion pass him by to go to those of far lesser accomplishment but who are within the observation and hearing of the Powers That Be. Later, it may turn to open scorn and possibly lead to a resignation from that service which appears to offer so little by way of recognition in return for the exactions of a dangerous and ill-paid life.

Much of his life—and he is still a comparatively young man—has been spent in lonely and isolated stations of the old Constabulary—stations at which there was no other officer with whom to talk; stations reached only by long days of jungle travel through leech-infested country, where Moro outlaws not infrequently left a red trail of death and where malaria and dysentery stalked through the heat and the steaming rains. A bit of colored ribbon on his tunic and the scar, which shadows trick into a leer, are the only visible evidence of ambuscades on jungle trails across Mindanao and Sulu and of hand-to-hand fighting with crazed Moro amoks among mosques and market places.

His English is slow, labored, and his vocabulary is not large; but in a half-dozen native dialects he is wholly at home. His Joloano is sonorous and fluent, and in it the Spanish father speaks through the Moro woman who nursed him at her breast. To sit beside him in the nipa shack of a Bajao headman and to hear him expound the mysteries of the new Commonwealth Conscription Act to a group of these simple, pock-marked people squatting in a group around him on the bamboo floor, while the tide sucks below among the crazy piles and the stench of drying fish and the reek of wood smoke go unnoticed, is to see a colonial administrator of the highest order at his work and to hear the primitive tongue of the Joloano Moro in its most sonorous tones. These Bajaos, the simple

people, love and trust him; the Moro, craftier and of an infinitely higher social order, loves and fears him. It was both fear and love which prompted the panglima of a Tao-Suug village to lie offshore in his vinta alongside the launch through the hot darkness of early night, bantering and offering a lovely Moro girl for his companion if he would honor the poor house of the panglima until daybreak.

When and if, as I trust he will not, he resigns from the service to seek a more remunerative career planting coconuts or abacca or prospecting for minerals or oil, this new army of the Philippines will lose a soldier it can ill afford to spare, and the Commonwealth, an administrator who cannot be replaced in the hearts of these Moslem Moros and pagan Bajao of Sulu.

Were the men who head the new Commonwealth, the officials and political leaders, of this type—or even a considerable percentage of them—there might be perhaps a fighting chance for its survival in some form. But thinking back to those political leaders we had known at Manila and elsewhere—the “politicos”—the vanity of that supposition becomes apparent. That some of the leadership is characterized by ability and by honesty of purpose goes without question. Far too much of it is grossly inefficient, concerned with personal advantage and indulgence. Political corruption appears with all too great frequency; the latest “*querida*” is far too engrossing. In this lonely outpost of government in Sulu the Commonwealth is not typified.

Humble folk, poor folk! Not only humble but abject, these Bajao, these sea gypsies—groveling to kiss the feet and press their broad noses against the hand of the so-great personage who wears boots and whose skin is white. A group of four old men, pockmarked and shock-headed, more like the orang-utan of their primeval Malayan homeland than men; yet men and citizens of this Philippine Commonwealth, come in from

their villages to the District Officer for the settlement of a grievance.

Later, I was to visit their homes, huts built of bamboo and nipa standing crazily on poles sunk into the sandy bottom offshore in a patchwork of village above the tides. Houses they are not, but huts which have advanced little beyond the nests which the higher apes build. Huts, crazy huts, which one might enter from a vinta at the risk of falling through the platform of poles—that is if one can endure the reek of drying fish and the smoke of the fire on a clay heap in the corner where turtle meat is stewing. Yet even these huts show progress, for until recently the Bajao built none, living altogether in their vintas and houseboats and moving from place to place in a purposeless, nomadic life. They are slowly learning to thatch and to copy the sturdier homes of their Samal neighbors, who are Moslems of a sort and many cuts above them in the social scale.

They will greet you most humbly, these Bajao, rubbing their hands downward in servility across their faces; but their women will cower in a corner of the filthy nest, unashamed of their bare breasts but fearful of strangers, with a fawnlike pleading in their questing eyes. A fleet of their canoes, filled with gape-mouthed men—the bolder spirits—follow up and down the winding waterways of their village above the tides; while the old women peer and chatter and the *bojang*—young girls of marriageable age—clad in a scanty sarong, dive from the bamboo platforms when the white man indicates he will enter their hut.

Citizens of the Philippine Commonwealth, wards of the American Government, which is about to give them over to the new order in Asia. New Asia will continue to let them rub their noses on the feet of the great—God save the mark! —but perhaps that is all in the infinite scheme of things. These Bajao, timid people, often classed as Moros, but how different from the lordly Tao-Suug who live ashore and grow tapioca

and oranges and hemp and who curl the lip in scorn at these humble people. They are not Moros because they are not Moslems but pagans—worshipers of Djinn—for whom they tie white rags to poles that he may know the place to find the Bajao who is his familiar.

Djinn! Even the superior Samal and the haughty Tao-Suug have a queer feeling in the pit of the stomach at the mention of this word. And though they may contemptuously refer to this Unseen as a Devil, they do so with inward quaking.

Djinn it was who had been in possession of the aged Bajao who explained that the reason he had drawn his kris on the Filipino doctor—come to vaccinate the village—was that he was shaking in the presence of his Djinn; and the doctor had been unwilling to wait until the visitation was ended. And the doctor had returned to far-off Manila, a wiser man, with the tale of a naked kris and a distorted pockmarked face—down there in the southern seas. A humble man, this Bajao, but he had been in converse with his Djinn. Would the great one pardon this action?

To understand correctly these things one should perhaps converse a little with the Chinese wines of the tienda, while grotesque kites fly black against the sun above the roofs of the Samals and women carry bamboo tubes of water—tucking their sarongs about their hips to wade to their rookeries off-shore. Besides, the Filipino fiscal, satisfactorily armed with a Colt, has arrived to hold hearings; and a Chinese is about to spend a thousand pesos on his wedding with a young girl—a wedding for which he has prepared a marvelous bed and countless firecrackers. And the cloud masses of a Sulu storm roll, black and thunderous, from Borneo above the darkened village of the sea gypsies out there where—brief minutes ago—the horizon had been.

It is called Laminusa which signifies "Happy Island," and it is little more than a coral reef fringed with coconuts and approached with difficulty through the shallow seas. But if children count for anything it is probably happy, for literally hundreds of these little brown ones—in complete and laughing nakedness—swarmed out to greet us. The women ran for their brooms, pliant bundles of sticks, and set up a shrill sweeping along the village street; for an order regarding cleanliness had gone out. The brooms were kept handy in case of such a visit as this, but the sweeping was directed at nothing in particular and ceased as soon as the stranger's back was turned. The houses, on their stilts, ringed the island beneath the coconuts, with Chinese tiendas at intervals, where shark fins dried in the sun, and countless blackened sea slugs. The center of the island is peopled by the dead, which is the reason that, although all drinking water must be imported, the Moro will not leave this site.

There are the dead—the dead of many centuries—under their blackened stones, with here and there an Arabic inscription to mark the place of the great ones. The stones are worn smooth with the tread of barefoot generations, and goats browse and children play among the graves. The dead, it would seem, are happy to be in the midst of the living, continuing to share, as it were, in the village life, not lying in isolation apart and forgotten.

And as we sat on the bamboo floor in the clean, cool house of the councilor, drinking the milk of the coconut and admiring the intricate carving and color of the massive four poster beds—one for each wife—death lost a little of its mystery. It became, here on Laminusa, a projection of daily life into close contact with a warm and friendly unseen.

Relaxed and at ease below the great roof thatch, we look out across the Sulu Sea with a sense of detachment from the

world out beyond the horizon. This pin point on the charts, this tiny, coconut-ringed island of the warm seas has itself become the world. We are content to listen to the soft drone of voices, to admire the coloring in bed and mat and chest and the strong utility of a fishing spear.

Far off across the lazy, shimmering sea, Jolo raises its volcanic peaks above the tombs of sultans and the Chinese pier. Zamboanga lies beyond—a night's steaming for the interisland freighter. In the noonday heat, the mind recoils from a contemplation of those distances. The thought of those great island masses, which lie to the north, of Samar and Negros and Luzon, is a weariness and vexation. What mind can grasp that infinite diversity of life and cultures? The tao in his rice fields, the Igorot among his terraced mountains, the tenant farmer on the smoky cane fields of Luzon. The hours are short; life is too complex. Why should we concern ourselves with matters beyond our control?

We know what conditions exist; that sooner or later the blasting repercussions of political and economic disturbances originating perhaps in Manila or Cebu or Iloilo will be felt here in this warm sea and that this island life will be profoundly modified. It has happened before in centuries past. The Arabic inscriptions on those stones among which the goats are browsing, the wooden mosque below the coconuts, are proof that impulses from far-off Malacca and from Arabia itself have reached this island long ago.

The future is obscure. The Commonwealth and that which may follow in its wake—*independence, despotism, the imperialism of Japan*, whatever impulses the coming years shall set in motion across this Malay world—will be felt here and finally, with their passing, will leave markers of another sort than those white stones whose Arabic inscriptions we cannot read.

These things today are burdensome. The interplay of economic action and reaction, of social forces acting upon the

Filipino millions, and Power Politics across the China Sea, these are far off, inevitable events which will concern the statesman, the politico and the compiler of statistics. They are grave matters of which foreign correspondents will one day write, and the makers of learned volumes.

In these southern islands there are no newspapers, no radios to bring us the happenings of the world beyond the horizon. It is an omen. During these few brief weeks in Sulu, these things will be put from mind. On one point only we have become resolved and that is to attempt to resolve nothing.

For us the pleasant shade of the councilor's house below the great thatch and the cooling milk of the coconut. These Samals, these Tao-Suugs and Bajaos of Sulu, these Moros of the southern islands are all that need concern us now; the weaving of grass mats in many colored patterns; the shaping of pottery and its baking before a smoky open fire. All else is presumption and a heavy vexation.

The coconut trees slant black in the midday sun glare against a whitened beach. A phrase from the Chinese annals of ancient Shri-Visaya haunts back below the drone of soft Malayan speech—"For Kedah was too far to hold across the sounding sea."

## 7

She was said to be very beautiful—this high-caste daughter of a panglima; but if there was beauty it could not be verified, for she resolutely turned her back and watched intently through the window a by no means unusual sunset. It had not been an auspicious visit. The sea was choppy and, when we were going ashore at sundown to the Moro village, a sharp warning had come from beneath the coconuts. The man who was to bring us through the shallows in his banca had a grave disease and must not be touced. In the fading light I distinguished a scaly, repulsive skin, and the old woman at the stern was in no better condition.

Then in leaving the banca we were thoroughly drenched, and the village had a somber atmosphere of aloofness and suspicion which the coldly turned back of the headman's daughter did not help to dispel. It was a village notorious for smuggling and other obscure dealings, and the white man most plainly was not wanted.

But Moros are not proof against curiosity. Seated in the headman's house, while the doorway filled with dark faces, we conversed idly of this and that and waited for the ice to break. It came with the present of a basket of eggs placed beside us on the floor. Would we accept this slight token of esteem? An attempt to drink the milk of a proffered coconut in approved island style brought smiles to the doorway faces though our host remained impassive.

And slowly, very slowly, the slender form at the window lost its immobility. Curiosity was getting the better of whatever it had been—timidity or pride—which had caused the panglima's daughter to turn her back. Graceful shoulders quivered and dainty fingers clenched nervously. For a brief second, her head turned and the last red flash of a dying sun illuminated a face whose sheer loveliness was of no time nor place—the sensual beauty of an earthly houri. And, leaving the darkened house of the panglima for our waiting boat, we reviewed with a clearer understanding that Moslem belief in maidens of solid musk, constantly re-virginated, who would delight the followers of the Prophet in the life to come. In this case rumor had not lied.

But as our engine begins to throb and the Moro village is obscured in the gathering darkness, it is not alone the unusual beauty of a panglima's daughter which absorbs our thoughts—it is the character of this village itself and of other villages very like it throughout these little-visited islands. If rumor is not much at fault, these Moros are not averse to taking a profit where it is to be had, whether in the smuggling of Chinese or opium or other contraband. They are not burdened with

scruples and we have already noted where—as between the Commonwealth and Japan—their loyalties may lie. We have also noted that the white man is not a familiar figure in these islands with their mangrove-hidden lagoons.

It need not, perhaps, be a question of submarines nor even sea planes; there are the tuna boats, a part of that Japanese fishing fleet with whose offshore activities the embryonic coast guard of the Commonwealth has frankly admitted its inability to cope. The fishing fleet is prolific. There are the canneries at Zamboanga and others projected. We cannot question honest industry even though the fishing fleet is patently subsidized by Tokyo and although it numbers among its crews many conscript naval reservists.

It is not these things alone which give interest to the tuna boats. They are well-built boats, powered with sturdy Diesel engines. They are equipped with wireless and two-way radio sets. And somewhere I have heard that their boxes, now used for holding bait, might also, by strange coincidence, hold torpedoes and that their fish boxes when empty might each exactly contain a mine.

To convert this fleet of tuna craft into torpedo boats and mine-layers would perhaps require a few hours' time, and for bases they need look no farther than these islands of Sulu and these Moro villages beneath the coconut trees, villages whose reputation is sufficiently unsavory and where the presence of the white man draws an ill-concealed scowl.

The village is lost in the blackness somewhere astern, far back in our inked-out wake. The sky is overcast and hot. Our barefoot crew devotes itself to the motor. Reflection accompanies its steady throb, but not wholly as to the panglima's daughter.

A freighter lies offshore and I am going aboard. She is low and black; her decks are coated with tar, necessitated by the

corrosive action of her cargoes. She is on her way to the kutch camps of Dutch Borneo for a load of the bark of the bacaui tree which grows in the mangrove swamps. To the ship's officers, it is a routine trip with a strictly commercial purpose. To me it means a further glimpse of Sulu. It means also the warm sea lanes of the commerce of a thousand years—the long trail which, from time immemorial, has linked these islands with those Malay lands which lie to the south and west.

The small cabin is well appointed but blistering hot. The Moros on the hatch cover outside, stir restlessly under their paulins in the midday heat.

It is cooler back at the stern of the ship above the propeller thresh, with a canvas stretched overhead. Here a very satisfactory lounging place can be improvised on a grating which supports the emergency steering gear with its heavy-spoked wheel. The rusty skeleton of a spare anchor, lashed to the rail, mounts guard over the boxes and bundles of the crew; and bunches of bananas, tied overhead, sway with the roll of the ship.

The noonday heat with the wild, volcanic skyline of Tawi-Tawi off to port and the green of the jungle at the water's edge. Flying fish skim the low swells, and naked Moros are harpooning fish from a sapit lying behind a coral reef. A school of porpoises wallows at our stern and the sheer pinnacle of Bongao rises out of a blue-black sea.

The day wears on. A breeze comes up from the south and the heat is not so depressing. Up forward, the Moros on the hatch covers begin to stir. They are laborers, going down to work among the mangrove swamps. Brass boxes are brought out: boxes containing the nut of the betel tree, the lime paste and the *gambi* from Singapore, and the *buyo* leaf in which to wrap them all and to chew in quiet contentment.

Red juice trickles down the mouth and is expectorated on the blistered deck. A baby cries; and the mother, lying at

ease on her back, bares her full breasts and lets him have his way with them.

The males, cross-legged and garrulous now, look on indifferently and spit copiously.

A brief flaming sunset, then the sudden tropical night! Tonight, as last night and every night, the planets burn overhead; and the primeval mystery of life and the infinity of time and space lie across these seas. Those half-forgotten lines of Kipling come back to us again, those lines which carry the brooding mystery and the hot unearthly beauty of the Long Trail, of this blazing night and of these planet-powdered seas.

The Moros eat their rice on tin plates brought up from the galley, squatting in groups and using their fingers as forks. Later, they stare down at us through the ports as we dine at the captain's table. They are not envious; their rice is sufficient. But they are curious about the white man, who requires such a variety of food and so many tools with which to eat it.

After rice, their garrulity increased; and late at night we heard snatches of those songs which the Moro will sing if he is alone—or forgets that he is not alone. During the night, sometime, we picked up the coast of Borneo, and at daybreak were tying up to the pier at Tawao.

A wooden pier, piled high with tea and copra, reaching out into muddy water from a row of red-roofed Chinese shops along the shore. The Union Jack, flying against the green of the coconut palms—for these are British waters—and Japanese sampans wallowing in the long swells. A North Borneo District Officer, with his Constabulary force of twenty Sepoys and Malays, who slope and present arms as it is done at Hong Kong or Capetown or elsewhere about the earth—a D. O. with a district comprising some hundreds of square miles and some thirty thousand inhabitants, including villages of Dyak headhunters, and himself the only white man.

Here also is the Moro—Samals and those Bajaos to whom the Tao-Suugs refer as “the dirty people”—lying in their vintas

offshore among the junks and sampans. They were here before the white man with his Union Jack and his Sepoys, before the Chinese shopkeeper and the Japanese fisherman; and they merge—far back in time—in a misty confusion of racial strains of which we know too little, with the head-hunting Dyak in his villages back there in the jungle. Here, in Borneo, the Moro is still in his homeland.

It is with Borneo, in fact, that the Moro has had his oldest and closest associations. Here a great land area has, for many centuries, been claimed by that Sultan of Sulu of whom we have heard, and though it has now been incorporated into the districts controlled by the British North Borneo Trading Company, yet the Moro title is acknowledged by the payment of an annual subsidy to our own Jolo. On beyond British North Borneo lies the ancient Sultanate of Brunei, Malayan and Mohammedan these many centuries, and beyond that, the territories of the White Rajah of Sarawak, carved out a century ago from the Brunei Sultanate. Down the eastern coast of this great land mass lies Balikpapan, where oil and its by-products are obtained. The Japanese navy could use that oil. But that is far down the coast.

With our sacks unloaded, we put out into a stormy green of water, with black clouds and a driving rain squall from across the bay, and late that night drop anchor in the muddy swirl of a Dutch Borneo river, in the country of the mangrove swamps.

There is something incongruous in our being there at all—the brightly lighted ship lying there at anchor in the steaming tropic blackness, and the only human life the Moro laborers in their camps up river.

Then out through the jungle night roars the ship's whistle—three blasts twice repeated—to inform the Dutch customs officer fifteen miles away of our arrival. He will come in the morning from down river. Thereafter a primeval quiet, while

the ship darkens to her mooring lights and the river sloshes softly along her sides.

The Moro is here also, as we saw him next morning, in his nipa camp shacks up river among the mangroves, or living with his wives—demurely flirtatious—aboard the lighters which bring down the bark he has peeled. But he is not a native of these swamps. He has been brought here from Zamboanga or Jolo, and there he will return when he is tired of work or when his account at the Chinese store, anchored out in mid-stream, leaves him a margin of a few pesos with which to gamble.

He will not work with the Dyak, whom he considers an abysmal savage, as he is. But the round, close-cropped head of the Dyak is that of the Moro; as is the squat, sturdy frame and the sooty brown skin. In his facial characteristics, the Dyak may be a bit more Chinese—particularly about the eyes—and in this respect he has probably bred truer to the aboriginal Mongolian strain from which the Malay stock has come. Or again, it may be, as has been surmised, that Chinese pirates, anciently shipwrecked on these shores, have contributed to the blood of the Dyak and furnished him his slant, Mongolian eyes and broad, flat face.

These Dyaks are of many tribes and many dialects but the difference between tribe and tribe amounts to little more than the size of their ear lobe slits or the tattoo marks about their bodies. They are all alike headhunters; and although this custom is frowned upon by both the Dutch and British governments, yet much takes place in the jungle which never reaches official ears. Their parangs are still ornamented with human hair, as we saw them hanging from the walls of huts, while their naked owners squatted at their rice; and overhead, on the rafters, were the blow pipes with their bamboo case of poisoned darts.

Borneo, the Philippines; Dyak country, Moro country—basically they are one—as these East Indies are all one. If the

Moro has a bit more of the Arabian and the Dyak a shade more of the Chinese in his blood, the physical differences are minor. As to cultured distinctions, the gulf is not so wide as might be supposed.

For, on our return to Zamboanga, our hatches filled with the bark whose extract will go into the tanning of American leather, and passing the lonely rock of Bongao, the second officer pointed to some nipa shacks among the coconut palms at the base of the cliff. "There," he said, "American soldiers are buried. They were killed by Moros about twenty years ago. The Moros had kries and blow pipes."

This is Sulu—those southern islands which lie athwart the passage into the China Sea. It is no longer necessary to consult the map. But we may still remind ourselves at times of the Spratly reefs.

## Chapter Six

### I

**A**MONG THE ASSETS in the ledger which Japan is posting on her South Seas expansion, may be counted the Chinese of the Philippines. At present, he is a potential asset only. The final entry will be made following American withdrawal from the islands. It is then that the Chinese population layer, now silenced by the vocal patriotism of the Filipino politico, will become articulate. In the economic breakdown of the Commonwealth, the collapse of industry and trade, in the social confusion and upheaval, the Chinese will emerge as a man of property and substance and will require to be heard. For the protection of his property rights, for the restoration of trade and economic stability, he will demand inclusion in the Japanese sphere of influence. Of that Tokyo is convinced.

For the insular Chinese, whatever his nationalistic prejudice, is a practical individual. He is primarily a tradesman, a broker, an employer of labor, and a landlord. The Filipino lives in his debt. The Chinese needs protection for his godowns stocked with trade goods and with rice. He needs the free circulation of pesos. He must have entry into those great seaports of China now in Japanese hands. All this, a quiet submission to the new order in East Asia will assure him.

For the stability of the American dollar and the British pound he has a profound respect, but he shares in the antipathy of the Oriental for the white man. Also, perhaps,

lying deep in his subconscious mind, is the memory of Tien Ming—the Mandate of Heaven—the doctrine of the political integration of the Orient.

And so it is that Japan looks with benevolent complacency upon the Chinese in these islands and contemplates with satisfaction his insular history. He has been here a very long time and he is steadily continuing to come. He will have an increasingly larger voice in the policies of the Commonwealth. Japan is convinced that the Chinese voice will not be adverse to her interests.

But again I am reminded that this matter is no concern of ours. Independence for the Commonwealth has been decreed. Our interest is centered in Europe. To avoid giving offense to Japan, we have withdrawn our troops from Tientsin and have declined to fortify Guam. The Pacific is not our sea. Beyond Hawaii, it belongs to the Japanese. The Philippine question no longer exists. I am a spectator at the coming of a new order to East Asia.

Yet this problem of the Chinese in the Philippines is of interest to Japan. It has to do with empire. We will look at it from the viewpoint of the Nipponese who is still concerned with such matters as empire.

## 2

In bygone centuries, the pull of China upon the Philippines has been that of a great planet which, again and again, threatened to draw them within its orbit. The commerce of the Orient converged on Manila. The lower reaches of the Pasig River were crowded with junks and sampans from Java, Siam, Japan, and Borneo; but, outnumbering them all, were those of the Chinese.

In the closing years of the sixteenth century, there were twenty-five thousand Chinese in Manila and the provinces. Outside the walled city, between the walls and the river, was

a Chinese town—the Parian—surrounded by a stout stockade and held under close Spanish military guard. Here, in densely packed streets, with their swinging signs and great paper lanterns, lived eight thousand Chinese. Near by was a large Japanese settlement, and there were also colonies of Hindus and Armenians: in fact, all the races of the Orient.

When, in the year 1603, the Chinese swarms of the Parian burst out and attacked the walled city with fire and knife, the grip of Spain on these islands of the Orient was well-nigh loosed. The heads of Spanish Dons and men-at-arms were planted on pikes along the Parian stockade, and the bursting crack of bamboo in the burning streets was like that of Chinese firecrackers, touched off to celebrate a night of blood and death.

In the end, the Chinese horde was thrust back from the city walls, and, disorganized and spent, was hunted down in scattered groups throughout the terrorized Provinces. No quarter was asked or given in this struggle which determined, for some centuries, the mastery and culture of the islands. Spain broke the immemorial hold of China along this natural frontier of the East.

But now, after three centuries, the grip of the Chinese is again tightening, and the pull of that great, planetlike mass is being again exerted with increasing intensity upon these islands. The Oriental infiltration—not only of merchants and traders, but of farmers and industrialists—was continuous throughout the period of Spanish sovereignty and, under the American and the present Filipino administration, has steadily increased.

To leave the Escolta in Manila is to find oneself in a swarming Chinatown where no English is spoken—a section which might be that of a native quarter of Shanghai. It has been said—with how much truth I do not know—that the legislature of the Commonwealth is more Chinese than Filipino in racial antecedents. But the majority of the Chinese now in

the islands are traders and are steadily gathering the control of many different business activities into their hands. The peculiar trading technique and the intensive knowledge of local conditions which they have acquired through a practical training extending over many centuries has given them a virtual monopoly of trade in the areas which they have penetrated. They know not only local conditions but the native psychology and how to ingratiate themselves with the illiterate and primitive-minded country folk.

Oftentimes, far out in the country, a Chinese store will be found at a crossroads barrio of a few straggling nipa huts. No one but a Chinese could visualize a profitable trade in such a place or would set up a store there. But instinct and long training have enabled him to see the possibilities of these unexploited areas. He understands thoroughly the commercial possibilities of the agricultural and forestry products which by good management can be made to pass through his hands and the sort of goods to place on his shelves to satisfy the needs of the farm families in whom no one else has been interested.

So the farmer on the edge of the jungle finds his way to the Chinese tienda and trades his crops for the groceries, the household utensils, and the cotton piece goods which he has come to find necessary to his existence. The trade possibilities were there but it remained for the Chinese merchant to find them. Many growing and prosperous barrios would not now be in existence except for the intuition and the plodding perseverance of the yellow-skinned storekeeper.

Some months ago, when we tied up the harbor boat in which we had come from Zamboanga alongside a rice mill on the bank of the muddy Rio Grande at Cotobato, we found the mill to be in Chinese hands.

It was a large mill, furnished with a good steam power plant and modern machinery. A little investigation disclosed that, throughout the Cotobato province, Chinese are not only the traders but the millers and financiers. They advance

money to the farmers, buy their palay and hull it in their own mills.

Here in Zamboanga, to judge from the names making up a late trade list, Chinese constitute the majority of the rice and corn millers, the shippers and exporters of copra and abaca, the bakers and the manufacturers of starch and candles, and the salt producers and dealers. They are also heavily interested in the wholesale and retail trade, particularly in groceries, tobacco, dried fish and shells, bamboo, flour, rice, corn, and liquors. They furnish most of the restaurant keepers, tailors, and silversmiths—working in old coin silver and the black coral which is found nowhere but in Sulu.

## 3

It was in going ashore in Jolo, after a night spent between two Chinese on the deck of an unclean interisland steamer (the lower deck had been crowded with Samals and with stabled cattle) that a further insight was gained of the depth to which the Chinese has burrowed into the native life and the hold which he is acquiring on the purse strings of these islands.

For, that evening, walking out the road that leads to the old Spanish-built fort of the Princess of Asturias (now garrisoned by a detachment of the Filipino army) and passing a large, apparently new building, hung with Chinese lanterns and filled with music of a sort and the clatter of Chinese voices, I was greeted affably and invited to witness the last night program of this school Tong Jin.

A massive structure, mainly of camphor wood, it has been built at a cost of many thousands of pesos from funds subscribed by the Chinese merchants of Jolo. With the Chinese instinct for crowded places and for being at the center of things, this building has been placed on deep concrete foundations, in the very heart of the Moro town outside the Spanish

walls, on land reclaimed from the filthy swamps where Moro houses stand on piles. So close to them, in fact, that, from its windows, one can look into the squalid interiors of bamboo and nipa huts, and the sour reek of the mud flats overpowers the sweet scent of camphor wood.

The upper hall was packed with Chinese humanity, and, being shown to a place of honor, I was in time to stand while the assembled audience bowed thrice to the gaudily painted full-length portrait of a Chinese general—whom I took to be Sun Yat-sen—and to whom each speaker in turn made the same deep obeisance. A genial, perspiring Chinese made a happy speech, of which I understood no word—nor apparently the audience either, for that matter—for everyone talked at once and little children laughed lustily and no one seemed to care.

This speech, I gathered, was directed at those almond-eyed youths who had completed their studies and were now about to enter the world of ledgers and counters and bills of lading; of warehouses filled with sacked-up copra and rice; and of shelves covered with bolts of silk and of wharves littered with shark fins and the countless pungent fruits of these South Seas. Girls there were too—young Chinese ladies, very trim and pretty in their tight, slit-skirted gowns of stiff white satin, with a high collar about the throat and curious bracelets around their wrists.

Afterward there was a play, with much weird Chinese music and a young lady who rolled on a bed and twisted her young body in spasms of pain which were relieved by a glass of dark liquid presented by a low-bowing individual in skull cap and black whiskers. It was all very entertaining, but I was more interested in the audience—in those merchants of rice and jade and shellfish, whose generosity (some said by raising the price of kerosene two centavos a liter) had made possible this trade school and whose ancestors may have first arrived

from China in those pearl and pearl-shell seeking junks of the days of Jolo's unsavory greatness.

Throughout this Sulu province, Chinese traders gather in the copra and the hemp produced by the Tao-Suug Moros and are developing an industry in the making of starch from cassava roots. They share heavily in the pearl and pearl-shell fisheries and in the old pearl trade itself, as they have done since before the founding of the empire of the Shri-Visayas. They also have a large stake in the sponge beds and in the dried-fish industry of these islands.

A part of the town of Jolo, itself, stands on a pierlike structure extending out into the sea, which was built by them long ago and which is still known as the Chinese pier. Today it constitutes a unique if disreputable trading thoroughfare, where sharks' fins lie alongside sacked-up copra, with stalks of bananas and baskets of papayas and mangos, and where mats, woven of rattan, and cloths of Moro patterns may still be obtained. There is scarcely a Moro village down through the Sulu islands but has its Chinese tienda with shark fins drying in the sun on its platform and its stock of trade goods. Not infrequently these traders are cut down by Moro amoks or outlaws. But another Chinese comes to fill the empty place, and the trade of the tienda goes on.

In part, he retains his old-country style of dress, his South China speech, and the manner of life of his forefathers. But also, in part, he has married the women of the country—or bought them as girls from their parents, which comes to the same thing—and has merged into the community life of the pueblo or barrio so completely that he is now, after a generation or two, scarcely to be recognized as an alien element.

With their thoroughness and their mastery of trade and finance, and above all with their co-operation, implied in the word "Tong," the Chinese will eventually control Jolo and these South Seas, and the Moro will become their hewer of wood and drawer of water.

But that is in the future. For the present, above Chinese wharf and Chinese schools, leers the grim, stark face of the Moro; with the red gash that is his mouth and the hawklike fierceness of his eyes. He is here everywhere: in the market and on the streets and in his vintas in the harbor, where he performs all bodily functions over the side and is wholly and completely at home.

He still lives by the harsh and grim teachings of the Koran and he has not greatly changed through the centuries. Although amoks are few in these days, yet at the entrance to that fort named for a Princess of Asturias, there is still a sign which reads "bladed weapons are prohibited within this reservation."

And later that evening, when I was talking to the pretty Spanish wife of a Filipino official at her home near the city wall she seemed anxious for her absent husband. "There is trouble outside the town," she said, "and it is hard to sit here and wait for news." Trouble—the Moro again—and his unending intrigue and quarreling and murder because of the succession to a barren and well-nigh meaningless sultanate!

But perhaps, after all, for the hardships and frequent poverty and the sternness of his life there are compensations which we do not understand. Certainly, he must possess some pride, some inner urge, which impels the Moro male to walk so proudly in his bare feet down the dusty road, his crimson trousers flapping and his brown, muscular chest outthrust through the parted jacket.

Or, if he is old and has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, he wears the turban about his graying head and sits at the Chinese pier to watch the commerce of the world—his world. Here the carved prows of a hundred vintas and massive sapits lie moored to the pier, and in and about them is the lure and mystery of the sea and of smuggling and of far foreign trade. Here he sits in the sun, like an aged hawk, with the

babble of trade about him and the salt wind to bring him memories.

For his women, too, there are consolations of which we know too little. The Filipino girls may be trim and neat in their clinging skirts and mantled hair; but watch these Moro beauties making their morning toilet under the nipa roof of their vinta. Daintily and unabashed, they slip on jackets of flowered silk and hold a mirror to powder their almond skin and to carmine their betel-red lips. Waiting behind the massive carving of the prow for the return of their lord from the market place, they are a breath from Arabia and the lure and mystery of Bagdad.

Somehow I have felt that, for all his well stocked shelves, his schools, and his closely knit tongs, there are certain things which the Chinese does not possess. They have come to the Moro as his heritage from the past. But they are ill-considered, unimportant things. They have no bearing on trade. They are not factors in the making of empire. The Chinese—and behind him the Japanese—can afford to be complacent.

## 4

But if Japan looks with some degree of satisfaction on the presence of the Chinese in these islands, the progress made here by her own nationals must indeed be a cause for congratulatory bowing and much consumption of tea. For while, as compared with the Chinese, their advent in the islands was late, they are now making such headway as to leave no doubt of their future status. As independence for the Commonwealth becomes more imminent, Tokyo will rely to an increasing degree on these advance agents who have established themselves here with such solidity.

The earliest contacts of Japan with the Philippines were established through the plundering raids of corsairs. From the fourteenth century down through the seventeenth, these

pirates infested the coasts of China and Korea and the islands of the Philippines from northern Luzon to Borneo. Along the Chinese coast their ravages assumed such proportions that watch towers were ordered built by the Emperor. During the sixteenth century, when the Japanese raids were most frequent and terrible, it is estimated that, in a period of seven years, China lost millions of dollars' worth of goods, and one hundred thousand people were killed or drowned. Among the most notorious of these pirates was one, Taisfu, who had infested the seas of China, Cambodia, and Tongking. Later he turned his fleet of junks toward the Philippines, where they were attacked by a Spanish squadron and destroyed in a bloody battle on the Cagayan River.

Hideyoshi Toyotomi, after unifying Japan, wanted to annex not only Korea and China together with India but also the East Indies and the South Sea Islands. He was the first great empire builder of Japan. Late in the sixteenth century, he dispatched a delegation to the Spaniards at Manila with a message in the following tenor:

“Our Japan is proud of its unbroken line of the Imperial Family. I, as a loyal subject of the Emperor, have unified the whole country and am now setting out on the conquest of China. It is easy to extend the course of my expedition a little and take Luzon. I demand that Spain and its administrator in the Philippines promptly surrender to Japan.”

In response to this and other messages from Hideyoshi, the Spanish governor dispatched envoys to Japan carrying the Spanish counterproposals in the form of a suggested treaty. Negotiations were proposed along the following lines:

“Japan shall send to the Philippines once a year a commercial fleet carrying the products needed by the Filipinos.

“In case either of the two countries is attacked by a third, the other shall give armed assistance to the attacked country. The two countries shall co-operate whenever necessary.”

But nothing came of these negotiations, and Hideyoshi,

occupied with his campaigns in Korea against the Koreans and Chinese, did not again press his demands.

During the following century, considerable trade took place with Japan and many Japanese came to the islands. Among them were Nambo Takayama, lord of Takatsuki Castle in Settsu province and Joan Naito, retainer of the feudal lord of Kanazawa, who arrived in Luzon with more than one hundred followers. At one time the Japanese colony near Manila exceeded three thousand. The colonists retained their traditional customs. The Samurai carried swords, and those whose rank entitled them to the honor went about with escorts armed with spears.

Then for centuries Japan, by edict of the shogun, was closed to the outside world and such trade as had existed in previous years fell away. Until very recently the Philippines knew little of the Japanese. But the adoption by Japan of Western civilization and the latter-day tremendous urge for expansion and markets has pushed the traders and colonists of Japan into every area which will receive them and which is fitted by climatic conditions for settlement by this race.

Lately this urge for markets has been more strongly felt in Japan through the growth of huge industries which are attempting—with a large degree of success—to compete with those of Europe and North America. Hence, for many years now, the Japanese have been spreading out, sending their colonists and traders and artisans into China and Siam and India, to South America and the innumerable islands of Oceania. The Philippines are close to Japan and are especially suited through climatic and racial considerations for Japanese occupancy. Here the Japanese by the thousands have come and are continuing to come.

At first, they came as peddlers, hawking their cheap and commonplace wares through the barrios and along the country roads. But the peddler has long since disappeared, and instead the centers of population and even the country dis-

tricts are filling up with merchants and brokers and substantial farmers.

And it is here in this region of southern Mindanao and Sulu that the Japanese invasion has assumed the heaviest proportions. In the fishing industry here and about Zamboanga, they are becoming prominent and in agriculture they are increasing their holdings across the Strait in Basilan and in the provinces of Zamboanga and Cotobato and Davao.

However it is in the last-named province that the full force of the Japanese influx has been felt, and what they have accomplished there has been spectacular. When we remember that Japan is east of the Philippines and Japanese ships can reach Davao by sailing straight south, the explanation for their concentration here is nearer. At any event they are here, and the comparatively new entry port of Davao, with its rich agricultural hinterland, is rapidly becoming an outlying fragment of Japan.

This morning an interisland ship tied up at the Zamboanga pier. As always here, when a ship docks, there was a crowding and jostling of half-naked stevedores and the shrill calls of excited passengers to whom this ocean travel was a new and large event. Cattle ruminated in improvised stalls on the forward deck beside the clattering winches, and a detachment of the new Philippine army herded in their midst two indifferent Yakan Moros, the long hair of their tribe cropped close to their bullet heads. Chained together, they squatted on the pier and expectorated freely through blackened teeth.

But the real interest in this interisland steamship docking lay in the cargo being unloaded to waiting trucks: many hundreds of sacks of flour, all marked with the name of that group of Japanese promoters which is building the province of Davao—the Ohta Development Company. This company, incorporated as planters and merchants, with branch offices in Manila and Kobe—the birthplace of the founder—is a producer and exporter of Davao hemp, of sun-dried copra and

rami fibers or "China grass"; and is also agent for numerous Japanese and Filipino steamship lines, as well as for an American oil company.

The bulk of the foreign trade of the port of Davao now passes through Japanese hands; and their preponderance in agriculture is even more pronounced. They control, almost wholly, the hemp output of the province, although they are limited by law to temporary leases of their lands. It is they who have evolved the machinery for stripping the fibers.

Here on this southernmost island of the Philippines, Japanese trade exceeds that with any other nation by a large margin. Two years ago a quarter of a million dollars worth of Japanese goods went into this port and ninety-eight Japanese vessels were entered as compared with four from the United States.

As the Arabs, many years ago, introduced the lemon into Rhodesia, so the Japanese today are experimenting on a large scale with the growing of important crops here in Mindanao. They are trying out cotton and coffee, the oil palm, teak and the soy bean, pineapples, oranges, and avocados. They have brought the plants for these crops from all over the world, from Peru, Liberia, Japan, Hawaii, California, Africa, and the Malay Peninsula. Japan plans deeply and looks far into the future. The climate of these islands is more suited for Japanese settlement than Manchukuo or North China, and these islands could well provide a home for the surplus millions of the homeland.

For the present, Japan professes no interest in these islands beyond peaceful trade and the well-being of her hard-working nationals. She disclaims any desire for either commercial or political control. That may indeed be the case. We cannot go behind the public utterances of diplomats and statesmen. And the matter of the freighter also may well be open to misinterpretation. It is very easy to make mistakes. Yet there is the matter of the freighter. It not impossibly suggests that, while willing, if necessary, to wait, Japan is also prepared for

opportunity. Therein may lie the superb craftsmanship of empire building.

Lying at the pier at Zamboanga, some few days back, was a Japanese freighter. Her decks were deserted, and only now and then did a member of her crew, dressed in a G-string and a coolie hat, descend by the rope gangplank, which swayed precariously at her side. An idea came to us, an idea born of the heat and listlessness; we would visit this bit of Japan and under her flag, tread for a time on Japanese soil.

Across the street from the pier—a street of concrete shimmering with heat waves—lay the offices of the agents. Coconut trees slanted above the roof, and in the spacious offices ceiling fans stirred a warm but not unwelcome breeze. Clerks tapped at typewriters and handled large ledgers and there was a businesslike manager to receive us with a combination of British dignity and American efficiency. With a chit over the agent's signature to the Japanese captain, we reluctantly left the domain of the ceiling fans for the street and the blistering walk of five minutes to the freighter's side.

There was no one to be seen and we mounted the swaying and very greasy gangplank as best we could. On the shady side of the pilot house, we found the captain. He was a short and thickset Japanese and he was most comfortable. With him was a young Japanese from the agent's office and he also was most comfortable. Between them, on the deck, lay a piece of matting. Cross-legged, in their stocking feet, they were absorbed in a game played with black and white beans and at their elbows were half-filled glasses.

Most assuredly we were not welcome, but no hint to that effect came from the stocky captain. Struggling to his feet for the perfunctory bows, he read the agent's chit and waved us ceremoniously into his cabin. A solemn-visaged mess boy brought drinks while conversation got away to a brilliant start, then languished. We would like to see his ship? Very well, he would send a man with us; and would we excuse him,

please? After all, it really was cooler in the shade of the pilot house, and then there was the game of beans. Certainly courtesy had done enough.

In company with our guide, we descended interminable ladders and traversed endless passages. In the engine room the great Diesels loomed as powerful but very oily products of this age of the machine. Their brasswork was unpolished and oil was everywhere. There was no escaping it. It was underfoot and on the metal stairs and on the handrails. The crew's quarters caused a sudden suspension of breathing. Seldom have so many odors been confined in so narrow a space.

But it was the stark simplicity of life which drew and held our attention. On a plank table stood the remains of a meal: scraps of fish and rice in a tin dish. A member of the crew bathed his feet in a wooden tub. Like the rest, he wore a G-string, and the coolie hat of straw hung from a peg. In the bunks were straw and a pillow. Certainly the crew of a Japanese merchantman have learned to avoid the complexities of life.

One thing more and we were ready to go ashore. Crossing the pier from the agent's office, we had met a white man, and on learning our destination he had said, "Take a look at her hatches." So now we looked. Not being in the naval service, and ships and the ways of ships being to us inscrutable mysteries, we could not be expected to look very intelligently. But even such an outsider as ourselves could not remain entirely unimpressed. Her hatches were bound with steel and it was very thick and very heavy. "Why," said a curious inner prompting, "unless to mount guns quickly and expeditiously?" But these are things beyond our unseamanlike understanding. Certainly there is no dearth of Japanese freighters in Filipino ports.

And then there is Balikpapan. But Balikpapan has nothing to do with the Japanese freighter. It is an oil town in Dutch Borneo, one of those ports about the China Sea which we had

visited on our three months' leave. It is not much of a town. It consists of oil refineries and long buildings full of machinery and numberless oil tanks. Also there are quarters for the Dutch officials and the houses of Malay workmen and laborers. There is even a club which has a swimming pool. If there are stores and theaters and pavements and the other accouterments of a town, we did not see them. We saw only the refineries along a low, desolate coast; and the most persistent odor was that of crude oil. The oil wells, incidentally, are some distance inland and pipelines bring their output to this coast.

Balikpapan is a nerve center of the Dutch East Indies, and Tokyo has urgent need of oil. Rumor has it that the refineries and pipelines are prepared for demolition by explosives in a brief space of time should the need arise. But rumor says many things and should not be listened to with undue attention. There is no connection here with the Japanese freighter—of which many lie at anchor in the roadsteads of these islands—the freighter with her hatches reinforced with steel. Balikpapan is not too distant from these ports. It is just one of those things one thinks about when the heat of the sun is great and the time hangs heavily.

## Chapter Seven

I

ON THE white man in the islands, Japan can also look with a benevolent complacency, but a complacency induced by a quite different set of causes than in the case of the Chinese. Dai Nippon may well smile benignantly, for the white man is on his way out. His days in the Philippines are numbered. With regard to those few who remain, through necessity or choice, suitable measures will not be too difficult.

In any case, the white man in the islands is not numerous. At times he seems about to become submerged in the Oriental mass. But white men are here, and on their destiny hang issues which most of them probably but dimly understand.

The islands have become a center of contact between East and West, an area of politically low barometric pressure, which may mean anything. If the individual white man senses this, he does not speak of it, except perhaps casually and by inference. He talks of copra and sugar.

2

Down on the southern coast of Mindanao—this large, only partially explored island of the Southern Philippines—there is a coconut plantation. It is only one of many along the little-visited coast. The beach, at low tide, is a strip of hot sand. At high tide, the long swells drown it in a milky smother and

break far up at the edge of the trees, where a half-naked Moro family has a hut, and where fishing nets are spread in the sun.

If the plantation manager is expecting you, he will meet you there at the beach with a battered truck of American make; while the boat which set you ashore heads back to a coastwise freighter. Last night you slept on the deck of that freighter and were profane about the sour reek of the sacked copra and the restless stamping of the cattle, stabled up forward.

Jolting along a cart road between the trees, you come in time to a group of sheds where Moro women are splitting coconuts, squatting on the ground sodden with the wasted, sweetish milk. A gnarled old Moro—naked except for a breech cloth—bares his blackened teeth in a grin of greeting. He carries a twelve-gauge shotgun, and a belt of shells is strapped around his waist. Asked as to the need of this armament he replies that outlaws are troublesome. They killed a man on the road up the mountain two nights ago. With this gun he can, and will, give a good account of himself. He grins again—a broad grin of anticipation.

The house lies a little way back in a clearing. It is solidly built of bamboo, with thatched roof of nipa. There is a veranda with some fairly comfortable chairs and a table piled with ancient newspapers. Here one may relax in the cool of the evening, listening to the faint stirring of furtive life out there among the darkened trees.

The houseboy places a bottle and glasses on the table. A match flames red against blackness as a pipe is lighted. Then the mosquitoes begin their humming torment, and an indistinct drone of voices drifts up from the huts of the Moro laborers. For the white man, who sits with you on the veranda, this is a night to be marked off on the calendar. Tonight he is not alone.

Down along the equator, on a broad, sluggish river of Dutch Borneo, another white man tonight is sitting in the cabin of a houseboat anchored in midstream. He is an Englishman and during the Great War he gave a good account of himself in Belgium and France. Now he is in the pay of an American company which has use for the bark of a tree found among those mangrove swamps. He is the resident manager of the company there in Dutch Borneo.

The houseboat, which is his home, is moored in midstream for a number of reasons. Two of these are the crawling things of the jungle and the mosquitoes. The other reasons are less obvious but no less potent. They have to do with the Dyak. It is a fairly comfortable boat, with a tiny cabin and sleeping quarters and a galley presided over by a Chinese cook.

Tonight there is an impenetrable blackness across the earth. Muddy water sucks drowsily alongside. Upstream, at the river's edge there is the flicker of light from the huts of Moro laborers, where rice is being cooked. Later there will be the far sound of singing and the beating of agongs. Beyond the Moro camps lies the Bornean jungle.

Those shapeless masses, lying in towards shore, are lighters. Their load of bark is daily increasing. Some night—perhaps a month from now—there will be the blast of a steamer's whistle downstream. That will be the freighter from Zamboanga which will transfer the bark to her hold. She will be there in midstream for two days, perhaps three, while the winches rattle and Moros sweat in the steaming heat.

In the captain's cabin there will be forms to be filled out, reports to be signed and dinners to be eaten. Then the freighter will be gone. The empty lighters, the Moros, and the houseboat will remain. Also there will be—as always—the muddy river and the jungle.

But tonight the Englishman is in an expansive mood. He

has a new shipment of records for his gramophone. Carefully he selects a pipe from the rack, fills and lights it, then turns to his records. There is a preliminary scratching, then a song, which was heard in London music halls a year ago, blares out through the Bornean night. The Englishman draws at his pipe and stares absently out into the blackness.

## 4

Down here, along the edge of the map are other white men—many of them. They are found throughout these southern islands—in Mindanao and Palawan and Sulu, down to Borneo: the lonely white men in soiled cork helmets—"sunshiners," as they are called by those who do not understand the urge which brought them across the seas. Owners or managers of coconut plantations along the surf-beaten coast or inland on brooding crocodile-infested lagoons, they live in nipa-roofed shacks with kerosene lamps, six-months-old newspapers, and a battery radio set to remind them of the civilization they have turned their backs upon.

Their faces are burned a mahogany brown and are creased with innumerable wrinkles. Their eyes are bloodshot from the sun or perhaps from too frequent libations of square-faced gin. As you sit with them on their rickety verandas among the litter of mail-order catalogs, rusty typewriters, and shotgun shells, they will tell you of how they plan some day to go back. But they seldom do. Too often there is a brown-skinned, barefoot woman in the back room and some half-grown mestizos sacking copra down at the sheds.

They are the white men who have taken root in the islands, who are close to the native life, who speak the dialects and who live in isolation from their kind. But there are other white men—the men of the towns and trading centers and of the larger ports. Most of these are not permanently identified with the islands. They are company men—contract men, as



A village of the Bajao (sea gypsies) in Sulu.



Moro houses line the shore at Laminusa, south of Jolo. Drying on the platform of a Chinese *tienda* in the foreground are shark fins.

they are known here: the representatives of American and British commercial interests. They are agents for the large importing and exporting houses; they manage banks and shipping agencies and keep the tides of commerce flowing in their wonted channels.

These men are of an altogether different breed. They live comfortably in spacious company houses with ceiling fans and electric refrigeration and with well-trained houseboys to bring them drinks. They wear crisp linen suits and belong to country clubs where they foregather at the bridge table or swimming pool. They bring their wives with them and, having served the period of their contract, they return to New York or Singapore or Shanghai, and their successor occupies the company house and is put up for membership at the club. They work hard, according to the standards of the tropics; they are efficient, agreeable, and reliable. But they are compactly formed into foreign colonies; they are not of the soil and their attitude toward native life and customs is one of rather contemptuous tolerance.

But in these foreign colonies will be found some few men also who have no contracts and no plans for "going home." They have definitely taken root in the islands and have invested here all that they possess. They represent no commercial houses or companies; they are on their own. These are the men who own sugar mills and plants for the processing of coconuts, canny Scots who are excellent marine engineers and skilled in the operation of foundries and machine shops. They maintain small hotels, hardware stores, saw mills, and refrigeration plants. They are prospectors and mining engineers and themselves the owners of mines. And some few may be found who are owners of pearl luggers with Japanese crews and a litter of diving gear on their malodorous decks.

These men are definitely fixed; they are permanent. The difference between them and the lonely men out "on the

edge" is that their occupation permits them to live in town or in port where they can mix with their own kind at the club. For the same reason, they are less likely to take a native wife. She would not be received in the homes of the contract men. Besides, it is not necessary. There are some few eligible white girls from whom to choose. At least, they are presumably white, although a certain duskiness of skin may sometimes need to be classified as Spanish.

But their homes are here. They learn the native dialect and they come to know and properly evaluate native life and custom. They form a connecting link between the men out on the edge of the map and the commercial world as represented by the contract men and the agencies and trading houses which they manage.

Then, of course, there are the army and the navy. These form groups which are largely sufficient to themselves. Their officers, with their families, live at well-regulated posts with their own clubs, their own recreation and social life. They mix to a certain extent, but not largely, with the civilian foreign communities; their interests and outlook are too divergent to make for free association. They come and go in the islands as the needs of their service dictate. They furnish the swank and gold braid at official receptions and dinners, where they come into contact with Filipino officialdom. Behind all that they are quietly efficient, hard-working—again according to tropical standards—talk "shop" on all occasions, are horsey and clannish and are cast altogether in the service mold which is the same throughout the colonies—American or British. Native life and customs are better understood among them than in the civilian foreign communities, due to close and constant contact with native troops and to the unbroken succession of military tradition.

There is one other class of white man in the islands which cannot be passed over. He is the beachcomber, the derelict. Mostly he is a left-over from that roystering tide of humanity

which poured into the islands forty years ago wearing the army blue. He came to "civilize them with a Krag," but when that work was done and his regiment boarded the transport he stayed on—for reasons best known to himself. Perhaps he hoped to find gold or to plant coconuts; perhaps the easy, indolent life of the tropics had gotten into his blood or it may have been a brown-skinned girl who held him. At any rate he stayed on and for the most part he did not prosper. Whisky and the sun, tropical lethargy and full-breasted women priding themselves on "being had by a white man" were usually the reasons for his failure to realize his dream. He became more careless in his habits, less particular as to his associates; he came to rely more and more on the whisky, then square-face gin, and finally tuba to drug his memory of what he had been or might have been. Finally he went altogether and shamelessly native.

At a Moro market far up in the interior of Mindanao I met once with two of these derelicts. They wore ragged overalls and very large and very dirty straw hats. Their feet were bare, and their chins had not known a razor for some days. When I first sighted them they were lounging near a table where a Moro woman was selling tuba, brushing away the flies with a dirty hand. It may have been months since they had last seen a white man. From the hunger in their eyes it would probably be as long before they would see another. Each had a tale to tell of neglect by the government and of failure to receive the pension to which he was entitled. It was a story told without heat and in a shamefaced tone which carried its own denial—as I was later to verify. Then they pressed tuba upon me and removed their ragged hats in a wholly un-American humility when we parted company.

Then there was the hulking nondescript who reeled out of a Chinese shack at Jolo, a blue-eyed, fair-haired descendant of Norsemen, who had once worn the army blue and who, as the Moro boy—perhaps his son—complacently said, was

"very drunk." He also had the urge to shake hands and talked in excellent but incoherent English until I left him sitting suddenly upon a bench. The beachcomber can tell of many things which are not in the books, but his life is not pleasant and his ending is sordid. He is not to be envied.

## 5

These are the white men of the islands. They and the padres. They are relatively few in numbers and with the advent of the Commonwealth in the Philippines their day is nearly ended. For with the passing of American sovereignty in the islands, the men of the armed services will be withdrawn. Their forts and stations will be occupied by conscript Filipino troops of the new Commonwealth army.

When sugar and coconut oil can no longer enter American ports duty free, imports to the islands will fall off, for trade is a two-way traffic. The great commercial houses will close their doors, and the contract men will book their passage home. Their places will be filled by Orientals through whose hands the trade of the islands will pass.

The fate of those white men who have identified themselves—as they thought—permanently with the islands and have invested their capital here, is more obscure but none the less certain. The Filipino will not be satisfied with political sovereignty alone; he will want economic sovereignty as well. That means ownership of the land, the industries, the shipping and the trading facilities of the islands. There are always means of recovering property in the ownership of non-nationals, which amount to confiscation. It has been done in Mexico in the case of oil and mining properties. It is being done in Manchukuo. Japan will attend to that here in due time.

And what of those planters and others down on the edge of the map? That they are there at all is due to the white man's

prestige. Life there is precarious enough, what with the mosquitoes and the sun and square-face gin, what with the loneliness and the native women and an ugly kris in the hands of a suddenly crazed amok. With the passing of the old prestige, there will be other and grave complications. Life down here will not be pleasant.



1940  
Rice, Hemp, Copra



## Chapter Eight

I

**T**ONIGHT IS OUR last at Zamboanga. Someone at Manila issued an order. There has been a hasty packing of belongings. There has been a going-away gift of a chow pot inlaid with copper. There has taken place a settlement in cash of those chits which the white man in the tropics accumulates seemingly without conscious volition and beyond belief until humbly presented for payment, by a smiling Chinese.

Tomorrow there will be the traditional and ceremonial ride in a carabao cart from the time-worn sally port of Fort Pilar through the streets of this pueblo to the crowded pier. There will be the usual Moro girls diving for coins, the usual barefoot vendors of Moro brass and brightly colored mats and of pearls which will bear scrutiny. There will be the usual gathering of the white community aboard ship and a generous flowing of Scotch until the warning gong has sounded twice and the engines have begun their throb. That will be tomorrow and this port will become a memory.

The memory of an endless vista of hot beaches and over-hanging coconut trees; of scowling faces and blackened teeth; of sunsets too striking in their raw colorings for continued daily usage. The memory of the rank smell of fish markets; the mumbling of beggars and the dipping of betel and lime into cavernous mouths. Of the squalor of nipa huts, of the reek of mud flats, and of blank, impassive faces. The memory

of mosquitoes, which made of the cinema a torment; of lizards on their nightly prowl across the ceiling; of the shuffle and slap of innumerable sandals; of endless rains and the discomfort attendant on typhoons; of centipedes six inches long and the odors of copra and sun-dried fish.

Perhaps it is time to leave. Perhaps, even in our brief stay in these southern islands, we are beginning to feel something of that nostalgia which the old-timer has known, how many long years since, and has learned to overcome and to carry on. Somehow, we are glad that there is no brown woman in the back room of a nipa shack to hold us nor mestizo children to render our eventual return to a white man's country a consummation to be never realized. The man down on the edge of the map has what it takes to live in this country. With our certainty of some day going home, pity for him becomes overshadowed by a great admiration. He felt as we feel many years ago, but he is still here. He will remain here.

But that was this afternoon and the wakening from a sticky and unrefreshing siesta. Tonight—well, tonight we might almost envy the old-timer who cannot leave this coast.

A tropical moon and the unearthly beauty of the Sulu Sea! Tonight we have sensed the meaning of life: why men work and women weep—and bear children. It is to live one such night as this.

A Japanese freighter at the pier, her decks flooded with light. Between the stone flagging of the club veranda, where men in cool white sit with their whisky and sodas, and the floodlighted pier, the vintas of the Samals in deep shadow. The flame of a match or the glow of a cigarette. Zamboanga by moonlight—the scent of blossoms and the cool of evening after the afternoon heat.

Then from the vintas a Moro lifts his voice in a rich tenor. At some time in our past we have heard what purported to be great singing but nothing to surpass that full-throated, barbaric song out of the moonlight at this trade port of the South

Seas. Rising and falling with the staccato cadence of the hoof-beats of Bedouin horsemen (the civilization of the Moro came from Arabia), the throaty song poured out the meaning of that strange uplift which causes men to live beyond and outside of themselves.

Tonight it seemed we knew the reason for life with its cruelty and suffering and death, then darkness and oblivion. It was so that an unearthly beauty might be voiced by a lone singer under a savage, tropical moon. This is why life was given, so that once we might sense this conjunction of moon and swelling tide, the light-flooded deck of the freighter, and from a Moro vinta this drumming song of the race.

Tonight at other ports, at Manila and Honolulu and along the trade routes of the seas, other Japanese freighters are unloading their cargoes—at floodlighted piers—building an empire of commerce. Tonight the guns are again thundering here and there about the earth where empires of a different sort are being forged in blood and mutilated flesh. Tonight, possibly, in the chancelleries of Europe and the Orient, the elder statesmen are meeting in secret sessions which may determine the destiny of nations.

But all of this means nothing to the Moro, lying offshore in his boat which reeks of sun-cured fish. Tomorrow, perhaps, the monsoon: a gray sky and a lashing sea; hardship, hunger and a tightened belt. Tomorrow, perhaps, the might of a stirring Asia descending on these shores. After all, what is to be the fate of the Philippines? But tonight, the moon and an ancient song, while the warm tide laps the beach and the great stars flare overhead.

And, somehow, we wish that the inevitable sailing might be delayed; or if not, that we may some day return to this port of Zamboanga to hear again the challenge of a Moro sentry under the walls of the fort and the beat of surf at night along the sea wall.

A strange wind blowing across these islands off the coast of Asia! A wind carrying a promise of independence and of a national life, a wind of hope as of late spring and a whisper of freedom and self-government. Even good government by an outsider, it would seem, cannot take the place of self-government. For here in the backwash of Asia a Philippine Commonwealth is in the making.

At this busy port of Cebu it is all very much in evidence. We are beginning to feel again in touch with large events. There is the harbor, swarming with life; there are the crowded streets. There are even troops of the new Filipino army: conscripts housed in barracks equipped with bamboo bunks and tremendous boilers for the daily ration of rice.

They wear khaki shorts, these young reservists, and overseas caps set jauntily on black hair glistening with grease. Their unstockinged feet are thrust into heavy shoes, and they shoulder the service rifle with an impressive bayonet. They drill long hours in the sun and dust and spend their five centavos a day—with an allowance for tobacco—with the traditional nonchalance of the fighting man.

And it is here in Cebu, while waiting for our hold to fill with endless sacks of sugar that I have acquired a book. It is a book with which to while away the hours aboard ship while planters are occupied with their drinks and their interminable rolling of “liar” dice and while corpulent Chinese mestizos discuss their transactions in stocks.

It is an unusual book. The binding, instead of the usual cloth, is of a close-woven native fiber. It is not too well printed, and occasional lapses in idiom reveal an Oriental background. Still it is a book and the afternoon is long. To this somewhat unusual volume the preface runs in part, as follows: “As a people about to stand up dignified as a free nation, the Philippines cannot afford to overlook making

friends with their Oriental neighbors...with the Malays, with the Hindus, with the Chinese, with the Japanese, and with all the peoples of the Orient, we have links of geographical proximity and cultural ancestry which we must recognize and acknowledge. We cannot sever these links. They are natural: geological and biological. By her seniority in major international political relations, Japan is recognized by even Western Powers as the leader nation of the Far East. With Japan, therefore, the Philippines have and will always have dealings of an inescapable nature."

And as the shipping of Cebu drops back into a distant haze and the dice rattle and mess boys carry drinks, we continue our acquaintance with this fiber-bound volume. Possibly its contents may be summarized somewhat as follows:

It is essential, first of all, that these people, who are shaping a new Commonwealth, should free themselves from the tests and standards of national conduct which prevail in Europe and America, substituting those of the Orient of which they are now to become again a part. After three hundred years of Occidental domination, they must learn to live once more as Orientals do, to react as Orientals do, and they must re-acquire Oriental habits and perspectives. They must study the history and the culture of the Orient and realize that, as Orientals by race and by geography, they are destined to share this portion of the earth with the other races of the Far East.

To Western minds, says the book, the events of the past few years suggest a Japanese avalanche, spreading out to the south and the southwest and threatening to engulf the territory of East Asia and the islands of the Malay groups. So long as the Filipino people hold to Western culture and to the Western viewpoint, they will share in this fear and distrust of Japan, and their foreign policy will be predicated upon this fear. Such a foreign policy, driving the Filipinos to align themselves with the West in an atmosphere highly charged

with anti-Nipponism, would become not only dangerous but suicidal. The Philippines would become the cat's paw of the Occident in its plan of Asiatic colonization and in the final reckoning would necessarily be abandoned into the punitive hands of Japan.

But if the Filipino people will free themselves from Western ideas and the Western psychology, this fear of Japan will be replaced by a warm sympathy. Western policies dictated by the mental aberration of the white man's superiority over the colored races will become hateful. As a colored people, they will take a vast pride in that strength and progress which has enabled Japan to take the leadership in this part of the earth and to sound the deathknell of Occidental domination. Rather than be terrorized by the threat of a Japanese invasion, they will find—in the people of Nippon—the natural leaders of their race and will align themselves with the anti-Occidental policies of Japan. The Philippines and Japan have a common destiny.

It would appear that through liberal use of printer's ink, the propagandists of Nippon are beginning their task of preparing the Filipino people for their new foreign policy. Behind the printed page looms the inscrutable face of Yamato. Between the written lines may be interpolated a sinister and scarcely concealed meaning. It is as though Japan, through an overwhelming confidence and self-esteem, is no longer under compulsion to dissimulate at any length. The Filipino people are being groomed, not alone for a Japanese alignment, but indirectly and subtly for acquiescence in that far-flung imperialism outlined in the Tanaka Memorial.

For, having recalled to the Filipino people their Asiatic heritage and the necessity for the cultivation of an Oriental psychology, this writer proceeds to enlarge upon the policy necessary to the national security of the Commonwealth.

In the forefront, stand the urgent national needs of Japan and her legitimate ambition for leadership in the Far East.

That Philippine foreign policy which fails to yield due respect to the predominating position of Japan in the Orient and which is not actuated by a genuine feeling of good will and friendship must eventually result in disaster. While welcoming the return of the Filipino people to Asiatic culture and to those associations which they have inherited from their forefathers, this advance agent of empire suggests—with a scarcely hidden threat—that recognition of Japan's dominant position in the Far East is the primary requisite to good understanding and a sound foreign policy. The Filipino people are to have their Commonwealth—under the overlordship of Japan. Failure to recognize Japanese supremacy in the Orient must result in inevitable disaster.

The mysterious workings of destiny, so says the printed page, have prepared the groundwork upon which this policy of Nippon worship may be established. This is demonstrated by the fact that the Japanese and the Filipino people are of the same race, both being offshoots of the ancient Chinese stock. Both are inheritors of the ancient Chinese and Buddhist culture; and many hundreds of years ago the Philippines formed part of an Asiatic Empire, in which these influences predominated. Racial qualities, the vast and incredibly ancient heritage of race, should draw the two peoples closely together in a common understanding and for common help.

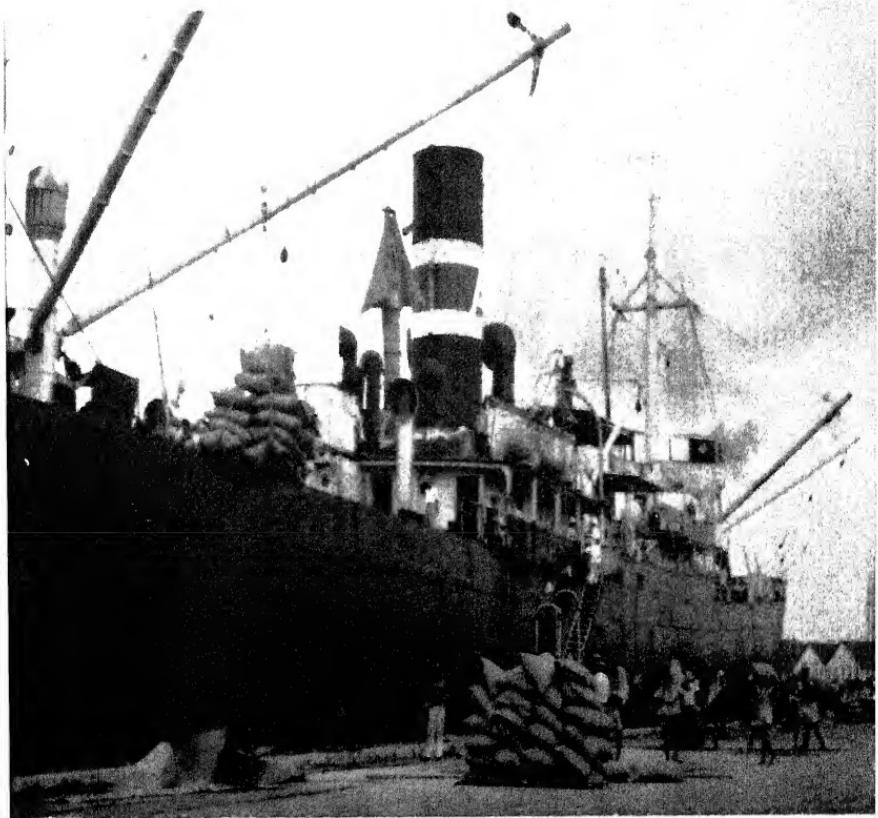
Now, in all of this, there is actually a considerable element of truth. Biology and geography, in this case, are in alignment, to a certain extent, with the policies of empire. Both Malay and Japanese are racial blends, now well on their way to stabilization as ethnic groups. Mongolian blood strains have entered largely into the composition of both groups, but there the relationship ends. The Malay has absorbed very considerable elements—both Caucasian and Negroid—which the Japanese does not share. He in turn has received blood strains unknown in the Malay. The two stocks today are proceeding on wholly diverging evolutionary lines.

Both peoples had, however, until the arrival of the Spaniard, shared a culture wholly Oriental, and, in some part, a common religion based on, or largely influenced by, Buddhism. The logic whereby these basic facts are used to establish a policy of subserviency to Japanese imperialism is, of course, wholly Oriental and Japanese, a logic which the Filipino people are now apparently to reacquire. We seem to recognize here "Tien Ming," the Mandate of Heaven.

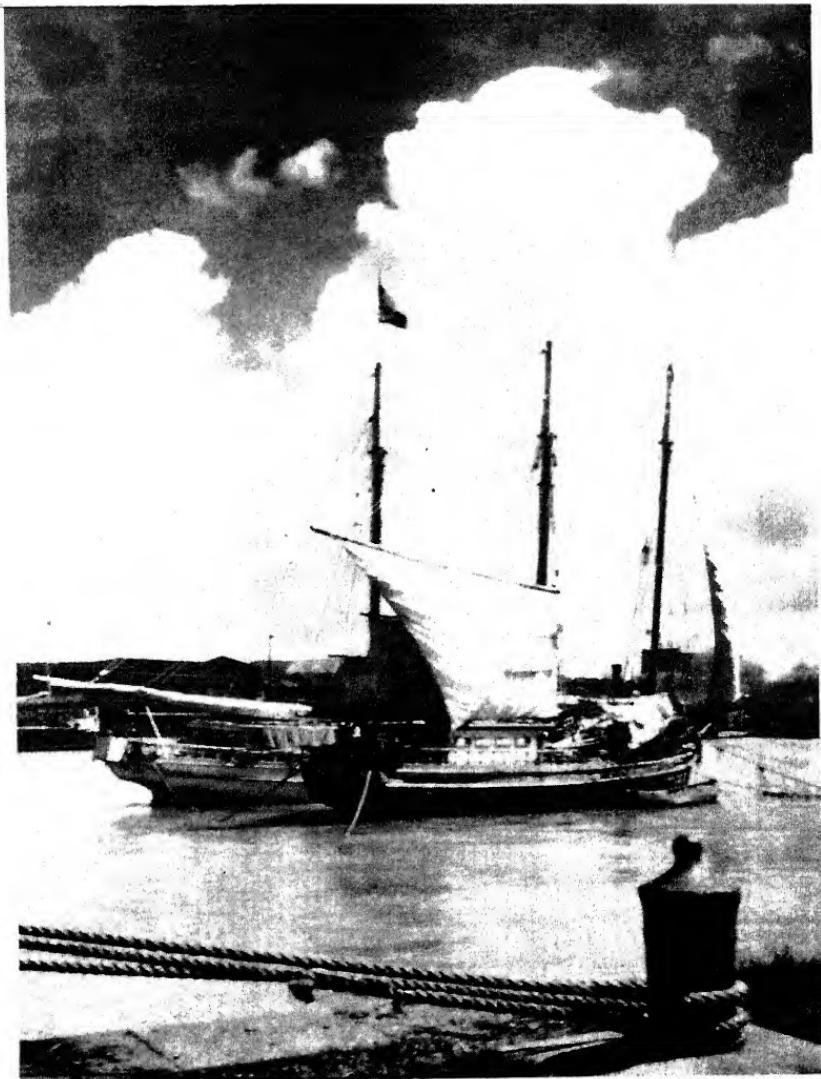
Other factors are, of course, also introduced. There is, among others, the matter of geographical propinquity. The writer cites instances of small and relatively weak nations, both on the American continent and in Europe, which have for centuries found protection under the guns of powerful, friendly neighbors. The maintenance of the independence of Belgium is a keystone of British foreign policy; and it has been declared by Sir Austen Chamberlain that the frontiers of England extend, not to the English Channel but to the lowland countries of Belgium and the Netherlands. Under the Monroe Doctrine, the United States undertook, more than a century ago, to guarantee the independence of the countries of Latin America.

Japan, it is suggested, is in a position, both geographically and in military and naval strength, to extend a similar protection to the Philippines. Lying as they do along the great outer cordon of Asiatic defense, the Philippines are a part of that strategic line inside which Japanese naval strength is unquestioned—a line reaching from Tokyo east and south to the Bonin Islands, passing through Yap, and terminating far south of the Philippine group. All that is necessary to secure the protection of the Japanese fleet is recognition by the Filipinos of Japan's dominant position in the Orient and a cordial support of the Japanese Asiatic policy.

Then there is the matter of trade and foreign markets to be considered. When America withdraws from the islands, it is assumed that American markets will no longer be free to



Loading sugar at the port of Iloilo.



Fishing schooners in the Pasig River near Manila.

Filipino entry. A financial dislocation, if not economic ruin, of the islands is threatened. This writer is frankly pessimistic about the possibility that the present free-trade relations with the United States might be continued after political independence has been granted. Whenever the economic interests of America conflict with those of the Philippines, the latter will invariably be sacrificed. Such conflicts are bound to arise because the Philippines export to the United States raw products which compete with American products: cane sugar in competition with beet sugar, coconut oil in competition with cottonseed oil.

Japan, on the other hand, does not produce any of the raw materials of which the Philippines have such an abundance but is a highly industrialized area which has an urgent and continuing need of those products. Nearly everything that the Philippines produces is essential to Japanese industry: the rubber, hemp, lumber, iron, copper, and manganese, and also other products not now grown but for the cultivation of which the soil of the Philippines is particularly favorable.

Cotton, of which the Japanese mills require enormous quantities, might well be substituted in Filipino economy for sugar, which Japan does not particularly need. Since there is no conflict of interests, but rather a mutual interdependence, the trade of the Philippines with Japan can be established on a solid and permanent basis.

The book is finished and laid aside. The dinner hour comes and goes. The coasts of these many islands slip past in the tropical blackness, and with that darkness comes reflection.

Japanese writers and editors are paving the way. Behind them will come the peddlers, the laborers, and the small shopkeepers. They will be followed by the larger merchants, the wholesale traders, and by capitalists who will acquire plantations and build factories and undertake the large-scale development of agricultural lands. The plans outlined in the Tanaka Memorial are awaiting fulfillment.

Our fellow passengers are not all planters. One of them is an American who for twenty-five years has held an obscure post here in the Visayas and is now going home. He knows not a little of these people among whom he has lived, and his comments are worthy of note. We also are going to live among them. As the fishing torches flare along these waters, the talk turns upon their origins and background, so different from that of the Moro; and in this connection, so his information goes, there has been a recent finding of more than usual interest.

Only a few weeks past, on the island of Banton, a discovery was made which passes in review the ancient paganism of these island Malays, with its worship of the crocodile, its early contacts with the civilization of India and of China, and which heralds the coming of the Spaniard.

A boy, chasing a monkey along the cliffs, found the entrance to a cave, and, still in search of the monkey, made his way through the opening. Later, he returned to the barrio and reported the happening: "I have found some pottery and some chests in an old grave, Tang Endong!" The news of the wooden chests spread quickly through the barrio, and the people had thoughts of treasure chests buried by Tulisanes in ancient times. Very soon a crowd was on its way to the place. Old men and women toiled breathlessly behind and several beautiful young girls, fired with adventure and curiosity, joined the treasure seekers.

The crowd carried ropes to assist in the descent; for the cave, some thirty yards above sea level, could only be reached after a dangerous descent from the top of the cliff. Should one of the treasure hunters slip while descending to the cave, he would meet death on the rocks below. By tying the ropes to trees, the mouth of the cave was reached and the supposed treasure chests uncovered.

But there was no treasure. Instead, the searchers found forty old-time coffins containing, besides bones, pieces of ancient pottery and a few gold ornaments buried with the dead. With much labor, the coffins were hauled up the face of the cliff and carried to the church, where they could be examined and speculated over more at leisure. Old folks came—the smokers of strong tobacco and chewers of betel nut—to squat above the coffins. They brushed away the musty cobwebs in their minds and tried to recall stories of the old, dead past, handed down to them from their ancestors. These bones might be those of their forefathers. Reverently—or perhaps from a haunting fear of ghosts—they crossed themselves and muttered prayers above the remains of possible ancestors, dead these many years.

Closer examination answered many of the groping questions which the people had in their minds. The coffins, which were of fine, hard wood, had been deftly chiseled from solid logs. But they were void of any suggestion of a cross or any mark of the Catholic faith. Instead, they bore the design of the crocodile head, definitely marking them as pre-Spanish and pagan, for the ancient Filipinos worshiped the crocodile. When the pagan ancients saw the great, hideous form in the water, they would cry out in all humility, "*Nono*," meaning grandfather. They asked it pleasantly and tenderly not to harm them and for that purpose they offered it a portion of the food they carried in their boat by throwing it into the water. So the crocodile heads on the coffin ends marked this burial as very ancient and pagan. Other designs, carved in the wood, were—equally definitely—of Hindu origin. Mainly they were the figure of a man, prostrate in worship.

Inside the coffins were many skulls and bones wrapped in sinamay cloth, disintegrated with age. Signs of expert weaving were still visible, however, in the designs of the cloth. Some of the coffins contained pottery and vases with the design of the dragon—indubitably Chinese.

Evidently the dead had not been buried originally in this cave; the bones had been removed there from another place. Perhaps they had been lowered into the cave some years after Magellan sighted Limasawa in 1521. Old chronicles of the Philippines tell of Spanish soldiers who desecrated the graves of the natives in search of ornaments of gold. If this be true they must have struck such fear into the hearts of the people that they found secret resting places to hide the bones of their dead.

And so it was that the old men of the barrio, squatting above the ancient dead and wrinkling their foreheads in querulous perplexity, were looking back across the centuries on the rise and fall of empires and cultures. The primitive Malay was there—the worshiper of the crocodile; but he prostrated himself in the manner of the Hindu and he took with him to his grave pottery which bore the dragon markings of China. And four centuries ago his bones were hastily lowered to a cave mouth in the face of a cliff above the pounding of the surf because strange comers were setting foot in the islands—white skinned, bearded men who wore helmets and breast-plates of iron and who carried a great red and yellow flag bearing a design of lions and towers.

The Spaniard came and has gone. The American came and is preparing to go. And now, after four centuries, bones reappear from their ancient hiding place. Perhaps it is an omen for this new Commonwealth. So said this man who after a quarter of a century of unacknowledged work has now been relieved of his obscure post. It was wanted by a Filipino. The Commonwealth is beginning to function.

## Chapter Nine

### I

**A**T THE BEND of the Pasig lies an army post. It is a large post with many native troops, and there is much activity. Perhaps that is why the heat is so oppressive. But this is the mango season. Its grateful tang does much to alleviate the discomfort attendant upon the sun and dust of the drill field.

Beyond a gate of the post, where a sentry is stationed, sprawls a barrio of the Tagalogs. It is a village of evil smells and countless lean-ribbed hogs which forage along the streets and beneath the houses on their bamboo posts. Above the barrio towers the ruined masonry which was Spain's—monastic walls of an order and an empire which has passed. Below, the muddy river coils, sluggish, toward Manila.

I have thought often during these past few weeks of that conversation on shipboard out of Cebu, the talk of the finding of old bones in a cliff cave burial. The surmise was that they had been hidden there upon the coming of the Spaniards. That makes for reflection of a sort; it suggests something in the history and portends something in the future of these people.

The Moro of the southern islands did not hide the ancient relics of his people. He kept the Spaniard from them with his kris. For three centuries he carried on a war. These Filipinos of the northern islands and the Visayas made but a brief and inglorious resistance. They were conquered almost as

readily by the Church as by the sword. This historical fact undoubtedly has an explanation. Perhaps it is not too far to seek.

It was probably no lack of courage or of fighting spirit that caused the Filipino to yield so readily to Spain. Rather it was the lack of a great ideal, of a unifying force. Without that no empire has yet been built and no homeland retained inviolate. The Moro had such a force—his savage Mohammedan faith with its hatred of unbelievers. Japan has such a force—the mystical worship of her emperor and the sense of a transcendent destiny. The Filipino—in his past—has lacked this driving force. The future is, as yet, obscure.

## 2

Then there is the account of the *datto* and the cook. Harken, now, to the voice of the lowly and acquire wisdom! Returning one morning from drill, I found on my veranda, enjoying my most comfortable chair and smoking my cigarettes, a *datto* from a lonely village of the Moro country of Lanao in the far-off southern islands. Now I had known this *datto* at Dansilan and the sight of his cropped, bullet head and blackened teeth was as refreshing as water in a parched land. With the simplicity of his kind he announced that he had come to stay with me for a time.

*Dattos* are plentiful in Lanao and this particular *datto* was of no especial place or importance; but still a man to be reckoned with in his own community. He had left his five wives in his native village to come to Manila on matters connected with the lease of some public lands for his cattle and had brought a present of a *kampilan*—a very old *kampilan* which had been his father's and his father's father's.

Now it happens that in our household there is a cook. He claims to be a Bicolano; but from a Mongolian cast of eye and a certain scar across his cheek, I have strongly suspected him

of being a Chinese pirate—by heredity if not by practice. It also happens that, following a hearty meal of salmon, rice, and tabasco sauce, the *datto* enjoys the solace of tobacco which is chewed; and he found a chair near the kitchen door more suitable for its enjoyment than the more formal veranda. Here then took place a conversation between *datto* and cook—epic in its qualities.

The Moro asserted, and the Bicolano cook agreed, that, following American withdrawal from the islands, a bloody war would soon be under way between Catholic and Moslem. Agreed on this point, they both grinned—a hearty, ferocious grin, as became two fighting men facing the pleasant prospect of cutting each other's throats—and the talk went farther afield.

It was the cook who finally broached a matter which contained new food for thought. Not only would Moslem and Catholic come to grips but Catholic Filipinos would soon be at each other's throats. High officials of the Commonwealth Government, it seems, have sprung from different stocks. This one is Tagalog, that one Visayan, another Ilocano. In the struggle for place and power—following American evacuation—they would be supported by their respective tribes. That ancient, tribal warfare, interrupted some centuries ago by the arrival of the Spaniard, would now be resumed with a ferocity sufficient to make good the wasted years of inactivity. So spoke the cook and the *datto* nodded agreement. "Sir,"—the cook had previously feigned not to see me—"sir, you do not believe this. But we are Filipinos, we know."

But these be weighty matters: matters of high state. It is perhaps not well to place too much trust in the voice of the lowly. They are humble people. All they ask is to be allowed to live according to their own ancient usages. Perhaps Asia will show complaisance in this respect. So while the guns thunder over China, we may leave the *datto* to the solace

of his tobacco and the cook to the scouring of the pans, which reflect the scars of his buccaneer's visage.

## 3

In some respects, this change of station has been desirable. Those southern islands and those half-million Mohammedans of Mindanao and Sulu were beginning to bulk too large. After all, it is the twelve million Tagalogs and Visayans and Ilocanos, with their Spanish-Catholic culture, their rice and cane, their copra and hemp and tobacco, who constitute the bulk of the Filipino people. Their seaports, their sugar centrals, their cigar factories, their railroads and highways, their imports, and their bills of exchange keep the tides of commerce flowing. They control the wealth of the islands—they and the Chinese. They fill the legislature of the islands; they furnish the judges, the orators, the bankers, and the fiscals. Lumped together, they are the Filipino.

Seen in his true perspective, the Moro becomes a black-toothed ruffian of ill repute, a Moslem unbeliever, and a smuggler of Chinese. Along the Escolta in Manila he would be as out of place as a Bedouin on Broadway. All that matters here are the commerce of this seaport, the air-conditioned cinemas, the stock exchange, the clubs and the hotels, the traffic of the shopping district, and Malacañan—Malacañan, once the abode of Spanish governors, now the home of the insular President, with its crystal chandeliers and its famous paintings of the days of Spain's greatness. Everything else is provincial, crude and uncultured. But even Manila must have a hinterland to furnish the food for this population and to fill the holds of those freighters in the bay. With this hinterland we were now to become familiar. Therein lies the advantage of a change of station.

It is this great island hinterland and the raw materials of tropical growth which it pours into Manila that brought the

United States into the Philippine venture. Here are met with all the problems which lie today so darkly across the China Sea. And it is the lives and destinies of these people of the hinterland which America must consider in casting up her Far Eastern account.

A great, muddy river traverses an area of lowland Luzon. Where it empties into the bay, sprawls Manila. Along its banks dwell the Tagalogs. Primarily, they are a river people. "Tagalog," itself, means "tide dwellers." It was largely on them and on the site of their villages at the river's mouth that Spain built her island empire. The veneer of Spanish custom and civilization lies thickest here. Their dialect has become the national speech. They furnish the largest number of students at the old universities of Manila; they control the bulk of such insular wealth as the Chinaman has not yet acquired. In their mestizo types, they furnish the aristocracy of the Philippines.

But behind them crowd other millions; in Luzon and Mindoro and down through the Visayas to Mindanao. By and large, they also are river dwellers. In the early days of Malay migration it was only along the rivers that the jungles could be penetrated. Along the rivers their villages lie thickest to-day. These people also are growers of sugar and tobacco, of coconuts and rice. Across them also lies a crust of Spanish culture. They form the mass of the Filipino people—the river-dwelling people.

In point of numbers, the largest group in the islands is the Visayan. There are perhaps five millions of these people, and they are spread across those islands—Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte, and Samar—which, collectively, are known as the Visayas. Also they extend down to Borneo and across the China Sea to Formosa. Formerly they were called "Pintados," or painted men, from that blue tattooing on their

bodies which was common at the time of the Spanish Conquest.

These people are predominantly of what is known as the Malay blend, a stock which combines the Mongoloid with the Indonesian. The two racial stocks here are about evenly proportioned though in some of the smaller Visayan islands the extremely primitive Australoid is much in evidence, and there are Papuan types along the east coast of Samar and on Leyte and Mindanao. The Visayans are shorter in stature than other Filipinos and have the greatest span of arms in proportion to their height. Those of Misamis are tall and broad-headed due to their large Indonesian admixture, while those of Negros Occidental are very depressed in stature, with strong indications of Negrito blood.

They are civilized, these Visayans; that is, they live in barrios of bamboo and nipa houses; they plow their fields behind the carabao; they harvest their cane and coconuts and rice and they send their children to the schoolhouse down among the banana groves. They attend the Masses and celebrate the fiestas of the church; they carry on trade and go in debt to the Chinaman and otherwise conduct themselves in the civilized manner. So far as their social organization goes they are largely indistinguishable from that second largest group—the Tagalog—which is the Filipino of Manila.

While the second group in point of numbers, the Tagalogs easily rank first in political and commercial importance. Their dialect constitutes a sort of *lingua franca* in the islands and has recently been declared the national Filipino language, being used side by side with English and Spanish. But this leadership is due rather to that accident of geography and history which placed Manila in their midst than to any pronounced superiority of the Tagalog breed. Here, for three centuries, Spanish wealth and power was concentrated, and it was inevitable that the Tagalog should profit from this environment.

These people are spread widely across Luzon from the

provinces of Tarlac and Nueva Ecija on the north to Batangas at the southern end; but their barrios are densest in and around Manila and Cavite and along the shores of the Laguna de Bay. In numbers they are probably somewhat in excess of three millions, but accurate figures are not available.

The prevailing physical type is the Malay blend, with Mongol elements predominating. In the provinces of Batangas and Cavite the Indonesian element is most in evidence, however; and mixed Papuan types are quite numerous along the Pacific coast in the province of Tayabas. The people of Cavite are taller, darker, and of a different type than the surrounding population. This is attributed to the fact that during the British occupation of Manila in 1762-63, a regiment of Madras Sepoys was quartered in this town long enough to modify profoundly the native type.

This is the Tagalog, but what of his mestizo offshoots? They are extremely numerous throughout this whole area, but it is in Manila that this element reaches its greatest proportions. And the half-caste cannot be labeled or classified; he is of all types. The Spanish mestizo is very prominent, but the Spaniard himself was a composite of the Iberian with primitive Australoid and Grimaldi remnants overlaid in part with Gothic stocks and interbred with the Moor, in whom were nameless African blood strains. Then there is the Chinese mestizo whose numbers are rapidly increasing; and for further complication we have the Spanish-Chinese-Tagalog class which defies analysis.

Along with these blood strains in the Filipino of Manila are found those of the Hindu and the Armenian who have been here as merchants since the founding of the city, and with these must be included the Japanese. Then there are those blood strains resulting from the union, illicit or otherwise, of the native girl with the crews of ships of all the seas for which Manila has been a port of call these past four cen-

turies; and a not altogether negligible infusion of American blood strains in Manila and other garrison towns.

Despite all this intermingling of bloods, it is surprising how the Mongoloid strain has somehow absorbed and assimilated them all so that the product of the most diverse ancestries is still a Filipino. He may—and very frequently does—possess physical characteristics which baffle the ethnologist; but he remains, to casual observance at least, a Malay. He is more often short than tall; his skin is a varying shade of brown; his hair is nearly always black and straight; his cheek bones are high, his lips are full, and his eyes have a tendency toward the Mongoloid slant. His nose is sometimes aquiline or thin and straight, but far more often it is the wide, somewhat Negroid nose of the Malay. He is a heavy assimilator of alien stocks.

This Tagalog and these mestizo types are the Filipino of Manila, the Filipino known to tourists and to visitors at this port. He is the politico and the stock broker, the shipping magnate and the holder of governmental posts. He is also the stevedore and the laborer on paving and construction gangs; he is the waiter in restaurants and bars, the taxi and calesa driver and the keeper of countless tiendas which serve the native needs. He is the patron of cockfights and of cinemas without number. He sums up, in himself, those physical and mental characteristics which are generalized by the casual visitor and labeled with disconcerting finality "Filipino." His toothy grin and his flowered shirt, worn outside the trousers, have become fixed in a cartoon type, which is known wherever this product of newspaper artistry finds its way.

North of the Tagalogs lie the Ilocano people, considered by some to be pure Chinese but more probably of the Malay blend with Mongoloid elements very predominant. Their short stature, as compared with other Malay stocks, indicates a very large admixture of primitive blood strains. They number in excess of a million and are found in compact groups

in Ilocos Norte, Ilocos Sur, and La Union, although they have spilled over by migration into Cagayan, Isabela, and Nueva Ecija. In their culture and social organization they differ but little from the Tagalog or the Visayan. With provincial distinctions, such as the construction of their carabao carts, their dialect, or the size of the cigars smoked by their womankind, they share the much generalized Spanish-Filipino civilization.

Then there are the Bicols of northern Masbate, numbering less than a million and of the Malay blend type with the Indonesian element very strong; there are the Pangasinanes of northern Tarlac and Nueva Ecija, in whose Malay blend all primitive types are represented and who number perhaps half a million. There are the Pampangans of the provinces of Pampanga and Tarlac in whom the tall Mongoloid element is predominant with some slight evidence of the Negrito type. A literal translation of the word itself is "along the shores," and tradition indicates that these people originated in Sumatra, where their dialect is still spoken by a tribe inhabiting the shores of a lake. They also are probably not in excess of a half-million.

These are the largest groups, but there are also bits and fragments of other tribes ranging in numbers from five thousand to a quarter-million. They all share the general Spanish-Filipino civilization, but are differentiated by dialect and by provincial customs. Along the coasts they are sea-faring and fisher folk but for the most part are agriculturists, planting their rice and gathering their coconuts and living in the nipa-thatched barrios of their kind.

There are the Ibanags of the Cagayan valley, who are predominantly Indonesian with a strong Papuan element. They are the tallest and darkest in color of any Filipino people, and such Mongoloid types as are found appear to be the result of comparatively recent Chinese admixture. They still retain much of their old pre-Spanish culture with distinctly tribal customs. There are the Sambals of Zambales, who were origi-

nally pure Indonesian, and the Yogads, who are predominantly Indonesian with a mixture of Negrito and Chinese types.

There are the Isinais of Nueva Vizcaya, who are a Malay blend with a high percentage of the short Mongol type and some Ainu admixture; and, finally, there is that small group known as Ibatans. These people, numbering about ten thousand, are found on the Batanes Islands lying between Luzon and Formosa. They also are of the Malay blend, but are heavily intermixed with the short Mongol and particularly with the hairy Ainu types.

## 5

These are the river dwellers of the islands, the people who crowd the ports: Manila, Cebu, Iloilo, Davao, who populate the broad valleys and hinterlands. They work with the plow and the bolo and with cumbersome, carabao-powered machinery after the wasteful and unhurried usage of the tropics. They are still largely illiterate, incoherent in their thinking and inarticulate as to their needs. They are exploited by the Chinese and the cacique and cowed by the politico.

Among them are felt the repercussions of that American imperial policy which moved forward so boldly a half-century ago into the Pacific—the China trade, the Philippines, Guam, Hawaii, Samoa—that policy which faltered to a standstill and is now reversing itself. Their future is troubled and uncertain. How will their new Commonwealth fare among the greeds and hatreds of machine-powered masses, the ruthless competition for economic survival? Will they become, for a time, a Latin-American republic of the Orient torn by spasmodic and very bloody revolution? Will they become eventually another Manchukuo? Or will the Far Eastern policy of the United States again stiffen and these islands be

included within the scope of American trusteeship during their inevitably prolonged period of transition?

The Filipino does not appear greatly concerned. He possesses, in common with most of the Orient, a fatalistic philosophy. His chief concern is with today—his rice crop, his fighting cock, his number in the lottery. He works long hours, attends the Masses of his church, repairs the thatch of his roof, and enjoys the fiesta.

## 6

Biology and history furnish the background. Projected against that shadowy past, the Filipino lives in his island world. He is not easy to understand. There is, for example, the matter of language. Basically, the dialects are Malayan but there are many of them. A Tagalog has difficulty in conversing with a Visayan or an Ilocano, and the Maranaw speech of the Moro of Lanao is unintelligible to the Tao-Suug of Jolo.

But for the white man, there are obstacles to be met which are more difficult than that of language. There is the matter of contacts. The white man in the islands, unless he has abandoned his kind and gone altogether native, is a person set apart. Caste still holds in the islands. The native will work for pay for the white man; he will serve him, but he will not talk to him of the things that are in his mind. He will lie oftener than he will tell the truth. It is not because he particularly enjoys lying so much as it is an effort, possibly largely subconscious, to observe the fitness of things. The white man is one person, the Malay is another. Between them there is a wall. That is in the infinite scheme of things. Very well, then, the native will build that wall a little higher with a lie.

But even when he does not lie he is not an easy person to understand. He lives by instinct and his instincts are not those of the white man. There is no meeting point. There

never will be a meeting point. The best that can be looked for is a large toleration based on mutual respect and real affection. Here the native gives in the measure that he receives. But place no trust in that man who says he understands the Malay.

## 7

The river, broad, muddy, and bearing on its swollen flood countless clumps of the taro plant, rolls on toward Manila. Some miles downstream its banks will be lined with bodegas and counting houses and with freighters and scows and sampans made fast in a tangle of hawsers: and its oily swells will carry the traffic of that crossroads of the Orient. It will flow between the abutments of great bridges of stone, carved with the giant figures of Neptunes and dolphins and all the countless forms of marine life known to mythology and superstition and then will throw its load of taro leaves and drift logs and the refuse of a waterfront far out into that Bay which is an inland sea. At times—swept along on the yellow tide—floats the swollen carcass of a pig or a fowl; and not infrequently an unrecognizable shape which was once human drifts past in the litter of bamboo and banana stalks.

That is downstream where the river traffic quickens to the pulse of a great seaport. Here—some miles inland—the river's banks are overgrown with tall clumps of rustling bamboo, with papaya and banana trees, and with a tangle of vines and masses of flame-colored blossoms. Here and there along the banks, a sugar mill or a pottery kiln pushes back the rank growth, but for the most part it shelters only the innumerable nipa huts of the Malay. They line the river bank, thousands of these straw-colored shacks, their thatched roofs blending so closely with the bamboo clumps and the broad banana leaves that they seem almost a part of that rank growth.

At intervals along the river—where a stream which has

traversed the rice-growing back country loses its identity in the yellow flood or where cart roads meet and fork—these nipa huts multiply and crowd in haphazard barrios with the black ruin of a great buttressed church or a stone quarry or a group of Chinese tiendas as the core. Gaunt hogs roam these barrio streets, under the houses on their bamboo stilts and at the doors of the tiendas where fruit scraps and the litter of many passers-by give impetus to their scavenging.

The barrio pump, with its great sweep, is a favored meeting place. Here the women gather with their buckets and bamboo tubes and groups of men soap their bodies in the sun with a pail at hand to sluice away the suds. They wear cheap cotton trunks of Japanese make and their bodies are the polished brown of nara wood. At the doors of their shacks the older men squat for interminable hours while they fondle their favorite fighting cock. A few days later they may throw the mangled body from the cockpit with a snort of disgust and turn their attention to one more promising. (Give alms frequently to the passer-by that in your next reincarnation you become not brute nor fowl in Malay hands. It is not good.)

A road follows the river's course. Very far back in time it may have been a jungle trail followed by the hunters of food or of human heads. Later, by how many unknown centuries, it probably became a cart road, facilitating trade between the people of these barrios along the river's banks. Such it may have been in the days when Spanish men-at-arms stormed the palisaded villages of Moro *datus* at Manila and Tonda and along the Laguna de Bay. Later, undoubtedly it was a military and post road and its dust was stirred by shuffling columns of those Mexican troops with which Spain garrisoned this Bay region. The nipa huts from which those stolid troops pulled a delinquent taxpayer are in no respect different from those which line the road today.

But the road itself has changed. Now it is a broad, hard-surfaced thoroughfare along which roars the traffic of a sea-

port hinterland. There are trucks of every American make, loaded with bales and sacks and drums of oil and tins of gasoline. There are huge busses crowded with excited and noisy Filipino humanity, roaring past with a screeching of horns. For what reason, argues the Malay mind, was a horn placed on this great engine cart if not to be blown?

So the products of American factories burn the highway with their grinning, speed-thrilled travelers, with their wide-mouthed horns and with a sudden screaming of brakes as a carabao lumbers from the cogon grass along the oil-stained concrete. The carabao is not yet adjusted to twentieth-century traffic. Neither is the snake; but for him the brakes do not screech and the great tires take no hurt from his dying venom. Tomorrow's sun will dry the mottled skin to dust which will eddy in the wake of other trucks. The highway follows the river and the nipa shacks crowd them both.

I have known the river and its frankly primitive life these many months. But always there is something new to be met with here, another riddle of Malayan mentality to be solved. Many never will be solved, for it is not within the power of the white man to grasp, in its entirety, the workings of the Oriental mind. And the Malay is Oriental—wholly and entirely Oriental. Why, for example, does the Malay lie when the simple truth would serve his needs as well? Why does he fondle that fighting cock which tomorrow he will throw into the pit with no apparent feeling? Why is he either abjectly servile or contemptuously proud—and both by turns—never wholly self-possessed or self-sufficient? Here the Moro and the Igorot vary from their Tagalog kinsman; they have a quiet dignity which the Tagalog and Visayan apparently have lost. Perhaps three centuries of Spanish domination may account for this.

But the river life goes endlessly on. Beside the stone landing steps, which the dead hand of Spain has bequeathed, the women throng to the river's edge with the family washing.

There they squat in the immemorial posture of the Orient, to rub and dip the soiled garments, lathering them well with soap and beating them with an unvarying motion against the rocks along the river's edge. The deck washings of passing tugs and river boats add their foulness to the stream which flows with sullen dirtiness between the stone walls of landing wharves.

In the noonday heat, the carabao lumbers down the bank to immerse himself in the shallows, his ears laid back and his great eyes searching the shore with anxious questioning. He will not lightly be routed from that all essential soaking. Along the levees toward Manila, Chinese coolies sweat under bags of rice and sugar and the copra of south-sea commerce and trot with bales and gasoline cans on springing yokes.

Through it all, the women squat and soap and pound interminably the laundry of the barrios. Great stretches of the river bank are white from the incessant soaping, and the swish of the beaten shirt echoes down the stream. Bancas are tied at every waterfront hut, and barges, towed by tugs, stir oily swells to beat among the bamboo stilts of the nipa shacks among the banana trees. Hidden among the broad leaves, two half-grown girls strip for a furtive plunge and come up with glistening brown breasts and streaming hair. The life of the river goes noisily and interminably on. Perhaps it would be better to say that this river life continues. The other phrase carries with it some suggestion of advancement, of progress. There is not much progress here in these barrios along the great river and in the bay region. Perhaps a gramophone blaring its inconsistencies of sound from a nipa hut set high on its posts beside the road; perhaps a Filipino girl wearing cheap silk stockings and high-heeled slippers as she returns from work in Manila. But in a few minutes after her return, slippers and stockings are laid aside. She wears on her bare feet the *chinelas* of her sisters as she goes to the pump for water.

Probably the trucks which roar along the highway, even the highway itself, are an indication of progress. The Malay built neither truck nor highway. One was built back in the States, the other is the product of American capital and American engineering. Still, perhaps, the Malay may be said to be progressing by proxy as it were. It will be interesting to see what happens to the highway and the trucks when the white man has gone. Aside from such evidences of Occidental civilization, the Filipino builds his nipa house and in and around it carries on the functions of living very much as his fore-fathers were doing when the Spanish ships first dropped anchor in that great bay into which the river empties. Except in mestizo types he has not changed.

## 8

Across the great, fertile valley, the cones of old volcanoes rise, grim and sullen, beyond the rice fields and the smoke of burning cane. Downstream, there is smoke of a different sort. It lies above Manila and the crowded life of its waterfront. At times we follow the river down to that great city which sprawls beside its banks and crosses its yellow flood on bridges of steel and stone. Here life is strident, odorous, and tropical. Sometimes, walking along the narrow streets and among the booths and stalls, I have stopped to watch a Chinese as he posts his daily accounts.

Elbows wide, he sprawls across the counter with the complete detachment of the Oriental for the job at hand. He makes a swift calculation on the wooden beads of his abacus then dips a stubby brush in the blackest of all inks. Carefully and methodically he paints the entry in a book, each character a word complete in itself, characters as old as the beginning of that teeming yellow life along the ancient river valleys of his Chinese homeland.

Were he to paint in his book, with that blackest of all inks,

my account of this City of Manila, the entries might run something as follows:

Item: The blackened walls of this "very noble and ever loyal" city of Spanish priests and matchlock men and of the lions and towers of the red and gold standards which were once the colors of Imperial Spain in this Asiatic outpost.

In the church of the Augustinians, below the stone flagging, lie the bones of Legaspi and Goiti and others of the *adelantados* of the medieval city; and before its massive doors, the squat Brahman lions, brought long ago from Goa or Macao, still mount their guard. At sunset the great bells ring out above the teeming life of this walled city with its narrow streets, areek with the smells of the Orient, and countless filthy courtyards and patios and shops where Chinese workmen hold a board between bare feet and fashion chests of rare beauty with tools of a pattern familiar to Confucius. Above the Pasig, Fort Santiago looks down upon the river traffic of all the East.

Item—A dark-eyed, red-lipped mestizo girl who wears the slit-skirted Chinese gown and travels between this port and Shanghai on some obscure errands of her own of which we know nothing and with which we have no concern.

Item—An earthquake, rocking the ground, toppling old bellfries to the ground, breaking water mains, plunging the city into darkness, and driving some thousands of terrified occupants of old houses and of nipa shacks into the plazas to spend a sleepless night.

Item—A *calesa* driver—one of many hundreds—wearing a straw hat and a shirt outside his breeches, smoking a huge cigar and propping his bare, dirty feet, waist high, while he lashes a little Mongolian horse through the traffic of downtown streets.

Item—A wistful Filipino girl—again one of many hundreds—selling lottery tickets on a street corner.

Item—A muddy river, acrawl with every type of craft known to the Occident or the Orient.

Item—A market where everything edible in these islands may be bought singly or by the handful.

Item—A squalid section of nipa huts, overrun with gaunt hogs and packed with indescribable smells.

Item—A typhoon signal raised in the midst of a lashing downpour of rain which narrows the limits of the world to the near side of the curb—with all beyond shut out and lost.

Item—Sunset at the close of a day of gloom and rain. Returning from Manila along a muddy road between the rice fields, a man leading a carabao. He wears the coolie hat and the nipa cape of the Orient. His face is young and strongly lined, and his unhurried gait has the unconscious dignity of labor. He has worked since sunrise in the fields and he is returning to his nipa hut and his supper of cold boiled rice with perhaps a morsel of fish. But he outweighs, in our regard, all that has gone before in and about this city of Manila; for it is he and his kind who feed the millions of hungry mouths here along these islands of Asia. And it is this strong, young face—given character by labor among growing things under a tropic sun and the beat of tropic rains—which looms starkly against a background of flooded rice fields stretching back to a rain-closed horizon. He is the tao.

## 9

Rice must be planted! Rice the food of the Orient, the one essential in the life of the East. They are ready now for planting—throughout the islands, from Luzon to Mindanao—these slender green shoots. The carabao has done his work with plow and harrow—lurching lazily and thrusting his nose into the muddy water at each massive step. The rains are here, and the banked-up fields are ankle-deep with the life-giving fluid. Time now to plant rice.

You who have lived in the Northland know the meaning of spring, of the good earth showing brown and sodden again through melting snow, of the drip from black branches in old woods, the rush of swollen creeks, and the new garrulity of life in barnyard and woodlot. Here in the Philippines there is no spring, no melting snow nor frosty tang in the morning air; but there are the rains and rice-planting time. And though there is no springtime, in the Northland sense, yet with the coming of the young rice, there is a stirring of new hope, new energy, and a gaiety of spirit which makes of the drudgery of the planting almost a joyous thing.

The sky is heavily overcast with gray, thick-lying clouds. Tropic rains lash down and in their pause, a warm wind stirs the coconut fronds and the grass along the rice-land dykes. And from early sunset to late dusk, the tao and his women-folk wade the water-logged fields. Rice must be planted.

There are men in coolie hats, with their breeches rolled to muddy thighs, and girls in Chinese red, with tucked-up skirts and kerchiefs across their hair. They wear the cheap cotton prints of the East, gaudy and poor, but colorful across the green of the young rice and of sod-covered dykes.

The rains are here, but life is good to the tao. He can work now in his fields—stooped low to place each tender young shoot in its submerged bed. He is again one with the earth from which he came and from which he draws his strength. And as he works, he sings—the song of new rice and its planting, of the toil and aching back, of stooping over without rest—the age-old song of the tao, which is the song of the coolie across the endless rice fields of the East.

Flooded fields and the green shoots of young rice—the rice which is the food of the East! Rice for the kettles of Igorots in their mountain villages, rice for the chow pot of the tao in his shack among the bamboo and of the Moro in his pile-built hut above the mud flats. Rice for the bowl of the Japanese fisherman offshore in his dirty sampan; rice for the

cacique and the Bajao, for the coolie and the politico. There is a universality about this rice planting; it takes on ageless and epic proportions. Time to plant rice; and the song of the young rice and its planting is the toiling song of the race.

And so it is that while China flames with war, the rice for December's harvest lies green in countless flooded fields here along these island frontiers of Asia.

The guns at Corregidor still look seaward, and certain long gray ships still ride at anchor in the rain-lashed bay. Because of them the tao plants his rice in peace.

## Chapter Ten

I

THE LONG, gray ships of the Asiatic squadron and the guns of Corregidor in Manila Bay secure the possession of the tao in his island home. Under their shadow, Anglo-Saxon law and administrative methods secure him in the holding of his individual acres and in a standard of living which is beyond the realization or the comprehension of his racial masses in Java or Sumatra or Borneo. Forty years of American control have done much for the Filipino.

So the tao, standing on a low mud dyke, looks out across the flooded fields, green with the young rice. The whole valley is a potential granary which, in December, will yield its harvest of rich brown grain. At the edge of the fields, almost hidden among the bamboo, stands his house; its thatch the color of the brown, moist earth of which he feels himself, somehow, a part. There is the fire-blackened hearth at which his breakfast had been cooked in the early gray of morning, while low-lying fog still covered the valley. There, in the little enclosure beyond the house, is his carabao, and there, along the dyke, waddle his ducks. It is all his; and out there, bending above the young rice, is the son to whom it will all one day belong when he himself has been returned to the all-inclusive earth.

There is about it all a sense of security, of solidity and well-being to which this old tao has now become accustomed

and which he accepts, with no longer any question, as his right. If he were to think about it, which he seldom does, he would recall that it was not always so. It has come about since the day of the Americans; but so gradually have the changes in the old order taken place that they have seemed quite natural.

He and all of the other men and the women too, of his age, can remember what it was like back in the days of the Spaniard. Then the people had risen up in revolt, and battles were of almost daily occurrence. Down in the great city of Manila, the hospitals were full of sick and wounded Spaniards—so it was said—with ambulances daily bringing more. Spanish soldiers patrolled the streets, and Filipinos, villagers like himself, who were found with rifles under the thatch of their houses, were stood up against a wall and shot.

Then the great ships of the Americans had come and had sunk the Spanish ships. The noise of the guns in the bay had been like heavy thunder, and it had lasted many hours. The Spanish ships had burst into flames, and you can still see them in the mud of the bay when the tide is low: great, rusty masses of iron, showing gaping holes. There is a stone fort at the waterfront which also has holes in its walls.

At first, the people had thought that the Americans would help them in their fighting with the Spaniards and then go away. But when they found that they intended to stay and keep the islands for themselves, the friendship of the Filipinos turned to hatred. A plan had been very secretly formed. There were many thousands of Filipinos in Manila, and the plan was to assemble at certain places on the night set and to kill all of that white breed: that is all of the civilians and the women, for the soldiers would be outside the city in their trenches facing the insurrectos. But somehow the plan was discovered and heavy guards were placed about the streets in Manila. After that many of the people took their bolos and joined the insurrectos.

This old farmer, forty years back, was a soldier of the insurrectos. He had been a member of that ill-trained and little-disciplined mass, armed as often with bolos as with Krags, which fought the Americans across these very rice fields. Then, *independencia* was something for which he was willing to risk being shot, he and his neighbors who were also insurrectos.

It is doubtful if they had any clear idea of what they were fighting for. Very probably it was only a crude idea down deep in the minds of these people that somehow they were going to shake off their masters—these Americans who had taken the place of the Spaniards—get rid of the whites, and divide up the big estates among themselves, the estates of not only the friars but of the caciques as well. Of what might lie beyond independence, of politics and government and the immutable laws of economics there was little, if any, conception.

The old farmer digs his bare toes into the moist, warm earth of the dyke and breathes deeply of the early morning air. Perhaps he had been in the great fight up northward along the banks of the Rio Grande, when the Americans had swum the wide, muddy river and had driven the insurrectos from their trenches. Or perhaps it had been to the south, down along the Laguna. There the insurrectos had retreated through the tall grass and jungle to make their stand at the bridge across the Zapote. It had been a hot day, with a cloudless sky and no air stirring. More of the big, white soldiers had fallen from the sun than from the bullets of the insurrectos. He and his neighbors, in the trench beside him, had not felt the heat, but they were driven out nevertheless and left very many dead on the ground.

After that fight many of the insurrectos had returned home. The dream of independence had faded and there was nothing to do but to take up the broken fragments of their lives and make of them what they could. Knowing the Spaniard, they

had not hoped for much. The Americans were also of that white breed. There was no one to tell them that things might perhaps be different under that new hand.

But, on laying down their guns and returning home, it had not been from the Americans that they had suffered. Rather it was from their own people, neighbors who had not laid down their guns but who had turned to guerrilla fighting. These guerrilla bands had been little better than brigands. They hid in the jungle along the edge of the barrios and made the people feed them. If you did not leave your house at night, when there was no moon, to take them a carabao or rice or a pig, when they sent you a message to do so, you were the same as dead.

Only it was a hard death, with cruel torture and burning and there was no mercy to be looked for. Better chance a stay in the *Americano* jail for helping those outlaws than to have your feet roasted before a slow fire or be smeared with wild honey and staked on an ant hill.

There had been so many of these *tulisanes*, these ladrones. Was not Cavite on the bay known as the “*madre de tulisanes*” (the mother of bandits)? There had been that Felipe Salvador with his band of ladrones which he called, with mocking blasphemy, “Santa Yglesia,” the Holy Church. There was that ugly looking Oruga, from whom no young girl was safe. And there had been one Felizardo, the most dangerous and adroit of all ladrones, whose headquarters had been close to this very barrio, just south of Manila itself. And besides these, there had been many others.

This cruelty of the Malay to his own kind had seemed nothing so very unusual. It was a part of the law of life. At least, it had been forty years ago. Perhaps the Malay today is not very different. Conditions have changed and so much cruelty is not needed any more. The cruelty is there. It is in this old tao and in all the people of the barrio, bending now,

thigh-deep in the flooded fields above the rice, but it is not needed. It sleeps.

The Americans had finally put an end to all that. The guerrillas no longer hid in the jungle. Strangely enough, very few of them, except such notorious bandits as Oruga or Felizardo, had been stood up against a wall and shot or had been hanged in Bilibid Prison. That apparently, was not the way of these white men. Instead, they had restored order in the barrios, with a Filipino *presidente* in the old stone municipal building, with its iron-barred windows. Then the soldiers had turned the government of the islands over to civilians and the Señor Taft had come to Manila to become the so great governor general. This old farmer had seen the Señor Taft on the streets of Manila, on a day which he still remembers.

Thereafter, many changes had taken place across the countryside. Where formerly there had been only cart roads, ankle deep with mud during the rains, with great holes which were carabao wallows, and equally deep in dust during the hot season, there were now hard-surfaced roads. Even the most distant barrios could now be reached in a few hours' traveling if one wished to go there; and farmers like himself could go to the city of Manila with no trouble at all.

There had been many changes; so many and they had come so naturally that it is hard now to remember just how things had been in the old days. There was the matter of the well, for example. The old barrio well was deep enough for its purpose but it was not lined with stone and oftentimes it caved in and had to be dug out again. Also the people of the barrio came there to bathe and to wash their clothes, and this water seeped back down into the well. Some of the people who used the well were sick, but the sick could not be asked to stay away. That would seem to say that they were not liked. By no means must the sick be abhorred, especially if they are of a near blood.

But oftentimes the sickness had spread in the barrio, and many people, especially the children, had died. Those were very distressful times. Then the people, carrying lanterns, went to the church for the image of San Roque and carried it in a long procession to the barrio, singing sad songs and begging the good saint to spare their children from this death.

The American had said that the trouble was in the well. It must be dug deep and walled with concrete so that no water, spilled on the ground, or the spit of a sick person could enter the well. Very many such wells had been dug and thereafter there was less sickness in the barrios and fewer children had died. It was not necessary then to carry the image of the saint so often in long procession.

Also there was the matter of the friar lands. In the days of the Spaniard, all the land hereabouts had belonged to the church. Farmers like this tao did not own their land. They paid a rent for its use, and the rent was high. But that same Señor Taft had gone to Rome to talk to the Holy Father about this matter. Thereafter, the government had bought the friar lands and had sold them in small farms to the people. One paid a small sum for a number of years, as the rents had formerly been paid, then one owned the land. There was nothing more to be paid. The land! That was what the people had hungered for. That was why they had fought the Spaniard. That was what independence was to have brought them—the land. And now it is theirs; they have paid for the land and they own it—except those who have sold it to the Chinaman for a debt.

Also there is the matter of the law. Forty years ago, the law had been something which poor farmers, like these people bending over their young rice, must greatly fear. It worked so slowly and oftentimes so very unjustly. The law was for the rich man: for the politico and the don and the cacique. For the tao, it was a different matter. People were kept sometimes for many months in jail before they were brought before

the magistrate for trial. Their families might starve but who cared for that. But now that is all changed. The law now is also for the tao. He is almost the equal of the cacique in that respect.

And so it is that this old farmer is not so sure about this new independence. Here history links up with the present. History has been made during the lifetime of these people. The younger people, especially the politicos, talk much of independence. But these older people are not so sure. The politicos take credit for all the things which have been done, as if they had accomplished them themselves. But the people know that it is not so. Always it has been the white man who has done these things. The conditions of life have changed, but the tao himself has not changed. He knows himself and his neighbor and his son and his neighbor's son. They are today as they were. He is under no delusions on that score.

The politicos say they are one race, one nation, able to stand together. But the people know the truth regarding this. They remember what they have suffered from their own kind—from the cacique and the ladrone. When those bandit leaders had been finally hung, the politicos had claimed that they were patriots, dying for independence. But everyone in the barrio knew that they were only cruel bandits, who plundered their own people.

The old tao and his kind, who were *insurrectos*, remember how, when they were fighting in the trenches, the little long-haired Macabebes—their own people—had fought against them and had treacherously helped the American general Funston to capture their own Aguinaldo. To this day, the tao cannot think of the Macabebe without hatred. No! Filipino cannot stand with Filipino. At least he has not done so in the past.

The politicos say that they are Filipinos; their skin is brown; they are of a certain race. Why should they be governed by the white man? That is true, and the old farmer feels a surge of pride within himself, a pride which is that of

race and kind. He is a Filipino, that is true. He and the people of the barrio would like to show the white man that he is not needed, that white man who feels himself somehow superior and who is always so very sure of himself. But, after all, could the people have done what the white man has done? The politico is a Filipino like himself.

Would it not, perhaps, be better to leave things as they are? The older people, those who have seen history in the making, are not so sure about this independence. They would like, perhaps, to wait for a time. And meanwhile they have their land and no one sends them to jail unjustly and wages are very high—high, that is, for working people like themselves. Independence? Despite the politico, they do not think of it so often now. There is the rice to be planted.

## 2

Juan squats at ease under the projecting thatch of his house and listens lazily to the creak of the barrio pump. The women are drawing water and soon rice will be boiling in the iron kettle; for he hears his wife's voice among those of the women waiting with their bamboo tubes. His wife, his house, his kettle! It is very good to have these things, although most of his pay does go to the cacique for rent. And then there is his fighting cock and the sow which has just littered. But at the thought of the cock, a frown creases his forehead. Where is he to get a peso to bet on him this afternoon?

He is wearing his new *camisa* of flowered *piña* cloth and a great straw hat. It is not the bowl-shaped coolie hat of coarse straw which he wears at his work in the cane but a very fine hat with high crown and wide brim. It is soft and cool on his head and of good weave. The man who talked to that large crowd on the plaza this morning wore one very much like it, only smaller and probably better woven. After all,

he is not rich like that man, who wore also shoes and linen clothes and a coat instead of a *camisa*.

Juan wrinkles his forehead and scowls again—not because of the peso which, after all, he can probably borrow from the Chinaman—but because of that speech. He had not understood very much of it but there are some things in particular which puzzle him. He is a Malay; the man had said so: he and his wife who is very young and pretty and his old mother and his two cousins, who live in his house, and all the people of the barrio. His eyes and cheekbones under the wide-brimmed hat are, in fact, Mongolian, and his skin is that sooty brown which indicates a Papuan Negroid strain. He knows nothing of this, but he knows that he is a Malay and that he is a citizen of a new Malayan Commonwealth. It is all very confusing, particularly that about a Commonwealth. That part requires thinking.

He reaches to the post and unties the red cock with black markings. Holding him on the ground between his knees, he strokes the soft breast feathers and looks appraisingly at the scarred head. It is a good cock and has won him many pesos. Also he can think better now while he strokes the warm body—with the pleasant nearness of the noonday meal and of the cockpit this afternoon to give coherence to his thinking.

There was much which the man had said about the cane and about the ownership of the mill after independence. Now Juan knows all about the cane. He had worked in the cane yesterday and the day before and for more days and years than he could remember, barring of course Sundays and fiesta days. This is a fiesta day and that is why he is here, wearing his best *camisa* instead of swinging his machete among the fire-blackened stalks. But about the mill he knows very little.

He had been inside the mill once—a great building full of machinery and of noises which had frightened him, although of course he had not admitted that to his wife. He had been a little proud when he told her of the great engines with their

hissing of steam and of enormous conveyors which carried more cane than his carabao cart could haul in a week; and of how the cane went between huge rollers which crushed out whole vats full of sweet juice. He had also seen great kettles where the juice was boiled but there was no fire; and how sacks were filled with sugar which came down wooden chutes —more sugar than she could imagine no matter how hard she tried.

He had not cared to go into the mill again; the noises confused him and the floor was slippery to his bare feet and he might be caught in one of the great machines. He could not understand why some of the men in his barrio liked to work there. But this was a fiesta day, and the man who talked on the plaza had very much to say about the mill. Juan understood, of course, that it cost very many pesos to build a mill like that, more pesos than he or all the barrio together had ever owned, perhaps more than all the pesos in many barrios. And he had heard that the men who owned the mill and very many acres of cane field also were capitalists. He had never seen them and could not be sure, but that is what he had heard.

And now soon there was to be independence and probably the capitalists would no longer own the mill. Just who would own it, the man had not made very clear; but the people had all cheered and there had been much talking in groups coming back to the barrio. It had all been very exciting but somehow no one had explained to him about the mill although he had asked several men. Perhaps they had not understood either, although they had laughed a great deal and had stopped at the tienda to buy good cigars and some had also bought tuba. It was good to be prosperous and to pay no more taxes. It was good even to think about these things. He also had bought a glass of tuba. Perhaps it was two glasses.

But there is a matter which troubles him. Everything does not fit together as it should. There is that newspaper which

the Chinaman's son, who has been to school, read last week at the tienda. He does not remember it all, but the newspaper, which was written in English, said that all the sugar from the mill was placed in ships and sent to America. After independence no more sugar would be sent to America because there would be a tariff. The mill would close and there would be no more cane to cut, also no more pesos with which to buy rice. The Chinaman's son had explained it, and there had been much talk in the barrio.

Now Juan knows about hard times and he knows all about what it is like to have no rice. He remembers distinctly although he no longer thinks about it very often. It was after the Great War ended over across the sea that the mill had closed. There was no more cane to be cut, and the Chinaman would not lend any more money or sell any more rice to be paid for when there should again be money. He remembers how the hog had been eaten and all the chickens and how bellies were again empty.

Now that he thinks of it, it all comes back so clearly. There was the morning when his wife could no longer get up from her mat to light a fire and boil water but only smiled at him where she lay. He had taken his bolo that morning and gone out, very quietly so that she would not hear him. He was sure she did not hear him because her eyes were closed. He had gone to the plaza, and on the way, other men from the barrio had walked with him; so that, when they reached the plaza, there was a great crowd and everyone had a bolo. On the plaza, a man had talked to them and told them to go home; but they had pushed him down and walked on his body, because they were a crowd and those in back pressed against those in front.

He remembers now so clearly the noise of their feet on the dusty road. It was like the sound of the wind moving the great banana leaves before a rain. They were going to the Chinaman's bodega where the rice was stored. He was not in

the front of the crowd. He is glad now that he had not been, because when they reached the bodega, there was the Constabulary and they had fired at those in front. But those in the rear kept crowding and the rifles were fired again and again until someone started running. Then everybody ran—those who could. He had run too—very swiftly—between the houses and among the trees until he reached his own house and hid his bolo so that no one could find it. That afternoon, he had buried his wife. That is why he now has this wife who is young and pretty.

Most definitely he does not like trouble and most assuredly he does not want to be without rice for his belly. Suppose that after independence the mill should close! Suppose that there should be no cane to cut and the crowd should again go down the road to the Chinaman's bodega! He does not like to think about that. Perhaps it is only the tuba which he drank this morning that makes him think of these things. Besides he is hungry and wishes that his wife would call him to dinner. There should be fish also on a fiesta day.

The man on the plaza this morning had said nothing of all this; quite the contrary. They had all felt happy this morning, when he talked about the mill and they had bought good cigars and the tuba. Probably he knew more about the matter than the newspaper did. That was written in English and was probably only intended to confuse people like himself. After dinner he will sleep and then go to the cockpit. It is not good to think too much, and besides this is a fiesta day. Today he should be happy.

It is raining in Manila. At least it has been raining until a half hour ago and the sky is still heavily overcast. The drenching downpour will resume at any minute. But the Escolta is crowded and the blare of motor horns, the rattle of *calesa* wheels, and the shuffle of feet on the pavements and below

the lowered awnings is a continuing confusion of sound. The shops are filled with tourists. No less than three great liners are in port, their masts projecting well above the long sheds of the piers. Tonight or in the morning they will be gone; but today they are here and the Escolta thrives.

In a jewelry shop, a Chinese woman and her daughter are appraising bracelets. The daughter wears the Shanghai gown, and her fingers are heavy with rings. Her father is a prosperous sugar broker of this city, and the family is said to have wealth. She clasps a heavy gold bracelet about a slender wrist while an American girl watches covetously. She is a Shanghai refugee, this girl, and now the mistress of a Spanish mestizo, a man of inherited large estates and of undoubted political prominence.

In a book shop, a trim and pretty Filipino girl is deep in conversation with a young man of her own race. They talk in Spanish, and the rising inflection of her frequent "*Si, señor*" indicates not only a profound respect but undoubtedly a warmer feeling for this male of the species. An elderly American lady, tourist by her excellent grooming, interrupts in search of a book on Bali. This transaction completed, she remarks on the number of well-built houses in Manila and the shopgirl pertly asks, "Did you think that we live in nipa shacks here in the islands?" This, obviously for the benefit of the waiting young man, and the elderly lady turns, slightly bewildered, away.

The sidewalks are muddy and progress is slow in the crowds. In a popular bar, a group of Americans is seated about a table. They rattle the dice in a leather box to determine the payment of their drinks and they curse generously and without heat. They wear the linen suits of the Orient, but one of them is travel-worn and in need of a shave. He is the manager of a gold mine in the Benguet country of the mountain province and he has been long on the road in getting

down to Manila. One of the group is a city newspaperman; another is the manager of a sugar central.

Outside, the rain resumes its steady beat and the roar of taxi horns increases as the Escolta shoppers seek shelter. A Filipino boy, selling lottery tickets, approaches the table but decamps under the threatening eye of the proprietor. Below the swinging doors passes a curious and interminable procession of feet: bare feet, sandal-shuffling feet, daintily shod feet. Time now for another drink for the group at the table. The dice boxes rattle and the pompadour-haired waiter watches with interest. His gambling blood is aroused.

And while they drink they talk, these representatives of divergent interests and widely varied backgrounds, drawn together by a common heritage of blood and speech in this Far Eastern port. They are old-timers, which may mean anything from one to forty years' stay here in the islands, and their talk is colloquial in the extreme. To follow its ramifications would require a knowledge of persons and places which the stout tourist at a near-by table does not possess, although he cocks an attentive ear. The very damp sailors who have come to rest opposite are not interested. They are concerned with other matters.

Stripped of references to individuals, who do not concern us, and divested of the semi-British drawl of the white man in the islands, the conversation might be recorded in excellent but profane English as a discussion of approaching independence for the Commonwealth and its economic aftermath—a subject, these days, never far in the background. But this talk is of a different caliber than the vague thinking backward of the people of the barrios. It is the strong, purposeful talk of men who know definitely of what they speak, who have few illusions and fewer theories: the blunt expression of men who see in approaching independence a chaotic darkness blotting out their world.

The mining engineer has the least to say. He is engrossed in

the problem of getting a shipment of heavy machinery over a treacherous mountain road with G-string-wearing *cargadores* and with slides to be looked for in these rains. For us, the talk requires a hasty mental review of economic conditions of which, at best, we know too little, an attempt to regrasp and summarize facts which have suddenly acquired a new and startling significance.

In the old Spanish years, sugar production in the islands was small. Such muscovado sugar as was milled was a crude product. It still largely satisfies the sugar needs of the Filipino himself. He does not consume very much refined sugar. The cane which was grown had a low sugar content and much of this was wasted in crushing in the primitive carabao-powered wooden mills. Such surplus as remained was distributed between Great Britain, America, and Malaya. The total amount of sugar exported was less than a quarter of a million tons a year, and even this trade dropped off heavily during the war with Spain and the early years of American occupation.

The industry was slow to come back. The production of tropical cane sugar under modern conditions, especially in competition with Cuban and Hawaiian sugar, required large centrals with heavy outlays for expensive machinery. Capital for this purpose was not available in the islands. Under an Act of Congress, fostered by a beet-sugar lobby, no corporation in the islands could acquire more than twenty-five hundred acres of land. This was fatal to the establishment of a central. Also the Filipinos themselves were violently opposed to the introduction of American capital.

The World War, however, created an unprecedented demand for sugar; and, under this spur, the Filipino legislature created a Sugar Central Board for the purpose of establishing a system of co-operative production. With this went similar methods of milling and marketing. Under the wartime demand, more than a million and a half tons of sugar were produced in one year, most of which went to American markets.

Unlike the sugar centrals in Java, which own their own plantations and grow their own cane, these Filipino centrals were dependent on a large number of small landowners, who grew the cane under contract to the central. These planters were themselves of the small-farmer class and further leased their lands to tenants who produced the cane on a percentage basis. Probably at least two million Filipinos thus became dependent on sugar.

The new centrals, with their modern machinery, have been able to extract from two to three times the sugar from the cane which the old carabao-powered mills produced. Sugar has become a principal product and export of the islands, and the bulk of this sugar has, of recent years, been exported to America. Filipino prosperity has become tied to sugar imports into American ports.

Now comes the prospect of Philippine independence. During the transition period, that is until 1946, the islands will be permitted to ship a quota of sugar, duty free, into American markets. Thereafter, Filipino sugar will be able to enter American ports only under an import duty which will place it at a hopeless disadvantage with Cuban sugar.

What will the Filipino do? Can he find another market for the sugar which is the economic mainstay of the islands? Only by cutting costs of production to such an extent as would lower the standard of living of some two million Filipinos to that prevailing in Java, with which it would have to compete. With its tenant-farmer basis, Filipino sugar could not hope to compete either in American or world markets with the low-scale labor production of Java without a resulting social upheaval which would very possibly shatter the government itself.

Other markets, in any case, would be hard to find. The Orient is not a large sugar consumer, and Europe has its beet-sugar industry. Even Japan, which formerly was a potential market, has now developed a sugar industry of her own in

Formosa. To the problem of the Filipino sugar industry after independence, there seems to be no apparent answer. And at least one-sixth of the population of the islands is now dependent on sugar for a livelihood.

Copra? Well, copra will not fare so badly under independence. Coconut trees are a strictly tropical growth, and there are no large coconut-producing areas where plantation and production costs are materially lower than here. Copra, the dried meat of the coconut, has for many years been a leading Philippine export. More than two thirds of all the copra produced in the islands now finds a market in America and will probably continue to enter duty free after independence. Copra seems reasonably secure and it bulks large in Philippine exports.

We are glad that this trade will not be injured by the new commercial orientation of the islands; that the old copra industry will survive. Our thoughts range far from this rain-swept city of Manila to those lonely men down on the edge of the map, those men who have given the long years of their youth to the growing of coconuts. We recall their efforts to clear the jungle and to keep the wild pigs from destroying the young trees. There was, for them, the bamboo house in a coconut grove, a gramophone and a shotgun, and a native woman somewhere about. There was the sun and square-face gin and the cobra, which struck without warning. There were, finally, the sacks of copra piled at a surf-washed beach to await the infrequent coming of the inter-island freighter—the product of how many years of isolation and deferred hopes.

Copra! We recalled its sour odor in sheds and adobe courtyards along the streets of Zamboanga and from piled up sacks on crowded wharves. Then there were the sapits, wallowing in at dusk from Basilan, loaded with a weight of nuts which made the handling of the long sweeps a labor for the Moro crews. It all comes back very vividly, and we are

glad that this industry will survive and that copra will continue to be found along the channels of trade in the years of the new Commonwealth.

For coconut oil, however, it appears the situation is more gloomy. Coconut-crushing mills were set up in the islands under the spur of a wartime demand, and a large industry was developed. Practically all of the coconut oil produced in the islands has been shipped to America, but after independence it will enter only under a substantial tariff and before then is limited by excise tax and diminishing duty-free quotas. Filipino millers will not be able to compete with the large American processing plants, and the imported oil will be crowded out of this highly competitive field. Other foreign markets will be difficult to find since most European countries have their own tariff-protected milling industries. The loss of this industry ranking next below the sugar trade will be a serious blow to the Philippine economic structure.

Next on the list come hemp and cordage. Manila hemp at one time was by far the largest article of export to America, and although the demand has now considerably fallen off, it still holds an important place in the trade lists. Raw hemp, itself, will probably lose little by independence since the Philippines have practically a monopoly on its growth and new areas of African sisal are now coming into production. Hemp is produced by small farmers down through the southern islands. No Moro shack on inland Jolo is complete without a great tuft of hemp hanging in the sun, and Chinese buyers make the fiber the basis of a lucrative trade, selling in turn to provincial dealers.

But the cordage mills of the islands, now on an absolute quota, after independence will have to face a tariff which will largely curtail shipments to America if it does not altogether end them. This might not be too disastrous a blow to Philippine industry, since there are other well-established markets for cordage in the Orient, except for the growing menace

of Japanese competition. With her depreciated yen, Japan has been cutting heavily into the Oriental cordage trade, and losses from this source will probably continue to accumulate.

The remaining large exports of the islands are leaf tobacco and cigars. Most of the leaf tobacco goes to Spain and will not be affected by independence. Cigar shipments to America, however, have heretofore been heavy, mostly of the cheaper grade selling in New York at less than five cents. They are now on a diminishing quota. With the application of the tariff, which will become effective upon independence, the shipment of cigars to American ports will probably wholly cease. Recalling the thousands of Filipino girls who now roll these cigars in little roadside factories, it is realized how deeply the loss of this industry will strike into the insular life.

The politicos, of course, have an answer to the apparent forthcoming loss of from 40 to 70 per cent of Philippine exports. They propose a diversification of production which will open up new markets and stave off financial collapse. Rubber, cotton, tea, fruits, and spices are suggested as substitutes for the present major crops for which a market will largely disappear, and new markets are to be established, especially in the Far East. The suggestion is typical of the new political orientation. It leaves out of account, however, the fact that most of these proposed products are already grown elsewhere in the world on an established and efficient basis with which a new and crude insular undertaking could not hope to compete. World markets are already largely satisfied and there is little demand for increased production. Even though there were such a demand and the competition could be met, heavy governmental subsidies would be needed to finance the untried crops and these an impoverished Commonwealth will be unable to provide. Crop diversification does not appear to be the solution.

This year, for the first time in seventeen years, the Philippines will have an unfavorable balance of trade. So says the

report of the Philippine Department of Commerce. While trade with the United States continues to show a favorable balance, foreign trade has sharply fallen off. This abrupt decrease in exports is attributed to the decline in prices in foreign markets for coconut oil, sugar, lumber, and hemp.

#### What price independence?

The rain continues without pause. To the group at the table is added a very damp and explosive representative of a west coast export house. He is something of a character in these parts and is greeted affably. Over his whisky-soda he expands and radiates geography and the far corners of the earth. "What, never been to China?" His genial and undoubtedly genuine astonishment plunges us into the deepest contrition. But when, in its slow drift, the monologue finally swings around to Java, we recover a measure of our lost prestige. We have a casual acquaintance with Java.

These Javanese apparently want independence also. The already low standard of living in Java is being steadily lowered, if the imports of so-called luxuries are a measuring stick. Java is turning greedy eyes toward the Philippines with a standard of living vastly higher than her own. Those Javanese intellectuals, who are sponsoring the movement, do not appear to understand that this high standard of Philippine living is due to an American sovereignty and American trade. They connect it somehow with the Commonwealth and independence. "These Malays, down through the Indies should wait and see how the Commonwealth fares before they suggest breaking off with the mother country. Race is all right in its place, and 'Asia for the Asiatics' may perhaps make sense. But independence has no meaning if you are dependent for the rice you eat."

And so these people of the river valleys, Tagalog and Visayan, Chinese and Ilocano, see the seasons come and go—

hot weather and the rains, drought and typhoon. The un-hurried years bring few changes in their manner of life. As a people, they are not much given to changes. Such as do occur are due to the restless energy, the urge to action of the white man. Even the tropics do not slow him down—not at first.

For a year now, I have lived in this bay region. At first the contrasts were bewildering. There was such a gulf between rich and poor, with no middle class to step down the contrasts. Here in the islands, the rich are so very rich; the poor so miserably poor. Gradually that condition becomes accepted as commonplace, as an inevitable law of life. No one seems to worry. It is, in fact, life.

There is Malacañan, there are the clubs and the great hotels; light reflected on crystal and polished hardwoods, music and flowers and moonlight across the bay and the riding lights of ships at anchor. There are the gold braid and jewels of officialdom and of officialdom's wives; there are dinners and drinks, flirtation and gossip. There is all the unforgettable beauty of tropical nights, and down the street, a block away, squalid nipa shacks set crazily on posts and crowded forms huddled on sleeping mats above a bamboo floor. The moonlight and the scent of flowers do not penetrate those huts. They are shuttered tightly against the malignant spirits of the night.

This bay country has become familiar through long usage, mounted or afoot, in cars or truck convoys. At times a column of troops winds through the barrio streets—native troops of a dozen tribes but singularly alike in their khaki and stamped with the army's mark. They slip a hand under a sweaty strap and shift the weight of an automatic. White dust streaks their faces. A girl at the window of a straw-thatched house, a hungry-looking pig, a well-proportioned gamecock draw grunted comments in Tagalog, in Visayan, or Ilocano. A bugle sounds up ahead; the ranks break and hunt the nearest shade.

These troops know how to take their rest; stretched full

on the ground, head resting on the pack, a trickle of water from the canteen. Girls laugh provocatively at windows and walk demurely to the pump. A pig dashes between the prostrate forms. Naked children gather. Barrio smells crowd the scent of flowers beside the road. A bugle again, and the men are on their feet, packs slipping into place. Another, and they are on their way, machine-gun mules flapping their ears in boredom. A practice march of the battalion.

Again, a party of mounted men rides down a country lane. There is the creak of leather, the suck and splash of clicking hooves in mud. These roads, in the early morning, have a homely beauty of their own. There is the mushroom thatch of houses set high on posts above the sodden earth, the pale green of bamboo and the scarlet of the flame tree. There is the carabao, his head thrust through the rails of his enclosure, and there are the ducks, in waddling procession down the road. There is the woman bathing at a rain barrel. She covers her breasts with her long black hair and laughs. There is the tao, himself, jogtrotting with a brace of buckets swinging from his yoke. It is very still, except for the creak and splash of our passing.

There are footpaths down to the barrios and along the banks of the river. In the rains, we often stop for shelter beneath a cart-shed roof or the bamboo eaves of a house. They stand close to the water's edge, and the river is wide and sullen. The taro clumps rush past on a swirling, twisting course. Trucks splash the filthy puddles of the road. Life is drab and gray. Under one shed an old Tagalog woman cooks the fish for her supper. She is gnarled and bent like a withered tree and pitifully wasted and thin. Her hair is drawn up tightly in a twisted, grayish topknot. Her hands are bony. Her frying pan rests on a charcoal stove, and she crouches to blow a flame. In the pan are four finny specimens; the longest measures three inches. Rain lashes the river and the

road is a beaten spray. The world is an emptiness of gray and the months are very long.

Life is gayest in the barrios following the rains. The hot weather is yet to come and the long days of drought when the mud smells from the distant Laguna will clog our nostrils. But now there is only freshness and living green, and the rains already a memory and the pungent odor of burning leaves beside the road. Then after the siesta, all down the village streets the people gather in groups, each group about a table laid off in numbered squares. On these squares, they place centavos, sometimes as many as five, sometimes even a peseta; and when all the bets are placed, the winning number is drawn—read to the accompaniment of sharply indrawn breaths and the nervous shuffling of sandals. Life now is very gay.

And finally, there is the flat roof of an old hacienda home-stead. It overhangs the river. Here, one may stand in the early evening, leaning on the low rail to watch the river life: great barges towed by blunt-nosed tugs; the group of swimmers near the other bank, not striking out too far into the current; a crowded banca ferrying across with wide, upstream sweep. Darkness settles and the red glow in the sky is the lights of Manila.

These people of the river are friendly, they are hospitable, patient and hard-working after their age-old habits, which do not yield readily to change. We should like to think that independence will fulfill their hopes, satisfying all of their largely inarticulate cravings. We should like to think that there will be no economic aftermath of silenced industry and broken lives; that this river will not become the scene of revolution and class hatred. We should like to think that all of their leaders represent their case altogether dispassionately and honestly. We should like to believe all these things, but somehow the belief is lacking.

This island Commonwealth, in the warm seas off the coast of Asia, is adjusting itself, after its own fashion, to independence. Here, as across the China Sea in British Malaya and to the south throughout the Dutch East Indies, there broods a sultry, unstabilized peace—an ominous and disquieting absence of movement. While the smoke of China's scorched earth hangs low across Asia, it is not yet acrid in these islands. Malaysia lies indolently in the sun. As indolently, the Philippine Commonwealth prepares for independence and its Malayan-Spanish conception of a self-governing democracy.

Indolently, because there appears to be not only an absence of haste but an absence of any tendency, on the part of government officials, toward undue effort. The necessity for an almost complete rebuilding of the economic life of the islands is written so plainly that even the unlettered Filipino can read if he will, but very little is being done about it. When the American market is closed to sugar and hemp and coconut oil, the islands must become largely industrial rather than agricultural, if there is not to be a complete breakdown in their domestic economy. Such a profound change, assuming the possibility of its success, must be carried through by a concerted effort of the population over a period of many years. Yet very little is being done toward this end and that little mainly by Japanese capital.

A food-canning factory for the preservation of native fish is in operation. This was built by Japanese capital. A brewery is projected in Manila—again Japanese. A government-operated textile factory with a capacity of 10,000 spindles has begun operation, and a government-owned cement-manufacturing plant continues to carry on. So much has been realized; the rest of the program remains in that lethargic obscurity of



Igorots cooking a dog in Bontoc town.



The *ato*, or council house, at Bontoc town.

"tomorrow," the *mañana* of these islands as of that Latin America with which they have so much in common.

It is projected that ultimately more mills will be built and that, together with the output of home industry in the weaving centers, they will produce a small part of the cotton cloth now imported from Japan. There are plans for the government to go into the manufacture of paper, of fertilizers and explosives, tiles and similar products. There are also plans for the diversification of agriculture and for colonizing the jungle and sparsely settled areas of the great island of Mindanao.

All of these remain still in that hazy stage of future projection from which they will probably never emerge. Meanwhile the islands continue to grow in abundance those crops for which a market will very shortly disappear. However, in any case, the subsidizing of industry by the government appears hopeless, since with the closing of American markets, the principal source of governmental revenues—the proceeds of the processing tax on coconut oil will be dried up at its source. Funds will be lacking, not only for such purposes but for carrying on the ordinary functions of government.

As for the other phases of insular life, they are dismissed by the native politicians with an equal casualness. They have their constitution, a sound and simply conceived charter, which in itself should amply meet the needs of this insular government. It copies many of the provisions of the American constitutional system without becoming a slavish imitation. Those features, such as trial by jury, which are alien to Filipino-Spanish tradition, have been modified to meet the native needs or customs.

In brief, it provides for a highly centralized government with a chief executive elected directly by the people for a period of six years. Based on the experience of certain Latin-American republics, he is prohibited from succeeding himself in office. On the grounds of simplicity and economy, a legislature of a single chamber is provided, the delegates appor-

tioned on the basis of population except in the Moro provinces. The judiciary consists of a supreme court and such inferior courts as may subsequently be set up. Title to all agricultural, timber, and mineral land of the public domain is reserved to the State, and exploitation of these resources is limited to Filipinos or to corporations with a 60 per cent Filipino capitalization. The suffrage is limited to males who can read and write and who can qualify under citizenship provisions which have been tightened before the threat of large-scale Chinese and Japanese immigration. The charter contains a Bill of Rights and provisions for a non-political civil service. On the whole, it is a sound and well-conceived document. The Filipino politicians are justified in their pride of accomplishment, actually the work of an American—the then governor general.

But to possess a constitution such as this is one thing; to make it work is another. The political leaders of the islands wave aside all difficulties with an unhurried nonchalance. They now have a Commonwealth and a democracy. Even the United States has difficulty in maintaining its political and economic system. Why should the Filipino take too seriously the fact that the machine does not always function according to the handbook. It will all work out in time, and meanwhile no one is unduly concerned.

In reality, the ability of the Filipino people to maintain anything like a democratic form of government is more than questionable. If newspaper circulation counts for anything, Filipinos who can read or write either English or Spanish or one of the native dialects are a small percentage of the population, and the voting privilege is consequently heavily restricted. But this, in itself, would not be excessively dangerous if the Filipino voter possessed even a rudimentary understanding of the meaning of democracy. Malayan tradition is wholly Oriental and undemocratic. Among the semiliterate

masses of the barrios and rural districts, Western theories and ideals have never penetrated.

The social structure is still a patchwork of native tribal and Spanish feudal remnants. The local cacique is a mixture of Spanish grandee, American ward politician, and English squire, saturated with a devious Malayan inheritance. He absolutely controls the vote of his tenant farmers and fills elective offices with his own candidates, who put through legislation still further strengthening his economic stranglehold.

Under this condition of a peasantry controlled by local magnates and political bosses, the history of our Central American republics may very easily be duplicated. There is already a steadily growing restlessness among discontented tenant farmers and industrial laborers. The bloody uprising of the Sakdalistas six years back has not been forgotten, and the smoldering unrest is persistently fanned by a small but active Communist organization, supported by other anti-social elements.

The almost complete absence of a native middle class seriously aggravates this condition. Those substantial citizens who should normally form the solid basis of a democracy are found only in the large Chinese population of the islands—an alien population, concerned far more with the maintenance of its traditional Chinese mode of life than with that of a democracy of which it knows nothing.

Those politicians who carried their lobbyist activities for independence through to a successful conclusion in Washington did not mention these things. There are other conditions existing in the islands to which they also failed to draw attention. One of these is the presence in the islands of a half-million pagan tribesmen, who are wholly unassimilated and incapable of being assimilated into the economic and political system. They are still, in large part, savages, living along the outer edge of Filipino civilization in mountain valleys, un-

mapped jungles, and across high tablelands and the flanks of burned-out volcanoes. They bitterly resent the intrusion of prospectors and homesteaders, and not infrequently take the head-hunting trail when their ancient isolation is threatened. They constitute a heavy burden on a raw and provincial Commonwealth.

There is furthermore the problem of the Moro. To this Mohammedan tribesman of the southern islands there is and can be no distinction between religious and political authority. He acknowledges no law except that Moslem code expounded by his imams and no allegiance except that to his sultan—the shadow of Allah upon earth. The problems involved in bringing these half-million Mohammedans under a Catholic-Filipino government are such as might tax the ability of far abler statesmen than any which this new Commonwealth has as yet produced. The Filipino fears the Moro and not without reason. He perhaps has made a sincere effort to treat him justly—possibly through this very fear. But he has effected no reconciliation. The Moro stands coldly aloof. As yet, except for the sporadic outbreaks of outlaws in the uplands of Mindanao, he has made no armed resistance. But he is sullen and calculating. He remains to be reckoned with.

And so this little Commonwealth moves forward toward independence with the unhurried awkwardness of its own carabao cart. It is doubtful if more than the smallest fraction of the population have in reality any clear conception of the meaning of the terms "independence" and "sovereignty."

Meanwhile, across China, the mutter of gunfire tells of the coming of a new order of things for Asia. The tempo of events is quickening, and the interplay of the electric forces of power politics draws steadily nearer to the China Sea.

## Chapter Eleven

### I

**T**HE POLITICO has a skeleton in the closet. He is a particularly uncouth and active skeleton. When guests are present, he is almost sure to rattle his bones in a very disturbing manner. It requires a good deal of talk to explain him away and he causes many bad moments. He is the pagan tribesman of the mountains and jungles. At a time when the politico is attempting to present to the outside world the civilized status and the degree of culture attained by the Filipino people, as a qualification for full and complete independence, this abysmal brute goes on a headhunting debauch, and it appears in the newspapers. Head taking makes good copy. Even the newspapers back in the States catch these headlines and write them up in a paragraph. It is small wonder that the politico resents this particular skeleton. Another is the Moro; but that is a different matter.

This pagan tribesman of the swamps and jungles and mountains, of that wild country along the edge of civilization—"back yon," as they would say in Kentucky—is of all stocks. He is composed of all those racial strains which have gone into the making of the Malay blend. He is Mongolian and Indonesian, Papuan and Negrito, any of these blood strains or several or all in combination. He is the uncivilized remnant of the Filipino people, a remnant which resolutely declines to come in and wear shirts and shoes of Japanese make,

bundles and, at times, a favorite fighting cock. The horn is useful to scatter the barrio dogs and the gaunt pigs. Smells accumulate and the bus rolls on, up into the foothills.

It seems very abruptly that the coast with its line of surf, its coconut trees, and its heat is left behind. There are a succession of hairpin turns, of laboring grades and two-way traffic comes to an end. We have reached the first control point—a bar across the road and a house with swarming children. We are in the foothills.

To ride this intervillage bus through the sky world of the Igorots is not without its compensations. Here the mountains pile themselves, range on range, and the road over which we have come is only a red gash along the nearest spur. They might be the Great Smokies of the Carolinas except that no motor road in those mountains would be so narrow and so rough, would round so many cliffs with no protecting wall and with infinity below, or would carry such an assorted human load.

And our fellow passengers are of the soil. One is a strapping figure of an Igorot, quite naked except for his G-string, a sooty iron kettle clutched in one hand and a great, bare foot with torn and dirty nails resting at ease on a rear mud guard. Others have more variety in their attire; a shirt or a coat sometimes supplements the G-string, and their straw hats, the size and shape of a bird's nest, are worn at varying jaunty angles, though that at the back of the neck seems preferred. There are women too, and one smokes a cigar a foot long held in shape by a brass ring. All available space including the top of the bus is packed with an assorted cargo of boxes and bags and bundles, and the driver is a khaki-clad Igorot with a smattering of English.

Over the mountain road rolls the bus, passing at intervals of many miles a mining camp or a sawmill. There is little sign of human habitation, though there are Igorot workmen along the road cleaning the latest slides or filling a place in the road

bed which a mountain freshet has washed away. There is a vast difference in the atmosphere. At times after an interminable winding descent we bask in valley sunshine and throw aside our coats; again we huddle close for warmth as the bus crawls over a giant ridge, where torn cloud fragments drive through the dripping pines and white mist boils to the edge of the road from unseen canyons below. The man who says he has not known fear on this road is a liar and the truth is not in him.

It was while we were rounding the sheer face of a cliff that it happened. Below, a thread which was a river followed its snaky channel. A mile across, the parallel flank of a mountain—scarred by slides—bulked grim and enormous. Rounding a ledge of rock, the bus stopped—suddenly and definitely. And there, crouched on the edge of nothing at all, were a hundred or more Igorots. They squatted and looked at us and then at the rock wall and were silent.

But the cause of our sudden stop was apparent enough. There had been a slide and under the slide had been a man. A half hour before, he had been squatting beside the road, his G-string tucked between his thighs, his brass pipe between his teeth. He was waiting for this bus which would carry him to Bontoc. Now, men of his race were removing the mass of earth and rock which covered him so that traffic might go on. The women watched and waited.

And when the great wheels forced their way so close to the battered head, no courtesy was intended to the dead. On this road, it was a matter of inches. But the faces of the men were sullen; and from a woman—wife or mother, we did not know—there came a shrill, animal cry, the cry of womankind wailing its dead. And the memory of that cry rode with us on the bus, which he was to have ridden, across a slowly darkening mountain into Bontoc town.

Here in this Igorot sky world are the rice terraces of Benaue and Hapao. Crossing the mountain range where torn fragments of clouds whip through the pines, the road drops sharply with countless bends and here the terraces are seen. Below lies an enormous valley—a mountain fastness where a primitive people, driven from the warm lowlands, might think themselves for all time secure.

And here, for how many centuries no one can say, these Igorot people have toiled at the mountainsides, creating from those barren slopes ricelands to feed their people. While our Anglo-Saxon forebears still worshiped Thor and Wodin in their Schleswig marshlands, long centuries before London was built in wood at a bridge across the Thames, the tremendous engineering of the Igorot was old. It continues today at the same unhurried pace. From the distant crest, these terraces are enormous oyster shells, set end to end and laid in retreating rows from the river bed far below to this crest where the road turns down. They wind and turn, following the contours of the mountainsides and they shimmer with life-giving water through the pale green of the young rice.

On a rocky ledge well up from the river bed among the terraces lies a village of the Ifugaos. It is reached by a narrow trail which follows at times the stone dykes of the terraces. At times it mounts straight up over outcropping rock and again turns to skirt the young rice. And when it is reached, the green velvet of the terraces lies spread out far below to where the river brawls among its stones. Here stand the Ifugao huts.

At a few yards distance, the hut appears to be all roof, the great, high-pitched roof which seems more Papuan in character than Filipino. There may be more of the Papuan influence in these islands than has been commonly thought. But passing underneath, where the dung-colored thatch curls

downward, mushroomlike at the eaves, the house is found—a crib of native hardwoods set on hand-hewn posts. It is windowless and dark but the ground beneath is flagged with stones, clean swept, and there is everywhere a sense of primitive order and economy. Hanging from the sill on their pegs are the baskets in which the fowls are kept at night and in a corner of the hut on its clay hearth a fire burns.

A girl peers out through a doorway. Colored beads are strung through her hair; she has the steady gaze and flashing eyes with a smile in their depths which seems the inheritance of Ifugao womankind. "You want to look at the bones? Who has told you of those bones?" We hastily reassure her in this matter. Our interest in these heads is entirely unofficial, and besides, as she can see, we are American, not Filipino. The young lady hesitates and yields. "It is not good to see them. But if you will follow the boy, he will take you where they are." And we follow the boy through the maze of huts, always in the shadow of the great roofs.

In the center of the village stands a house of rank and dignity. Not criblike as the others, it is long and well boarded on its great posts, and the roof with its overhanging thatch is of vast proportions. It is evidently the home of a man of prominence and the chicken baskets are numerous along the sills. It boasts two doors through which a dozen pair of Ifugao eyes survey us. But it is not the house itself which holds the interest—it is the bones.

Ranged on a bamboo shelf along the wall and flanked by carabao skulls, are the bones—those human skulls which we were told it was not good to see. Firmly fastened with *bejucco* cords, they are yellowed with age and their eyeless sockets stare down from their shelf in the companionship of dust and disintegration. "How old are they?" An Ifugao youth, with a smattering of English, answers cautiously, "Perhaps I was in the belly of my mother when they were dead." He intimates strongly that it would be well not to loiter in

that place. He will take us elsewhere. "We would like to see where the dead stay?" He will show us. And coming to the edge of the village, we push through a narrow gate in the bamboo fence and come to the houses of the dead. It might be called the village of the dead for there are many houses, each one a very small counterpart of the houses of the living. They are complete in every detail from the thatched roof to the supporting posts with their projecting ring of wood which rats cannot surmount. But they are very small and each door is shut and sealed with clay. A red stain lies across the floor boards and down a supporting post and the ants are drawn that way. Within sit the dead.

It is not a pleasant place, though the terraces shimmer in the morning sun and a purple light lies over the valley. The village of the living is unquestionably of more concern; and there we return to watch the women pounding rice in great stone mortars and to hear the friendly noises of ducks as they search for the scattered grain. There are the rice cribs with heavy, sliding doors and with carabao skulls nailed to their sides—"to keep the giants from the rice." Evidently the giants have a fear of the carabao. They will not molest the cribs while these horns guard them.

But even here in the village—among the houses and the rice cribs and the baskets for the chickens—there is death. Underneath a house, supported on bamboo poles, two bundles lie: one large, the other small—bundles rolled mummylike of brown stained rags. And sensing a question, the young Ifugao explains their presence. A young woman was recently taken sick. She was a very young woman; in fact, she was four years old and her mother was dead. The sickness grew worse and no one in the village knew how to cure it. So they brought the mother back from her little house. Her presence might help. That was the mother in the larger bundle. The other bundle was the young woman who was four years old. The mother had failed to help. And after a canyao, she would

be returned whence she had come and the very young woman would be with her.

## 5

Crossing the mountain range through mist, which whips across a crest and through the pines, we descend slowly and by dizzy turns into another valley with the inevitable river brawling in its stones. Here the rice terraces climb less majestically up the flanks of the mountains. There are many gaps and the terraces are of poorer construction. Countless scarecrows flutter above the rice. They are fastened to strings pulled by a very naked boy crouched on a ledge of rock. This is Bontoc country.

The Bontoc comes of the same racial stock as the Ifugao. They are often labeled indiscriminately "Igorot." But there are wide differences. Bontoc people are taller and better built, also much dirtier. In their rice fields, they work nearly naked. Their women are more approachable. The Ifugao hut is primitive but it is clean. The Bontoc hut is disgustingly dirty, and the pigs are everywhere.

But the muscular body, the easy stride and the proudly erect head compensate for much. Down the village street the Bontoc warrior makes his lordly way. He wears nothing but a G-string, and his matted hair hangs to his shoulders. His body is tattooed and he has rings in his ears, but at his hip hangs his headaxe and between his teeth is his pipe. As he walks, his breech cloth sways with the easy stride and that infinitesimal nest of straw which he calls a hat clings jauntily to the back of his head. And even when he pulls a recalcitrant pig with a rope through bloody ears, he stalks with the dignity of a warrior and a man.

Beyond the river, with its swaying footbridge, lies a village. It is entered at one end by the road which winds its way across mountains to San Fernando; at the other, by an ancient war trail of the headhunters. The huts are closely

crowded and are not raised high above the ground on poles as are those of the Ifugao. The Bontoc builds on the ground.

Regarding this matter we possess a large curiosity. Beside the road squats a Bontoc male. He is elderly but still muscular and virile. His arms are curiously tattooed. As an approach to the matter of the posts we admire this decoration. "For the taking of what head is he authorized these markings?" The reply is slow and curt. It was no head taking but in open war and the man was a Spaniard. Most assuredly, a bystander concurs, it was a Spaniard and it was long ago. Recalling the uneasiness of the Ifugao at our interest in the "bones," the matter is dropped. Head taking is a sore subject in the mountains and the Igorot avoids probing into his affairs.

We are off to a bad start and the matter of the posts is no improvement. "Why do your people not build their houses on posts as the Ifugao people do?" The coldness of the reply is arctic. "Those Ifugao people earn many pesos in the gold mines. They can hire men to bring the logs from the mountains for their houses. We Bontoc people are poor." The statement of poverty is made with a large reserve of pride. Yet from the ears of this bronze savage are suspended heavy lumps of virgin gold. Poverty, it would appear, is relative.

## 6

This Bontoc village is a place of mud and evil smells, of straw-thatched roofs looming monstrously in the darkness, and from the interior of sooty huts the intermittent flicker of firelight. There is no moon tonight and progress is slow between the huts. A grunting underfoot warns that we are about to step into the pit which is the family pigsty. There is no path. Between pigpens and huts it is a simple matter of groping and of following closely on the heels of our companion whose hut is somewhere in the darkness hereabout.

At the center of things is the gathering place of the male.

Asserting his masculine prerogative, he has erected his straw-thatched *ato*, his club house, on a ledge of rock and surrounded it with a low stone wall. No woman may enter here. It is taboo with the severest of penalties. Here the married man may escape from the tongue lashing of his wife and the unimportant gabble of feminine matters to be at ease for a time with his kind. But, being male, it is our privilege to mount the two stone steps and squat with other males about the fire.

It is not much of a fire—a tongue of flame licking at a rotten log there on the open-air hearth before the *ato*, but it crackles faintly and gives out quantities of smoke. Here squats the Igorot, the bird's nest hat which by its lack of ornamentation and its somber coloring indicates his married status hanging by its cord at the nape of his neck; the butt of a cigar, which continually needs relighting, wedged into the bowl of his brass pipe; his G-string tucked between his haunches. He needs matches, and the surest way to his esteem is a gift of this indispensable article. But the gift failing, he will thrust a sliver of wood into the fire and puff out smoke and ashes until it ignites.

Important matters undoubtedly are in discussion here—matters of policy and of village administration. Or it may be only an off-color story which is holding the attention of these males about the fire. We try our smattering of Malay and are not entirely surprised that some of it is understood. To the villager of Malaya or Java or Celebes, "*api*" means "fire" and to these Igorots, that red flame which licks at the log before their council house is still "*apuy*." To the Igorot, "*mata*" signifies "eyes" as it does to the Moro of Johore or Jolo. Across thousands of miles of sea and jungle and through unknown centuries of time, fragments of the ancient mother tongue have accompanied migrating groups and linger on in this sky world of the Igorots.

A dozen huts and as many pig-pits beyond the council

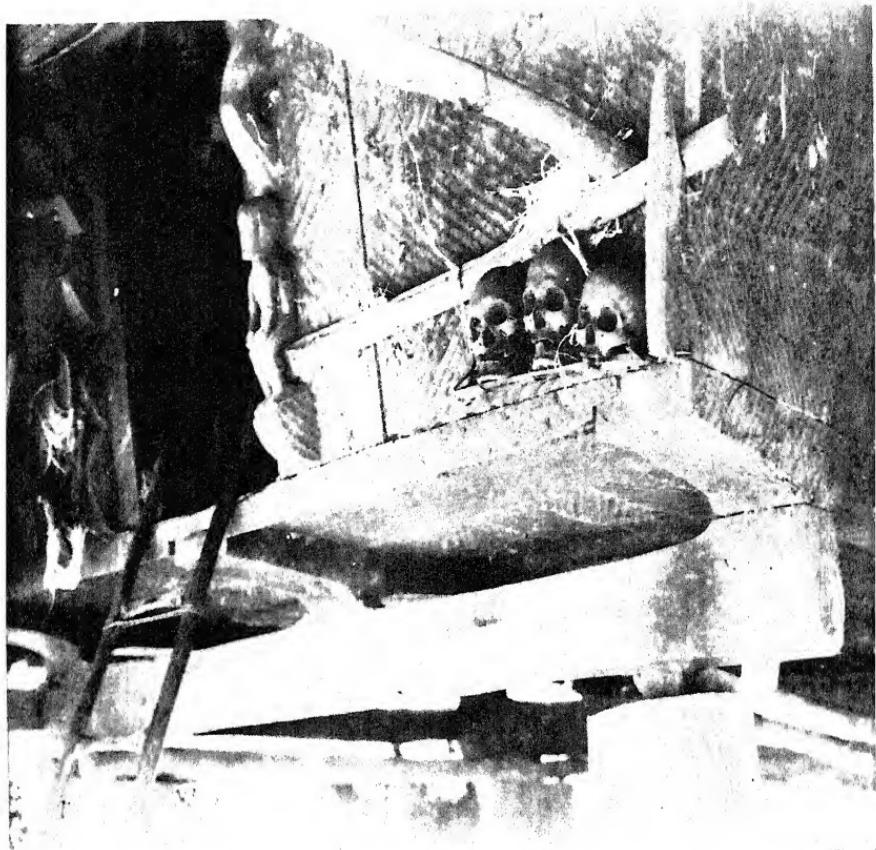
house, lies the *olag*—the dormitory of the unmarried girls. It is long and squat and is entered by a door which calls for suppleness and crouching. Inside is a platform of hand-hewn planks. There is nothing more. At the far end of the platform is stretched a blanketed figure—an Igorot girl asleep in this hut which has no window and whose walls are thick. But most of the girls are in front of the dormitory, sitting on a circle of stones about a dying fire and with them are the young men of the village. Shortly they will enter the *olag*—each youth with the girl of his choice—to pass the night. And the mists will roll down the mountain flank with the chill night breeze but they will not penetrate the *olag*. The door will be tightly closed.

The girls about this fire are very young. One says that she is ten and another claims twelve years. Some are pretty in a dirty, unkempt fashion and all have flashing smiles. They draw a blanket across their naked breasts at the white man's approach. Undoubtedly they have been taught that this is seemly. But as they ask for cigarettes and relax in the solace of tobacco they become more careless and the blanket slips. It does not matter. Their brown bodies blend with the shadows and only an occasional tongue of flame leaps up to carmine their tattooed arms and their high Malayan cheekbones.

This marriage by trial is not without its advantages. When the Igorot youth has found the mate of his choice, the matter is reported to the village chief. There is much talking by that group of males about the fire before the *ato*, much weighing of the subject and investigation. Should the girl become pregnant, their discussions are abruptly shortened and permission is granted to marry. The youth keeps company with but one girl. Should he decide—after sufficient time—that she is not his proper mate, this matter is also reported to the village elders and a fine imposed on the fickle one. Having paid his fine, he is free to select another girl. The girl is back in circulation,



Bontoc village.



Skulls on a shelf confront the visitor at an Ifugao house.

her matrimonial prospects apparently undamaged, though she may have to face some banter at having failed to hold her man.

Primitive people, primitive customs—but the system is not without its merits. Certainly this trial marriage should be conducive to permanence—once a mate has been selected. The fine imposed by the elders discourages promiscuity and makes the matter of selection of a mate a matter of sober thought. After all it may be better for even the impoverished Igorot to work out a fine than to be yoked for life to a mate for whom he definitely knows he is not suited. He will eventually find one with whom he can shoulder the tremendously serious problems of living and of rearing a family. It is better to make mistakes while they still can be corrected.

But even ancient custom cannot, in all cases ensure the success of a marriage. Not far from the *olag* comes the sound of festivity and in that direction we turn our steps. Inside a sooty hut are ranged two rows of men. They face each other, squatting on the earthen floor, and the merriment runs high. They open their mouths and guffaw—and slap each other's backs. And they sing and they laugh and their faces run with sweat. They rock on their heels and slap their knees and sing; and the firelight is red on their matted hair and naked bodies and on the carabao horns lashed to a roof beam.

We suspected *basi*—the potent native rum—until a young man, squatting before the door, explained the cause of the festivity. They are celebrating the remarriage of a childless couple. After three years of married life there had come no child, no son who should grow to stalwart manhood and ease the old age of his parents. Old age among primitive people is a serious matter; but childless old age is a tragedy. And so this man and his wife were married over again. Somehow this second ceremony might complete something which the original had lacked and ensure fertility. This rewedding is now in progress. And in their hut, two rows of squatting figures

sing and slap their knees and laugh interminably. It should ensure a successful union.

Across the mountains, the road to the north draws almost irresistibly. But we cannot follow it. We must be in Manila on a certain day, and leeway must be allowed for slides. So we turn back from this north country. Up north there are the Kalingas and the Apayaos, not Malays as are these Igorots, but primitive Indonesians. They are said to be stalwart and unregenerate savages, painting their faces red and wearing armlets of wild boar tusks. We will be unable to visit their villages, much less those of the wild and inaccessible Ilongots of the east coast. They have been seen by few white men. They have a reputation for timidity, treachery, and murder. These and other wild tribesmen must be left to the attention of those with sufficient time on their hands and with the means to hire *cargadores*.

As for this Igorot, he is a colorful figure, but a figure of savagery. Trying to look ahead, to pierce an inscrutable future, we draw two likenesses of the Igorot a few years hence.

In one, the filthy huts of this village are gone and the pigsties no longer crowd the doors. The houses are of a type suited to these mountains of the tropics but there is sanitation and a degree of comfort. There are even evidences in these houses of that artistry which is latent in these people—artistry of weaving and of wood carving. On the square there is a courthouse with a judge of his own race on the bench, and the village has a voice in the legislature in far-off Manila. His rice is threshed by machinery in communal barns, and trucks carry those loads which the women now balance on their heads. In the pockets of the people are pesos and there is a sense of security and order—a security these people have never known.

Down the village street walks an Igorot. His hair is long

and matted; he is naked and very dirty; he pulls a pig behind him with a rope through both ears. He is like any one of a hundred we have seen today. But in that future scene which we visualize, his passing draws amused stares. "It is only old Balakbak," someone says. "He lives down below the village." Old Balakbak, the last of the irreconcilables, the old savage who clings to his filthy hut, his pigsty and his headaxe. He holds to the ancient gods and the usages of other days. He is an anachronism, a throwback, a lone survival in this village.

That is one scene. Had the United States elected to remain in the Philippines and had men of the type we produced in our own insular "days of empire" retained their tenure of office, that scene might some day have materialized. It will not materialize now. But, another scene is equally vivid.

Americans have ceased to ride these trails and mountain roads. Filipinos and even Chinese traders seldom now make their way up from the lowlands. Such as do come have strange tales to tell—tales of rioting and bloodshed and of hungry cities. The Jesuit Mission down in the valley is boarded up. The soldiers at the old Constabulary station are called away on more urgent duty. Quiet settles over the mountains.

The old gods again become strong. Forgotten feuds are revived. Pesos are no longer to be earned by working in gold mines, far down in the bowels of the earth. The mines are closed. Headhunters lurk again along the trails. Ancient savagery lies red across the mountains.

Then finally the *ganzas* sound their booming warning from village to village. A column of troops is winding its way up the long-neglected road from the troubled lowlands. They have artillery—mountain guns—and they are very strong in numbers. The Igorot, with his headaxe, watches from the heights. These soldiers are unlike any he has seen before. They are small and brown like Filipinos but they are not Filipinos. They enter the village. Soon smoke rises from their cooking fires and a strange flag flutters to the top of the pole at the old

Constabulary station. A new order has come to the mountains. It is a part of "the new order in East Asia."

That is the second picture. And these two scenes—these projections of the Igorot life into a future, as it might have been and as it will be, are very vivid as we look for the last time across these terraces. Whatever comes, at least the Igorot will always be here. He will never leave these ricelands which he has terraced on the mountain slopes through centuries beyond counting.

## 8

On the flanks of these mountains of northern Luzon and in inaccessible jungles throughout these islands, down through Mindoro and the Visayas to the great island of Mindanao, are found remnants of other peoples, more primitive—vastly more primitive—than the Igorot and his kind. They are the Negritos, the little black people, aborigines of the Stone Age. They too have their place, though a small and unimportant place in the infinite scheme of things and in the life of these Philippines.

It was far to the north from Manila, in the Tarlac country of Luzon, that I had first come in contact with these Negrito people. Some months ago, there had been a great concentration of troops-American and Filipino—on maneuvers; and their tents had filled a wide valley between barren hills which were reminiscent of Wyoming. Here the Filipino conscripts drove their beef on the hoof and hung their plucked fowls to dry in the sun, for lack of refrigeration; and fire lanes were burned in the rank grass and dust clouds rose behind the guns. It is a rugged, foothill country with the masses of the Cordilleras rising in the west and large stars burning through cold nights.

On the far edge of the valley, beyond the camps, at a place where the truck convoys forded the river there sprawled an Ilocano barrio; and beyond, a few filthy huts which housed

a half-dozen families of the dwarf Negrito people. They had been in contact with this civilization of sorts long enough to acquire some bits of clothing and to build these bamboo huts, where they gathered together their unwashed cooking pots and their vicious-looking hogs.

The Presidente of this Negrito barrio—married to an Ilocano woman—proudly assembled the males of his little community, to squat on the bamboo floor and applaud by broad grins while he arrayed himself in the ceremonial costume, a costume consisting of a pair of cast-off army breeches with leggins and a khaki coat. He was El Presidente; and to prove it, he had a letter from an American General officer who had—some years ago—dealt kindly with this old Negrito and had treated, through him, with his people.

In his company, we traversed the foothills along the rim of the great encampment, meeting with scattered groups of his people on the trails through the cogon grass. The women wore skirts and jackets of a sort; the males, the G-string alone, and their equipment was that of primitive man: the bow and arrow and knife. And, seeing them move in single file along the trail, their hips swaying, their belongings balanced in baskets on their heads, I was impressed with the necessity for this mode of transport by all aboriginal people of the tropics. The trail was narrow and the grass much higher than their heads. There could be no sideward bulking of a load.

Later we rested, for a time, from the noonday heat at a place where the trail crossed a mountain stream in the straggly timber. Its shade was grateful, and a Negrito group had squatted on the boulders for their halt. From a basket, a soiled red cloth was produced and from this were unrolled three large *carnotes*, baked black in the ashes of some previous fire. This was their dinner; a dinner washed down by gulps of the mountain stream and which we declined to share. It was time to be getting on.

Later, down on the Bataan peninsula, we were to meet

with more of these little black folk. Here—how many years ago is a matter for the geologist's conjecture—the subterranean fires burst through the crust of the earth and red lava poured from an enormous cone. Even in the deepest jungle, its crater stands silhouetted against the sky and this country is a broken one of fissures and great gorges. But it must have been long ago that the lava cooled; for it is weathered with years and covered with dense jungle growth. Here the trees, buttressed by giant roots, rise to enormous heights, and ropelike vines and parasite growths cover their trunks. Monkeys scold from their branches and bamboo thickets hide other and more furtive jungle life. It is a country of mountain streams and of countless trails which lead nowhere.

And here, one night, we came upon some huts of the black people. We had lost our way on leaving camp and our "halloo" was answered by a guttural call and the barking of dogs. A couple—man and wife—were squatted beside a fire, and from another hut there came a very aged man to join them. They were grinning and cheerful, these woolly-headed people, whose sole possessions were a cracked iron pot and some very filthy clothing and their talk ranged far.

We were interested in witches? They would tell us. And the younger man told of lying at night in a field to watch some palay—a dark night and near the sea. And toward morning he heard a great "whooo" in the darkness and a huge form came flapping in from the sea above the field. He was very much afraid and hid in the palay and then "It" could not find him. Most assuredly there are witches. He himself had seen one. And when we asked him what happens after death he said, "When you die you are put in the ground," and the old man gravely nodded assent.

Around the fire was a circle of snails. If they are dried thus they are easier to extract from their shells and they are very good to eat. And they squatted on the ground about their fire—these Stone Age men, who have only lately learned

the use of iron—while they grinned delightedly and showed us a clever manner of fastening an arrowhead to its shaft. And above the trees—blacker even than the night—rose the broken crater of the volcano which had formed this land.

But the days of these black people of the jungles are numbered. Unlike the Malayan and Indonesian peoples of the mountains, they can hope for no survival as a race. Individually, some of them may merge with the Filipino population along the frontier of civilization, as that Negrito Presidente, married to an Ilocano woman. There are unmistakable traces, throughout the islands, of long-continuing infusions of this Negroid blood. We recall those faces on the dock at Soerabaya. But except as he may merge, to some extent, with the dominant Malayan stock, the Negrito will not survive. Eventually his jungles will become rice and sugar lands. With their passing, he also will pass from the scene. Neanderthal man cannot survive in modern civilization.

## 9

There are many other bits and remnants of tribes and peoples throughout these islands whose destiny is uncertain and obscured. Some are of Malayan origin, others are Indonesian or Papuan. They have more of a fighting chance for survival than the Negrito, but their future—at least under Filipino administration is troubled.

They are found, in the largest numbers, in interior Mindanao, where their villages lie in the hills along the headwaters of the rivers which traverse that little-known country. There are the Mandayas and the Manobos along the headwaters and the tributaries of the Agusan. On the west coast, in the hills back from the sea, are the Subanuns. Between the Cotobato River and the Celebes Sea, are found the Tirurays people. On a high, grassy plateau, creviced by canyons and coursed by rivers, live the Bukidnons.

The mountains surrounding that deep indenture in the southern coast, known as the Gulf of Davao, provide a home for numerous people. There are the Kulamans and the Isamals, the Tagacaolos and the Atas. These last are strongly intermixed with aboriginal Negrito blood. There are the Bilaans, the Tagabilis, and the Bagobos, also bits and remnants of tribes and peoples. Such a remnant are the Mamanuas of Surigao—a Negrito people, partly at least of Papuan origin; and other groups, with probably a similar origin, live on the wild slopes of Mount Apo.

On the isolated island of Palawan, where, in the old days, Spanish garrisons had sickened and died of malaria, obscure tribal remnants still remain. These Tagbanuas are said to possess one of the most primitive forms of writing which has survived through forgotten centuries. In northern Palawan, the Bataks—a Negroid people—practice polyandry and use the blow gun.

All told, the primitive people of these islands, exclusive of the Igorot and his kind, number perhaps half a million—scattered widely over all the islands of the archipelago. Many of them are highly colorful and have well-developed, primitive arts, such as the Bagobos of southeastern Mindanao. They do excellent weaving and dress in a homemade cloth of a handsome deep red shade, profusely beaded and ornamented with bells. On my table lies a small, curved knife. It has a handle of bone and rests in a leather scabbard. At the tip of the scabbard are little pieces of metal which rattle. It is a Bagobo knife. It is like them to make such a knife as that. The little Bilaan people of the hills about the Gulf of Davao dye a hempen cloth in somber reds and browns, a cloth woven in patterns which carry back into remotely primitive times—dancing men, stiffly postured—suggestive of civilizations forgotten through unnumbered ages.

These primitive peoples are everywhere exploited along the fringe of civilization—by the Filipino, by the Chinese and the

Moro. Their labor is underpaid. For such part of their meager crops as they bring in to the frontier tiendas, they are given a fraction of their value in trade goods. They are advanced loans at a ruinous interest and reduced to a condition of peonage as a consequence of their inability to pay.

Here and there along the coasts of Mindanao and Palawan, this peonage amounts to outright slavery. Not only the cacique and the Chinese but the wealthy Moro buys these little pagan girls. They go into the harems of wrinkled old *dattos* along the Cotobato coast, where they perform the menial tasks of the household and sit for endless hours at their weaving. They are bought outright from their parents. A girl is worth so many pesos, no more. The little pagan people take the purchase price in trade goods and slip back into the hills. It is not good to be a pagan tribesman of Mindoro or Mindanao or Palawan.



1941  
Mandate of Heaven



## Chapter Twelve

### I

THE DAY ON which the transport will clear the dock at Manila is drawing near. And now we know the futility of words—words from which all but the faintest vestiges of reality have drained away, words which have not produced a logical statement of the issues confronting these islands but rather a vague and incoherent accumulation of impressions and unformulated feeling. It all shares in the nature of that indistinct talking of Moro agongs back in Zamboanga.

Yet those who know the Philippines can form but one impression from today's events. It is that of a crude, untaught Commonwealth, in the badly fitting garb of a democracy, headed along the route toward economic breakdown, bloodshed, and eventual absorption by Japan.

Below the Philippines, in Malaya and Sumatra and Java, the massed millions of the Malay world, under the past stimulus of British and Dutch contacts, slowly emerge from the timeless lethargy, the cruelty and impersonality of Oriental despotisms into an uncomprehended machine-age civilization—and a similar destiny. Above it all, the electric flashes of power politics and the reverberation of drumfire across the scorched earth of China.

But however faulty the recording, the facts remain and facts can somehow be dealt with. There is, for example, the fact of approaching independence for the Philippines. Con-

gress has decreed it. It is on the way. There is the equally incontrovertible fact of foredoomed failure, of the ensuing operation of all those destructive forces to which President Hoover alluded in his veto of the independence bill. These are facts—to be calculated, to be added up and posted to our national ledger for such gain or loss in democratic ideals as the future auditing of history shall allow.

It is even possible to consider whether or not these facts are final and irrevocable, whether or not the American people are at all disposed to reopen, not only the Philippine question but that larger question of our Far Eastern policy as a whole. Indications are accumulating that our Pacific policy is still in a state of flux, that decisions as to our future conduct of these matters are not final. And since the Philippine question interlocks with other Far Eastern issues, it may be that our provisions for an early grant of independence are after all, subject to revision. Among the Filipino political leaders themselves, there is developing a sharp realization of the full implications of independence, a desire, haltingly expressed, for a re-examination by Congress of the future status of the islands.

And what of the Filipino himself under such postponement of complete independence? Would it necessarily follow that he must abandon, for all time, that very natural aspiration? It is difficult to see where there is any such implication. Eventual independence for the Philippines has been visioned throughout our occupation of the islands. It is an end toward which we have consistently worked. It need not be abandoned but rather postponed until such time as there is at least an even chance that the independence so granted might be maintained. That date may necessarily lie well in the future. Meanwhile under the Commonwealth, the Filipino has everything which independence could bring him except that sovereignty before the world which he is utterly unqualified to maintain. He has his own laws and local government, he

has domestic peace unburdened by fear of foreign aggression; he has a higher standard of living, by very far, than the remainder of the Malay world.

That Malay world itself must be considered—Malaysia, from the Federated Malay States across Sumatra and Java to Bali and Celebes. It crowds upon and dominates the life of that localized area in which our immediate interests lie. It is impossible to consider the Philippines other than as a fragment of Malaysia. The past, with its empires and cultures presses in. Not only geographical position but race and language are mighty tentacles which cannot be loosened.

If the Philippines are to maintain a truly Malayan civilization and not a culture overlaid by that of Japan, their destiny is bound up with those immensely larger portions of Malaysia which surround the China Sea. The Philippines cannot hope to survive alone before those cross winds which are sweeping across a changing Asia. They can survive—as a Malayan people—only through ultimate reunion with the great bulk of the race as they were long ago united under the empires of Shri-Visaya and Madjapahit. Another and later consolidation of all Malaysia under the overlordship of Malacca was in progress when the Portuguese arrived in these waters. A truly Malayan civilization under Moslem impetus was in process of development. Had it not been broken up by the white man we should probably have found today a Moslem kingdom and sultanate incorporating all Malaysia with the China Sea a Malay Sea.

If such a Malayan state is to come into existence again in the future, it can only be by joint action of the white man—of the British and Netherlands and American governments which broke up the native effort toward consolidation and which now, together, control all Malaysia.

If it is a fact that the Philippines—following American withdrawal—will inevitably be absorbed into the New Asia of Japan, then a great democratic ideal has been hopelessly traduced. Even though the islands might gain largely in economic

security and well-being, and although they might share in the accumulated prestige of such an empire, it would be at the sacrifice of their racial and national identity. Every race, through its immensely ancient period of diverse evolution, has acquired characteristics which should enable it to make an individualistic contribution to the general civilization of mankind. The Filipino people will contribute to that civilization of the future genuine Malayan qualities, if they are not swamped under a foreign culture labeled "Made in Japan."

It is doubtful if the full implications of the independence bill are even vaguely understood by the American people. If a great ideal has been traduced, it has been in a period of almost unparalleled economic distress and through the pressure of powerful conflicting forces acting upon an embittered and harassed Congress. The pressure of those forces has now materially relaxed and we are perhaps able to take a less prejudiced view of this insular question than we were a few years back.

For the United States, it is both an economic and a political question, with the economic issue, at first glance, paramount. It is a matter of sugar and coconut oil, of a conflict with the product of American farms and dairies and the output of packing houses. Philippine independence was decreed in order to protect the American sugar planter and cotton grower. But seen under less stormy conditions than those which appeared to be threatening the existence of American agriculture six years ago, the actual competition of Filipino products is found to be practically non-existent.

As regards sugar, there can be no competition since the United States has never been and is not likely to become self-sufficing in its sugar production. Louisiana cane is grown under a climatic handicap. Because of the short growing season,

it is necessary to cut the cane before it is fully matured, which reduces the sugar content. The beet-sugar industry is dependent on Mexican or other cheap labor for the drudgery of field cultivation. It finds a market only in those Mississippi river areas where low freight costs offset high production costs. But the total production of cane and beet sugar is less than one-fourth of American needs.

Into the great refineries of our eastern terminals rolls the output of tropical plantations to supply the bulk of the sugar required for American consumption. This is only in part of Philippine origin. Cuba, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands all contribute their quota to the refineries. There is an unlimited quantity of sugar waiting to enter American ports. To exclude Philippine sugar would be merely to transfer the Philippine share in our markets to Cuba, which could easily supply it. There would be no rise in the price to benefit American farmers, since Cuban sugar enters the United States at a preferred tariff rate. The only way to benefit the American industry would be to abandon the Cuban preferential and impose a high duty on all sugar imports. While benefiting the farmer, the consumer would pay heavily for such subsidizing of an industry which can never hope to maintain itself in a free market. The only real competition of Philippine sugar is with the Cuban output. To benefit Cuban sugar magnates, the Philippines are being relinquished to Japan.

Then there is the matter of coconut oil, which is largely used in the manufacture of soap and margarine. As regards soap, there is no real competition with the product of cottonseed oil. Coconut oil contains none of the latter's objectionable linolic acid but does contain the very valuable lauric acid which cottonseed oil lacks. Even though coconut oil should come in under a high tariff, soap manufacturers would still buy it in preference to turning out an inferior product using cottonseed oil. The same statements hold true as regards soaps made from animal fats. The Philippine product will continue

to be used because of its intrinsic worth to the industry. Under a tariff, it will be as usual the consumer who will pay.

As to the other uses of coconut oil, there is a similar absence of real competition. It does not enter into lard compounds since one of their principal uses is as a frying fat and here the coconut oil product tends to sputter and smoke. It is, however, very extensively used in the preparation of margarines and it is on these grounds that the cotton growers and dairy interests have worked for its exclusion.

When analyzed, however, this competition of coconut oil with either cottonseed oil or animal fats is found to be a negligible factor. Margarine finds a place in American kitchens because of its extremely low cost as compared with butter. That price difference is so great that no tariff likely to be imposed on coconut oil would produce any change in the market. The consumer would pay a few cents a pound more for his margarine but its cost would still be well below that of the cheapest butter. It is true he might use a margarine made from animal fats and cottonseed oil but the consumer, heretofore, has definitely turned away from this product to the more appetizing vegetable compounds. It is difficult to see how the cotton grower, the dairy interests, or the packing houses would benefit by a tariff on coconut oil.

As for the remaining uses of coconut oil, there is not a vestige of competition with American products. Its lauric acid enters into the manufacture of pneumatic tires, improving the strength and life of the rubber. In the tanning industry, it is used to retain the original color of the leather. It enters into the production of asphalt, producing a paving material which can be laid down without heating, and which dries quickly. These industries would suffer through the imposition of the Philippine tariffs. Yet it was to impose these tariffs that the independence bill was pushed through a Congress too haggiddden by the forces of the great depression to evaluate properly the far-reaching consequences of its action.

Economic conditions aside, the willingness of the American people to part with the Philippines has been largely due to anxiety over a possible embroilment with Japan. Here, the insular question links up with that vastly larger problem of our Pacific policy as a whole.

There can be no doubt but that this same anxiety has had its influence on our handling of all Far Eastern questions—in Manchukuo, in China and Guam. We have seen our trade with Manchukuo diminish until it has become nearly non-existent. The same condition is beginning to obtain in China. This loss of trade to Japanese competitors has aroused no official American reaction beyond a mild protest. In China, there have been numerous incidents which, with a less tolerant attitude on our part, might have had grave repercussions. We have withdrawn our Tientsin garrison and have until recently refused to fortify Guam to avoid offending Japanese susceptibilities. We have maintained with Japan officially cordial relations despite a rapidly increasing popular resentment and have continued until very recently, to sell to Japan the cotton, the scrap iron, the gasoline, and other essentials to her Chinese undertaking. Certainly, American complaisance cannot be carried much further.

But the question remains as to what the Far East means in American economy and to what extent we intend to withdraw or allow ourselves to be crowded from its trade. It is not a question of maintaining our traditional policy of isolation or of whether we shall enter into entangling alliances. Those phases of the European question have no bearing out here in the Pacific. It is a question simply of maintaining our right to that foreign trade which means the difference between a mere competence and a higher standard of living for the American people.

In a peculiar sense, the Pacific is our ocean. It has been

that from those early days when the first clipper ships put out from New England ports to carry on a trade with Canton. More and more, as the years went on, we might reasonably have hoped for an extension of that trade in the most densely populated portion of the earth among a people whose gradual adjustment to Western civilization should have meant a steadily increasing demand for the output of our factories. The vision of those early traders to Canton, which drew us to our own west coast and established settlements in California while it was still in Spanish hands, cannot have been wholly unjustified. The China ports should remain open to our trade.

Whether or not they remain open depends upon how we bear ourselves in the Far East. Surely, a nation of one hundred and thirty millions of people might expect to maintain before the world a self-respecting assurance which should command in turn the respect of other nations. We have seen where a policy of appeasement leads. A confident bearing, the assurance of our own strength, and the implied assumption that we shall not hesitate to use that strength if necessary to protect the natural rights of sovereignty, will do much toward preventing untoward incidents. It is only a less confident bearing, a lesser degree of self-respect which invites them.

And surely, in the maintenance of our national ideals, we might well be as positively strong and self-assured as in the matter of our foreign trade. It is scarcely in keeping with American ideals to abandon a still largely unlettered and primitive people to all those conditions which will follow upon an independence for which they are in no sense qualified at the behest of a few political leaders or in our own agricultural interests. And if such action is necessary on our part in order to preclude a war in the Far East, then that prospect should be faced without equivocation.

There are, furthermore, certain far-reaching strategical considerations which may well be considered. The American people instinctively feel a close relationship with England.

This feeling is traditional and deep-seated. It is the natural outgrowth of a community of race, of language, and of civilization. It is not affected by shifting political situations abroad but remains a permanent, friendly connection, which in no way precludes a cordial relationship with other peoples and nations. We do, however, feel that we shall be more secure in our own hemisphere so long as the British fleet retains control of the Atlantic.

Our Far Eastern policy might then well be framed so as to give Britain the maximum of support which an independent conduct of our own Pacific problems will permit. By a confident stand in the Far East, by maintaining our naval base in the Philippines, we shall support British prestige and power in that part of the world and shall assist in releasing a portion of the British fleet for the protection of interests in the Atlantic which are also, in a larger sense, our interests.

## 4

The transport is bucking a head wind and a "moderate" sea two days out from the Golden Gate. It is cold. Not cold to the dwellers in a temperate zone but a real cold to those whose blood has been thinned by a sojourn in the tropics. The lookout in the crow's nest up above, when we saw him at sunset, had a piece of canvas rigged up to shelter him somewhat from the wind. We presume he is still there but we cannot see him. It is very dark. Spray comes over the side and drains away down the scuppers. The wet deck is deserted. Riding lights burn dimly through the night, and a dull yellow blur marks a companionway. There is a faint creaking below and a complaining of metal and of deck planking. Heeled well over to the wind, the ship plows her way through the night.

In two days' time, we shall sight the bare, brown bluffs of California and pass beneath that giant's work of iron which

spans the Golden Gate. We shall be again one with that tide of humanity which flows up and down those canyons of steel and stone which are the habitat of the white man on the western coast and we shall feel again the surge and beat of the white man's civilization. It will be good to be back, to see the blue shoulders of mounted traffic police above the crowds on windswept downtown corners, to hear on the pavements the tapping heels of daintily dressed women, and to mingle again with our kind in the deeply carpeted lobbies of hotels.

San Francisco is the Pacific entrance to America. Our thoughts range across the great roaring continent, across the Rockies and the plains and the grimy industrial centers of an Anglo-Saxon world to that far Atlantic coast to which we are bound. There are problems sufficient in themselves. There a great economic depression still grips the land, with millions of unemployed and with much poverty and suffering and destruction. There are labor troubles and strikes and industrial bloodshed. There are the interplay of political forces and sectional and class bitterness. There is our own tempestuous American life, and overhead the shifting electric flashes of international storms, to flicker with a lurid light. It is all vast and insistent, and soon we shall be caught up and become again but atoms in that giant's play. The Philippines, with their lazy warmth and tropical lethargy, are far away—a month's steaming across the bulge of the earth.

It is difficult to realize that they are there—in the warm seas off the coast of Asia—and that life continues there on its wonted course beneath the coconuts and along the roads between the cane. It is difficult to visualize the great, muddy river, flowing into an inland sea, or the outlines of a nipa hut set black against a sunset sky, or the torches of Moro fishermen, flaring at night along Basilan Strait.

## Chapter Thirteen

I

**O**N THIS LOW rocky island off the Atlantic coast, while the sea gulls wheel above a stormy Sound and a wind whips spume across the sand, that Eastern world daily recedes. These silent guns in their casemates look toward the Atlantic—and across the Atlantic lies Europe. It is there that the attention of our one hundred and thirty millions seems directed; there, rather than toward Asia. Yet, for us, Asia may hold a more continuing threat, may more vitally concern our future than Europe. Through the stormy days and nights, through the monotonous tolling of buoys and the intermittent fog-drowned growls of channel lights, it is Asia, rather than Europe which casts the more ominous projection. The thunder of European battlefields reverberates out across the Pacific.

2

The collapse of the Netherlands and France under the German war machine placed their colonial empires within closer reach of Japan than could have been held possible a few months back. The hour in Japanese history is at hand and with it, possibly, our own hour. A million square miles of coastal lands and islands, rich in rubber and tin and oil, lie open and unsupported by their European governments. Probably never before in history has such an opportunity

come to an impoverished but fighting and self-denying people. The plans outlined in the Tanaka memorial, whose issue has been so long obscured, appear now near fulfillment.

That Japan is alert to the Far Eastern situation with all its potentialities is amply indicated. In a Tokyo interview, Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka boldly announced that his government proposes to proceed with the establishment of a new order for Greater East Asia. "Needless to say, the term Greater East Asia includes the South Seas. The final aim is establishment of a stabilizing force for a self-sufficiency embracing not only Japan, Manchukuo, and China, but also Indo-China and the East Indies."

But the Japanese conception of Greater East Asia is even more comprehensive than this would indicate. Yakichiro Suma, spokesman for the Foreign Office gives a hint of this in his statement that "Greater East Asia includes other places in the South Seas in addition to the East Indies." We recall Tien Ming, the Mandate of Heaven, with its assumption of sovereignty over all the yellow peoples of the East.

But another tradition enters into this Power Age concept of empire. To the Nipponese the whole vast South Seas are included in the term "Nanyo," and "Nanyo" is both a term and a legend. It was from the South Seas that a race of conquerors far back in time came to the islands of Japan and founded there that dynasty of the sun goddess which is now reverenced in the person of the Emperor. To return to the South Seas, to return to "Nanyo" would be to carry through to consummation one of the most venerable legends of the race. It is not lacking in appeal to the Japanese people.

In this sense, "Nanyo," the South Seas, might logically and probably—to Japanese minds—does include not only the areas mentioned but in addition the Philippines and British Malaya. It may even extend further to include Burma and not impossibly Siam. For such a term and conception no definite limits can be fixed.

Of more practical and urgent import however, to the men who control the destinies of Japan, than the hoary concepts of "Nanyo" or Tien Ming, are the products of this South Seas empire. There is the ever-present need of food. Rice bowls must be filled. And both Japan and Korea as well as the Japanese-controlled areas of China are rice-importing countries. They do not grow sufficient of this all-important foodstuff to feed their people. But Indo-China and the Netherlands Indies are heavy exporters of rice. Hunger as well as tradition urges toward possession of those life-giving fields.

And besides food, there are the raw materials for which the factories of industrialized Japan are incessantly calling. In Indo-China and the Netherlands Indies are found the tin, the rubber, the gutta-percha, the fuel oil, and the other tropical products of which the factories of Japan stand in continuing need. Assured of a permanent flow of these raw materials as well as of sugar, tea, and the all-essential rice, Japan could turn freely toward a greatly extended and long-cherished industrialization, using these dependent colonial areas to round out a self-sufficing empire whose immensity it is difficult to grasp.

## 3

There are, of course, certain possibilities to which Japan must give due weight. There is the eventuality of British success in Europe and the impact once again of British might in the Far East. There is to be considered the continuing strain of the Japanese effort in China and the possibility that the Japanese people may exhaust themselves to the danger point, with Russia an always potential menace in the north waiting inscrutably the turn of events. There is the possibility of an open clash with the United States and the consideration of American naval power in Far Eastern waters.

These eventualities must be borne in mind. But the men

who control the future of Japan are in a gambling mood. Fate has placed within their reach the realization of that Japanese destiny in which they have never failed to believe. It is the hour for decision. Japan must take now what lies within her grasp or regret through the centuries her lack of boldness and aggressive spirit. She has calculated the risks and has set them aside. Her course is planned.

There are, however, portions of this vast South Seas area which are more immediately accessible than others to Japanese penetration. So long as British power remains unbroken in Europe, so long will British outposts in Asia fly their storm-warning flags. Hong Kong and British Malaya still lie under the Crown. Behind them still stands a majestic tradition of empire as yet unbroken. British sea power still holds its tremendous threat. While Japan is in a gambling mood she yet retains enough of the calculating spirit as to make her bid for power in those areas where the chances of success appear more immediately favorable.

As for the Philippines, a very similar set of conditions exists. Although undoubtedly Japan does envisage a war with the United States as inevitable in the future, yet she is not prepared immediately to challenge American naval strength, even less a combination of American and British sea power. Incidentally, there are other and by no means unimportant considerations.

At present, without any restrictions whatever, Japan is importing yearly from the Philippines more than a million tons of iron ore. These iron mines, of which little is known at home, are scattered along the Eastern coast of Luzon and the Visayas. Japanese freighters have ready access from the Pacific to their docks, and a short run to the war-hungry steel mills of the great industrial centers. The Philippines have no smelters or steel mills, and prohibitive shipping rates bar distant markets. In addition to iron, Japan is taking the entire output of copper and copper concentrates, a considerable part

of the chromite, and the bulk of the manganese production. The need is too immediately urgent to permit of action which might jeopardize the shipment of these metals from Philippine ports.

The Netherlands Indies constitute the area for which Japan stands in the greatest need and whose acquisition she has so long planned. But here again the firm stand of the colonists themselves has erected a barrier of sorts against an ill-considered aggression. These Hollanders in the Indies are bitterly loyal to the homeland. Although Rotterdam is tramped by German boots and their Queen is a refugee in England, their allegiance is unshaken. The Queen's birthday has been elaborately celebrated. There is close radio communication with the temporary government set up in London.

And these Hollanders of a truncated Eastern empire are not neglecting their defenses. The naval base at Surabaya with its machine shops, airport, and repair facilities is thoroughly protected against surprise. It has a complement of German-made Dornier seaplanes and Fokker bombers and serves as a base for extensive patrol work which, incidentally, overlaps in the vicinity of Sulu with the area covered by our own seaplanes operating from Manila. This may be purely coincidence.

The oil fields of Borneo are also closely guarded. We hear again of Balikpapan, that oil town at the edge of the dense Borneo jungles and are reminded of hours at a European club while endless barrels of paraffin were loading at the pier. Now Balikpapan has an elaborate system of air-raid shelters and air wardens; there is barbed wire along the coast with machine-gun emplacements, and the harbor is closed at night. The pipelines as well as the refinery and railway are mined for quick demolition, and bombers roar heavily overhead. At the other oil town of Tarakan, farther north, similar precautions are observed and naval planes patrol this Eastern Borneo coast.

Malaya, the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies must wait upon a more favorable turn of events. Their day will come. It probably is not far distant. Japan is calculating closely. Hawklike she has swooped where her prey is certain. Japan is in Indo-China!

There was first the formality of obtaining concessions wrung by force from a prostrate France through colonial authorities at Hanoi—humiliating concessions which gave the Japanese certain military facilities in Tonkin State, including air fields. Despite this, Japanese troops crossed the border near Dong Dang on the northeast frontier and attacked a French blockhouse. Fighting broke out along a fifty-mile front centering on the railroad center at Langson, northeast of Hanoi.

In three days, a months' defense preparations were destroyed and several thousand French legionnaires and Annamese infantry were captured with considerable loss of life, the Japanese themselves suffering heavily from machine-gun fire.

Even while negotiations to end these "border incidents" continued, other Japanese troops were landed at the Red River and marched across the hot countryside into Haiphong, the rail and river gateway to southwest China. French colonial infantry sullenly vacated their barracks, which were turned over to the Japanese battalions together with the Doson shore batteries.

From all indications, this Japanese occupation of Haiphong is to be permanent. They are losing no time in consolidating their commercial footing. Shipping service from Formosa is being organized, and larger numbers of Japanese and Formosans are establishing themselves in business, preparing for heavy shipments of Japanese goods. Airplane flights over Hanoi, the seat of French administration, continue daily. An economic mission is in Hanoi foreshadowing an extension of Japanese interests into the southern states into Annam, Cam-

bodia, and Cochin-China, which produce the tin and zinc, the coal and rubber and rice of which Japan stands so heavily in need. Once economic privileges are gained there, the need for "protecting" Annam and Cochin-China will undoubtedly arise. Japanese troops will move into those states as they moved into Haiphong to "protect" their newly acquired air bases in that state. The penetration of Indo-China is under way.

## 5

And now Japan has formed against us—it could not well be against anyone else—an open military alliance with the Totalitarian Powers of Europe. It has been done with the more or less openly avowed purpose of terrorizing us into a policy of appeasement, of speeding up our final and irrevocable withdrawal from the Orient, of ensuring our abandonment of the Philippines, and of securing our recognition of the new order in Greater East Asia.

If we are properly impressed by this triple Axis threat, we shall do just that. If we are not so impressed, we will assert the prerogative of the Anglo-Saxon to trade where he will—in Manchukuo, in China, or the Netherlands Indies, to dispose of our Philippine question in accordance with our sense of the fitness of things and to continue to consider the Pacific as much our ocean as another's.

Should we be disposed to adopt this latter policy we shall have, with which to support our contention, the natural advantage of a China still fighting. It may not be fighting indefinitely. We have at our disposal, should we wish to make use of them, Dutch naval bases in the Netherlands Indies and the great fortress of Singapore. It still lies under the British flag—for how long we do not know. The withdrawal of Japanese troops from South China and concentrations at Hainan are ominous. These bases we have now. We shall not always have them.

The drums of war continue to pound—in Europe, in Africa, and in Asia. Their reverberations are heard down there along the China Sea, where American, as well as British and Dutch interests are so vitally involved. And there are indications of British awareness of that menace from the North. The great tin- and rubber-producing areas of Malaya are immediately at stake. In the last analysis, their defense rests upon Singapore; and it is the garrison at that base which is being largely reinforced.

From Australia have come transports heavy with troops, together with squadrons of planes and mechanized units to augment the forces in and about the naval base and up along the peninsula. To these have been added contingents of Indian troops and battalions of Britain's famous regiments with that Indian service which should render them particularly fit for duty in the steaming heat of the Malayan jungles.

Here, from halfway around the world, we try to visualize those troops in their garrisons along the peninsula. There are the tin mines along the rivers in the Malayan jungles where a handful of Englishmen have controlled the sweating efforts of Chinese coolies, and rubber plantations with their Englishman—much cut off from his kind and caste there in the heat and loneliness. To these, along the length of the peninsula, from Singapore to Siam, the establishment of garrisons of British and Australian troops in their vicinity must mean much more than security and the comforting assurance of the Empire's strength. It means those associations which he had stiffened himself to forego: the drawl of British voices in far bungalows on the edge of the white man's civilization; the hunting along jungle trails; the convivial "peg" at sundown and quiet talks of the England that lies across the seas. To the mining engineer and the rubber planter, the arrival of officers of the new garrisons must mean all of these.

And then there are the squatting Malays commenting volubly and spitting copiously the red juice of the betel nut as they watch through narrowed eyes the drill of British troops. At night, after rice, the agongs ring with a new meaning through the blackness of the long Malayan night. And from Malay villages along the coast, the turbaned crews of fishing craft carry up and down the peninsula the gossip of these new arrivals in the jungle-covered hinterland where they—with their inborn intuition—sense the impact of large events to come.

That these events are impending is amply indicated by the news which, censored and obscure as it is, comes out of Indo-China. Under Japanese mediation, the claim of Thailand has been adjusted. Indo-China loses some of her richest provinces together with most of her sovereignty. But the matter does not rest there. It becomes increasingly apparent that, behind the reported settlement, there lies a secret agreement which has given to Japan extensive military and trade privileges in Cochin-China, together with currency concessions even more far-reaching.

Under this agreement, Japanese troops, reportedly to the number of twelve thousand, are moving into that south-eastern coastal province. There are few grounds for belief that these troop movements will be limited to that figure. Seventy thousand tons of rice and rubber are to be shipped to Japan to be paid for in Japanese goods, relieving the pressure on the economic life of the islands. By a yen-piastre arrangement, Japan henceforth will control the currency of these French possessions, and she is taking into her own hands the fishing industry and the coastal traffic as well as control of the customs. To all intents and purposes, Indo-China has become a Japanese province. Together with her confederate, Thailand, Japan is now in a strategic position for the next move—a move that must almost certainly be directed either

at British Burma or at Singapore itself. The British reaction is unquestioned. Our own course is yet to be determined. There have been British and American staff talks at Manila, and the Congress is authorizing relatively large sums for the defense of the Philippines. All this may indicate much or little as to a wide-range Far Eastern policy.

## 7

The earth is sodden with the melting snows of that spring which has been awaited with such grim anxiety. Events which shall shape human destiny for a thousand years to come may wait only upon the passing of these thaws and the drying, under a summer sun, of roads and fields for the further surge of mechanized hordes. That season is at hand.

Those kettle-helmeted masses which tore Poland to shreds and left it beneath a pall of acrid smoke, which poured through the passes of Norway and across the dikes and canals of the Low Countries to vomit flame and death in the provinces of France, have broken the Serbs and brought the Balkans to heel. What is to come now in Europe and in Africa will not be long in the forming.

Some years ago, when Germany lay broken and Communist-infested under a treaty of revenge, we had hoped for a spirit of tolerance and for a far-sighted statesmanship which would have shaped a new world order: a Confederation or Union of a sort to be devised, which should include not only the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the British Empire and America but those Teutonic peoples as well—those Germans so closely akin by race and civilization.

But those proposals reached nowhere. Germany was left to welter in the muck of ruin until from those stews emerged that Frankenstein monster which now confronts the World. Thor will not be denied, nor Wodin. Now yellow-haired

Teuton and yellow-haired Anglo-Saxon ride their bombers through the clouds and batter to death that civilization which a race produced.

And meanwhile, across Red Russia, sullen and brutalized masses toil in factories and in mines at the building of such a Communist order as may confront the world with a monster more appalling than that which is now loose in Europe. Across the Eurasian steppes leers the slant-eyed Muscovite with his philosophy of the horde. Germany once stood between us and that—before the Panzer divisions rolled elsewhere and the face in the Kremlin smiled.

And farther to the East another Empire is in the building—a yellow Empire which, when established, will close Asia to the white man. Singapore stands in its path and Singapore is British. It may be American also if we choose to stand there. So much we may save out of the impending ruin of an Anglo-Saxon order.

## 8

Malaysia is Malay land; and tonight the drums of this race are beating in countless kampongs and barrios from Sumatra to Timor and from Java to Luzon. The message of their talking has varied little in the past three centuries. It is the talking of a primitive race of people, controlled, administered, and disciplined by the power of the white man.

But the drums voice the soul of these people. They sound from Moro vintas lying along the sea wall below the fish market at that port of Zamboanga on the Sulu Sea. They sound from the huts of headhunters in the mountain province of Luzon and in the Dyak country of the Bornean jungles and from luggers crowded at the Macassar wharves. They beat in the shadow of ancient walls and of temples, grotesquely carved—from Malaya across Sumatra and Java to Bali. They

carry the beat of dancing and the half-submerged worship of pagan Gods who were old in the land before Buddha and Shiva and Mohammed.

They tell of poverty and the endless toil of the rice fields and the sea. They tell of resignation and of a primitive, abysmal ignorance, of gross superstitions and of demons which never cease to watch them, waiting the time when they shall be unwary.

So the drums beat through the darkness. The white man will never wholly grasp their meaning. But to the Malay, crouching in his boat or squatting beside his village fire, they are the essential expression of himself, voicing thoughts and feelings too submerged and incoherent for speech. They tell of things which he himself only dimly comprehends—of traditions as old as the race and instincts suppressed in his working hours behind the carabao. Somehow, at night, they voice themselves in the beating of the drums.

What the drums, in their talking through months to come, shall have to tell of the white man and his bearing in that eastern world is largely for our decision.

And older even than the drums is word of mouth. In the waters of those far-off southern seas are the floating homes of the Malay. Moro vintas from the southern Philippines reach to Borneo and Celebes and even to Singapore. Their sails, unlike any others, may be seen throughout the Sulu and the Celebes seas and the Strait of Macassar. There is commerce and traffic throughout those islands along the Equator and the coming and going of native craft of which no reckoning is made. Through the long, hot nights their crews sit at ease, cross-legged below their furled sails. They spit the red juice of the betel nut and they talk. Word of mouth is the oldest newspaper. Perhaps also in the months to come that talk will turn most often upon the white man—upon the Englishman, the Hollander, and the American—and will fore-

cast, for the centuries, the part which he shall have in the life of the Orient and of those southern seas.

Here, as the earth warms with the heat of approaching summer—this most fateful of all summers—we think, at times, of these things.









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